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Art. I.—THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

'ALL things,' says Emerson, 'preach the indifferency of circumstances. The man is all.' The man may be all, but circumstances are not wholly indifferent. They are the environment in which human character is developed; they are the framework in which capacity and disposition are displayed. As the rules of a game are limitations which enable the player to show his skill, so are circumstances opportunities for the manifestation of personal ability. We should be inclined, without undervaluing the personal factor, to venture another aphorism. As the circumstances without the man are nothing, so the man without the circumstances is nothing, for how can virtue, or courage, or patience, or kindness display themselves without the circumstances of temptation and danger, of suffering and distress? When a life is lived under circumstances of peculiar and varied severity, the lights and shadows of character are more clearly seen, and the triumph of spiritual forces more decisively displayed. 'Why am I called to suffer as I do?' once asked the late Empress Frederick. 'To show, madam, the victory of the spiritual over the material,' was the reply. The world has naturally dwelt much on the tragic circumstances of the late Empress Frederick's life: they were well known, they appealed forcibly to the imagination and sympathy of mankind; but they did much more than this. They served to unfold the dignity, serenity, and simplicity of one to whom fell trials more bitter and more various than usually fall to the lot of man. It is not our purpose to dilate on these; we shall only touch on them so far as

they indicate character and illustrate the victory of spiritual forces.

One or two preliminary remarks will be useful. The Empress Frederick was born in 1840 and died in 1901. Her life was thus ten years short of the threescore years and ten allotted to man. It covered a period which was marked by startling changes in Europe, the most conspicuous and startling of which affected the land of her birth and the land of her adoption. She was eleven when the Great Exhibition in London was thought to be a sign of new and nobler rivalry among nations. She was thirty when the revival of the German Empire gave effect to the dreams of German unity; and she lived to see the rise of Imperialism among the British people. Her life coincided, that is to say, with movements which gave birth to great political revolutions and indicated important changes of thought. The drift of these changes showed itself in the tendency to substitute large units for small, to obliterate old geographical boundaries, and to combine together men who could claim common blood. Dukedoms, principalities, even kingdoms disappeared, absorbed in empires and monarchies whose strength was that of race. The Kingdom of Italy replaced the assemblage of minor states whose administration had been narrowly tyrannical. The Empire of Germany was established by the lowering of some local prestige. Austria lost her chance of leadership, and Hanover was discrowned. In the British Empire alone have imperialistic ideas coincided, not with a lowering, but a raising, of the dignity of dependencies. But whatever loss or gain of provincial or colonial dignity has accompanied the movement, it has been one which has shown the influence of race and language; the spirit of the movement has everywhere been the same; it has been the movement of peoples. The Kingdom of Italy would never have been revived without the antecedent popular movements. The German Empire would never have been an accomplished fact unless it had coincided with the aspirations of a great and resolute race; and British Imperialism is strong because it is the expression of the law of kinship and of the conviction that ties of blood are stronger than geographical obstacles. The spirit of the peoples has pronounced for union and against separation; it has done so in Europe, as we have

seen ; it has done so across the Atlantic in the great war of secession. This spirit was strongly at work in Germany when the Princess Royal of England went there as a bride in 1858.

It is not our province to deal with the political aspects of the late Empress' life. The time to estimate rightly her attitude, or the value of the policy she was supposed to favour, has not yet come. But it is impossible to overlook altogether her relation to the great events which culminated not only in German unity but in the vast increase of German influence over the destinies of the world. Rightly or wrongly, Bismarck regarded her as an opponent. The bitterness of Bismarck has even suggested a question whether any personal offence aggravated a difficult position. So far as we know, no trace or record of such can be found. The Empress Frederick herself desired, as we know, to be, like her mother, 'loved for her own sake.' It was one of her disappointments that she did not win the free and unstinted affection of the German people. We are ourselves inclined to think that there was some exaggeration of facts in her own feeling of disappointment ; however this may be, it was not likely that one who so keenly wished to be loved would gratuitously give cause for personal resentment ; but we can well understand that her truthfulness and her uncompromising dislike of insincerity may have led her into errors of judgment. An injudicious frankness may be as deeply resented as a studied unkindness. It is not right to compromise truth, but it may be wise to conceal our preferences. It is gracious to do so among those who are sensitive ; and, before the wars of 1866 and 1870, Prussia was fuller of sensitive people than it is to-day.

The German race was then feeling its way towards unity, and it had a growing consciousness of high destiny. The man who is conscious of the possession of powers upon which opportunity and achievement have not yet set their hall-mark is frequently the victim of at least moods of sensitiveness. Nations are not unlike individuals in this respect ; and the German people at the time of which we speak were quick to suspect, perhaps even in innocent phrases, the suggestion of their inferiority. This may account for the umbrage which was taken at utterances which seem to us void of offence.

The habitual sensitiveness of the German people was at this time increased by the apprehension of danger. They had a difficult task before them; and none knew better than Bismarck how difficult it was, for none knew better than he how to interpret the vague dreams of his countrymen. Knowing this, the anxiety of lofty ambition was his portion; he feared the results of divided counsels; he dreaded a freedom which might hamper the executive; he deemed that the free institutions of England were inappropriate, or at least inopportune, in Germany, as they might delay, if not destroy, the chances of German unity. In the Crown Princess, enamoured as she was of those free institutions, he thought he saw one who believed in Quixotic dreams, who reckoned with a visionary human nature, not with men and women as they really are; and Bismarck, who was never betrayed into idealism in politics, did not believe in rose-water methods. His fear of the miscarriage of the schemes he cherished made him remorseless in his opposition. His fears, we believe, exaggerated the danger. It is possible that the Crown Prince and Princess, whose minds were full of schemes for the social and industrial well-being of Germany, did not at first realise so clearly as Bismarck the force of the imperialistic aspirations of the people. They certainly believed more strongly than he did in the efficacy of the methods of peace and in reliance upon moral and social forces; but neither the Crown Prince nor Crown Princess would have proved weakly credulous or dreamily impractical, or would have done anything to jeopardise German unity; and we believe that the Emperor Frederick, had his life been spared, would have ruled with a strength and energy which would have surprised those who had only half read his character. Such at least was Bismarck's own opinion: 'Had he lived longer as German Emperor he would have astonished the world by his energy and personal action in the Government.'

We cannot speak with certitude upon contingencies, but we feel sure that the Emperor and the Empress were alive to the meaning of the extraordinary changes of which we have spoken. The conception of what we may call race-imperialism has given rise to new aspirations. The aims which sufficed when men measured the world from the standpoint of the treaty of Vienna and the

balance of power in Europe, are felt to be inadequate to the present condition of the world. The outlook is wider than it was in the days of the Great Exhibition of 1851. The questions are no longer those of merely European politics; they are questions which touch the civilisation and happiness of the world. It is impossible to suppose that this wider outlook would have had no influence upon the mind of a great and wise prince; and it is certain that Bismarck's relations with the Prince and Princess were, after 1886, as Bismarck himself said, 'Quite satisfactory, with him and also with *her*.' When in 1888 the Crown Prince ascended the throne, he addressed Bismarck as the loyal and courageous adviser of his father. 'Bismarck,' we are told, 'was the first to greet his new master, who embraced him with warmth, and kissed him on the cheek.' During the short period of the Emperor's reign, the intercourse between them was cordial and easy; and it is pleasant to read the old statesman's eulogy:

'The Emperor Frederick was indeed a very remarkable and estimable man, extremely amiable and friendly, yet none the less far-sighted, intelligent, and decided. He knew himself thoroughly, and a resolve once taken remained unalterable. . . . He was a genuine Hohenzollern of the best kind and most brilliant capacity.' (Poschinger's Life, p. 452.)

In our judgment the cordial relations thus disclosed are in themselves an evidence that in all questions of high policy affecting the unity of the Empire there was no important divergence of opinion between the Emperor Frederick and Prince Bismarck; and that the Empress was loyal to her husband is beyond all doubt. Men will always differ as to methods; and it is allowable to doubt whether Prince Bismarck's were always the best. He had an unscrupulousness which shocked more fastidious minds, and to have differed from him need not always have been wrong. But in loyal devotion and in sincere desire for the welfare of the German Empire and people, the Emperor and Empress were not one whit behind the great statesman himself. That they wished to cultivate friendly relations with England ought not to be counted as a fault, either in England or Germany, by those who read their own times aright.

It cannot be for the interests of mankind that Ger-

many and England should quarrel; their amity is a safeguard of peace and civilisation. The common sorrows which have been theirs during the last few years may be instrumental in clearing away misunderstandings. When England was mourning her Queen, and the King of England his mother, it was the Emperor of Germany who, by his tact, his thoughtfulness, and his self-effacement, soothed and softened the first hours of grief. When the Empress Frederick died, the King of England, grieving for his sister, stood in sympathy by the side of the Emperor who was mourning for his mother. Other trials may await the two great European nations which, more than any others, are the shrines of thought, liberty, and reasonable faith; but however these trials may arise, whether from commercial jealousy or, as we are inclined to believe, from some quick and unexpected common peril, the German and English peoples will never forget that they struggled side by side in the cause of faith in the sixteenth century; that they fought side by side in the nineteenth century against the tyranny which threatened to extinguish the liberties of European nations; and that in the dawn of the twentieth century they mingled their tears over the grave of a bright, able, and philanthropic woman who was a German Empress and an English Princess.

But whatever suspicion and hostility the Empress encountered in the sphere of politics, there was one course of activity which she could pursue without let or hindrance. She could move unchallenged, though not uncriticised, along the pathway of philanthropy; and none will grudge admiration to the devotion with which she pursued it. When the great struggle with France began, the Crown Princess, after showing her interest in the hospital agencies at Berlin, took up her residence at Homburg as being nearer the field of operations. Here she arranged for the reception of the sick and wounded; the barracks were turned into a hospital; a friend and pupil of Florence Nightingale was brought over to organise the nursing; and when the sad convoys of the suffering arrived, the Crown Princess moved about among the lines of beds, with words of encouragement and with little acts of thoughtful kindness for friend or foe. 'The ladies,' said a French prisoner, 'are all very kind, but none of

them like Madame la Princesse. She never passes without some kind word to the unhappy ones who lie here, and if she sees any that are more wretched than the others she talks the most to them.' But she was not content with any one sphere of helpfulness. Her quick mind and sympathetic heart anticipated the various needs which the war would occasion: she remembered the little comforts which the men at the front would welcome, and she thought no less of the distresses of the bereaved at home.

Her benevolence, moreover, was not spasmodic. There are thousands whose hearts are stirred to sympathy in times of crisis and emotion, but who remain unmoved by the monotonous and commonplace needs of ordinary daily life. There are few who make beneficence a principle of life. To this smaller circle the Empress Frederick belonged. The evidence of this is seen in the variety of her philanthropic interests. The cause of the English governess in a foreign town; the importance of giving women training and education to fit them to support themselves; the need that the system of education should be the best possible, intelligible and systematic, above all framed to develop the intelligence of the pupil; the study of Domestic Hygiene; the proper direction of charity; the discouragement of mendicancy, the assistance of real distress; the encouragement of schools of cookery; homes for student and working girls; the Lettè society with its training-school for girls as printing apprentices; the Victoria Lyceum for women students—these and similar institutions and movements attest the width of her sympathies.

Neither sorrow nor sickness stayed her kindly activities; and the genuineness and persistency of her philanthropy are perhaps most clearly marked in the spot which was her home of recent years. The little village of Kronberg will always be associated with the name of the Empress Frederick. Here she fixed her home, and the Schloss Friedrichshof bore in every nook and corner, in design, arrangement, and furniture, the impress of her active mind, the evidence of her forethought and of her taste. Before the building was commenced, the architect was sent upon a pilgrimage of investigation to gather hints and ideas from the best and most famous homes in England and on the Continent. Then the Schloss was built after

much anxious thought, and it grew to its completion under the vigilant eye and increasing interest of the Empress herself. To her it had sacred associations. The thought of her husband was with her in the building. It occupied a site which he had loved; and, when it was completed, the castle was, as it were, dedicated to his memory. Over the main entrance the inscription, 'Frederici Memoriam,' reminds the visitor of the love which does not forget. The site is pleasing. The Taunus Mountains rise behind the Schloss, and their tree-covered slopes give shelter from the cold winds of the North. At intervals the sloping sides of the hills draw back and leave a little bay in which the sunshine seems to linger. In one of these stands Friedrichshof. Before the house there stretches the wide and corn-laden plain which creeps downwards till it reaches the banks of the Main, and the manufactories on the outskirts of Frankfort. Good roads lead under the shadow of pleasant trees towards Homburg, or, rising upwards, climb the mountain slopes to Altkönig or Falkenstein. These were the hills which to young Goethe were full of grave and alluring mystery. They were to his longing eyes far off and full of earnestness. With his friend Müller at length, in his sixteenth year, he visited Kronberg and climbed the hills which had beckoned to his fancy so long. He has told us how full of glad content his soul was when he mounted the Feldberg and found a quiet shady spot, a calm harbour of refuge, sheltered by the lordly shadows of oak and beech. 'Hier fand ich mich wohl,' he cried; and many another has echoed the cry, as he has looked at the wide expanse of plain, the varied trees, and felt the sweet influence of those silent hills. But as the eye travels over the varied scenery it rests upon symbols of the passion and pathos of human life. To right and left, upon proud spurs of the mountain range, are to be seen castles, some in ruins, the eloquent witnesses of the struggles of the past and the neglect of the present—of the rise and fall of once famous families.

Close at hand, within a mile of Friedrichshof, is the village of Kronberg, dominated by the picturesque castle and keep. The story of the Lords of Kronberg* gives a

* 'Die von Kronberg und ihr Herrnsitz.' By L. F. von Ompteda. Frankfort, 1890.

touch of historic interest to the beauty of the place, and accentuates the happy accident or the appropriate choice which led the Empress Frederick to select this neighbourhood as her home. In the fifteenth century, Anna von Kronberg (Hartmut) was the representative of a family which had exercised seignorial rights in Kronberg, and in after generations she was looked back upon as the venerable Stammutter of the house. Her portrait is still to be seen in the Castle Chapel. In the days of the Reformation the Kronbergs identified themselves with the new movement; and the Lord of Kronberg was a valued and esteemed friend of Martin Luther, one, as Luther said of him, 'whose words spring from the depth and fire of the heart and prove that not, as in the case of many, does the word of Christ merely hover on the tongue and ears but dwells earnestly and thoroughly grounded in the heart.' Von Hartmut gave practical evidence of his devotion, for, when the edict was issued which condemned Luther, he resigned the office which he held under the Emperor and the two hundred gulden of income attached to it, unwilling to serve him any longer. The Kronberg family and their whole neighbourhood suffered much in those troublous times, and later in the Thirty Years' War. The population was decimated; the fortunes of the ruling house were wasted by war and persecution; the castle was neglected and fell into decay; the little chapel became a ruin; and we know that from the beginning of the eighteenth century onwards the village and neighbourhood sank into insignificance. It was a spot only visited by the casual tourist, who, like Goethe, looked with wonder on the picturesque ruins and with pleasure upon the changeless hills.

At length, under the inspiring auspices of the Empress Frederick, the time of renovation came. The building of Friedrichshof and the keen interest which the Empress took in the surrounding country combined to revive the life and prosperity of the place. Everything which could contribute to its well-being awakened her sympathy. She saw and regretted the sad ruin of the ancient castle, the memorial of glorious days. She greatly wished to obtain possession of it that she might save it from further decay. Difficulties stood in the way. There were legal impediments owing to contradictory claims of proprietor-

ship. The present Emperor William knew and approved his mother's wish. His quick eye appreciated the picturesque and historic interest of the castle. His vigorous intervention swept away the unexpected and incomprehensible official difficulties, and at the end of the year 1891 he presented the property as a Christmas gift to his mother. In thus coming into the Empress Frederick's possession the old castle was restored, in a sense, to its lawful owner; it became the property of one who, through her own and her husband's family, belonged to Von Kronberg lineage. For both the Emperor Frederick and his wife could trace their descent, he through the Von Braunschweig-Wolfenbüttel, the Von Braunschweig-Blankenburg and the Von Oettingen, and she through the Mecklenburg-Strelitz and Von Erbachs, back to Georg III Von Erbach, who was the fifth in direct descent from the old Stamm-mutter, Anna von Kronberg (Hartmut), the ancestress of eight reigning families.

The affectionate interest which the Empress took in this home of her ancestors was displayed in many ways. She manifested the same spirit of thoughtful kindness in her quiet life at Kronberg as in the world's eye at Berlin. In the little village which she made her home she identified herself by sympathy and practical benevolence with all who were in need, sickness or suffering; she cared for the health, comfort and welfare of those who were at her door; she provided useful institutions, and when possible she made them beautiful. Her little hospital there was a model in its way: skilled nurses cared for the sick; not only was medical aid at hand, but the healing influence of sun and air was provided, and patients could refresh their tired eyes with the prospect of the bright and broadening plain within the tender shelter of the encircling hills. She took care that the children should have the best and fullest opportunities of education: she renovated the old Protestant church at Kronberg; she helped in the erection of the Roman Catholic church at Homburg; she restored the old castle with generous hand and with a careful reverence for ancient precedent and historic memories; and her care would, if her life had been spared, have been extended to the little chapel of the castle. This wide, practical and sympathetic interest in things and people brought her its own reward.

Englishmen and Germans are alike in their passionate attachment to home. The domestic instinct in both peoples is strong, and is, we believe, a source of national strength. It is therefore a matter not merely for sentimental regret but for serious misgiving when we perceive the decay of domesticity amongst us. There are grave reasons for believing that the love of novel pleasures has superseded the capacity for real home joy which was once both a steadying and inspiring influence in English life. What was once a delight and a pride has become a burden which, if borne at all, is borne with ill-concealed regret and intermittent irritability. Far otherwise was it with the Empress, in whom the domestic spirit was strong. Home was to her an enchanting word. It conjured up visions of that glad, pure home in which she had been reared—the home of the blameless Queen and the self-repressing Prince, who seemed to Tennyson scarce ‘other than his own ideal knight.’ She never forgot the wise counsels of her venerated father. For her mother she cherished a tender affection, mingled with a most winsome reverence. It was a real agony to her that she could not travel to England in those sad days of last January. ‘To think that I could not be with her,’ was her cry. To her brothers and sisters she was attached with a constant and unfailing affection. In her early days she was ‘the kindest of sisters’; later, she was ‘the wisest friend,’ besides ‘the most tender, loving sister.’ The memories of her home were an inalienable inheritance.

The traditions in which the Empress Frederick and her husband had been brought up were of a purer and better sort than is fashionable to-day. As a consequence they reaped the harvest of home joy, of mutual love, and unfailing confidence. It is true that even in this sacred shelter the Crown Prince and Princess did not escape misrepresentation. There was a time when evil tongues dared to say of such a home as theirs that it was marred by domestic discord. These rumours, carelessly or maliciously repeated, caused them deep personal pain.

‘I had good reason to know this,’ writes one who knew them well, ‘as once, after spending an evening with the Princess in Paris in 1867, the Prince took me on one side and . . . said, “Go back and tell them in England how you have

seen us this evening," alluding to the easy, affectionate terms on which they were and which I had witnessed in her boudoir, where their chief conversation had been about the dispositions and characters of their children.'

It is needless to do more than refer to these rumours. No reasonable being believed them then; no one at all believes them now. We know well that from the day the white heather was gathered on Craig-na-ban till the day on which the Emperor breathed his last, still holding close to his breast the hand of his wife, the strong and deepening attachment knew no break, no distrust. From the time when she began to reflect, she realised how large a place simple and genuine love played in human happiness. 'She would like best to be loved for her own sake, as dear Mamma is,' 'She would never marry except for love.' In her marriage she had her wish. 'It is not politics, it is not ambition,' said the young Prince; 'it is love.' The observant eye of that wise and affectionate Prince her father endorsed this. 'The Prince,' so wrote the Prince Consort—'the Prince is really in love, and the little lady does her best to please him.' When the home had been formed, the settling down into domestic quietness did not, with the loss of novelty, weaken their affection. After more than a decade of married life, the Crown Prince, during his visit to the East, collects flowers from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre to take home to his wife. To spare her the pain of parting, he rides away like a knight of old to the battlefields of Weissenburg and Wörth without bidding his wife farewell. So strong is her love that she wishes in all things to have his confidence; she only resents Freemasonry because it possesses secrets which a man may not tell his wife. So free were they from domestic discord, that the very strength of their attachment was an annoyance to political opponents. He was the ever chivalrous and magnanimous man, whose heart was in his home, and who yet, in the midst of free and affectionate intercourse, never lost sight of those ideals of courtesy which were natural to him. Danger and anxiety, difficulty and the strife of tongues, the perils of war and bereavements at home, drew these loyal hearts closer to one another, till that day when the broken-hearted wife cried to the cold form of her husband

—'Fritz, Fritz, this is the first time you have ever given me pain.'

Their home-life throughout was one of increasingly affectionate intercourse; and in that home the Empress Frederick exerted an influence which was due alike to her intellectual capacity and to her simpleness of heart. 'She had the brain of a philosopher and the heart of a child,' was the exclamation of one who knew and loved her well. The words were well chosen. The Empress Frederick was not a philosopher; she had not, we imagine, thought out any clear or well-defined scheme of the Universe, or adopted and elaborated the conclusions of any school. We doubt whether in the strict sense of the word she had followed out carefully the evolution of philosophical thought, say, from Kant or Hegel to T. H. Green; but nevertheless there is a sense in which it is true to say that she had the brain of a philosopher. She had read, and, what is more rare, she had thought. She had intelligently co-ordinated her reading, and she possessed a mind which quickly and clearly apprehended the core of a question. Hers was not a mind of that feminine order which is allured by side-issues or diverted by preferences. She could discuss, and keep to the point. In other words, she exchanged ideas. She never wearied you with the irrelevant discursiveness which shallow ostentation loves, and which helpless unintelligence unwittingly inflicts. Her wide reading made her quick to follow the track of an allusion, and to anticipate the suggested quotation. Elaborate explanations were not needful to her. She went unerringly to the central thought. It is well to remember this, as it bears upon a matter we shall allude to later, viz., her religious position. It is enough here to note that her quality of mind was that which regarded the thought as more than the form in which it was presented—not that she did not appreciate beautiful and fitting forms of expression, but that she could recognise truth and rejoice in worthy thoughts, whether meanly or magnificently apparelled.

But if she had the brain of a philosopher, she had the heart of a child. She had not been schooled in a home where it was needful that natural feelings should be carefully concealed: no jealous eyes watched her, eager for opportunities of misinterpretation: she needed not to set

a vigilant non-committal expression upon her tell-tale eyes. Under the affectionate care of a father and mother to whom what was simple and natural was best, and in that English atmosphere which abhors suspicion and views concealment with distrust, she grew up, accustomed to speak frankly, to admire without pretence, to disdain artificiality, and to trust to natural feeling. Was it to be wondered at that a heart which had developed in such surroundings should carry its childlike simplicity with it to the last? This temperament brought to her both strength and weakness. It brought her weakness; for, in the difficult days when she came into conflict with those who had learned in bitter experience the need of watching against any self-betrayal in feature or in speech, her eloquent face and her habit of frank expression put her at a disadvantage. But what was weakness to her at such times was strength to her in the general intercourse of life. People might differ from her, they might disapprove of her liberalism in politics or in theology, but they could not deny the charm of a woman who, though royal in blood and station, preferred the interchange of intelligent conversation to dignified dulness, and whose brightness, vivacity, and naturalness thawed the official ice and liberated the warm currents of human interests. Thus there were drawn to her side men of culture and of thought; the artist, the philosopher, the theologian, the poet felt that they were appreciated for their own sake. Her absolute sincerity and ready sympathy enlisted the affection alike of bourgeois and peasant. The man who, more than all others, was opposed to her on political grounds admitted her ability and her attractiveness. 'She is one of the cleverest women I have met,' said Bismarck; but we think that it was not merely her cleverness which won the admiration of the stern old statesman. Empire-maker though Bismarck was, and, as such, driven to expedients which success alone could justify, he had a large fund of simple, natural affection, and he could admire the straightforward simplicity of heart and character which could confer brightness on the home, though they might be inconvenient in politics.

The Empress Frederick possessed exceptional intellectual gifts. In any walk of life she would have shown herself a remarkable woman. In her young days she

impressed people as a 'charming and unusually gifted child.' The promise of her childhood did not forsake her. She startled Professor Schellbach when he was presented to her in 1858 by the first words she addressed to him. 'I love mathematics, physics, and chemistry.' Herr Von Saucken-Tarputschen wrote of her in 1863, when she visited East Prussia: 'Every one was pleased with the Crown Princess. She possesses a mind of her own' (Poschinger, p. 162). Gustav zu Putlitz, the dramatic writer, said in 1864: 'The Crown Princess is marvellously well read; she has literally read everything and knows everything, more or less, by heart. This young Princess has more than average gifts, and, besides, is more cultured than any woman I know of her age' (ib. p. 201). Renan, in 1869, after discussing with her questions of philosophy, metaphysics, and literature, pronounced her to be 'a very remarkable woman.'

One marked characteristic of her ability was its versatility. Nothing came amiss to her. She loved ethics, and talked with lively interest upon economic and philosophical questions. She delighted in art, and would ransack the shops of places which she visited—in Germany, Italy and England—for things rare and beautiful. She understood, moreover, the value of the things which she admired. She was no haphazard and wasteful collector. She was a true connoisseur. The tradesman who presumed upon her rank to ask an exorbitant price soon found that she knew the business she had in hand. She had a happy gift in painting. She was not deficient in imagination. She showed the author whose opinion of her powers we have just quoted a drawing (or a print of it) which she executed as a memorial of the victories at Düppel. It represented four soldiers, each setting forth a different stage of the battle: one before the attack at dawn; the second, when the standard was raised aloft at noon; the third, the wounded soldier, in the afternoon, listening to the anthem of praise, 'Now thank we all our God'; the fourth showed the evening scene, the victor, laurel-crowned, standing sorrowful by an open grave. In execution she possessed the true artist touch. Her hastily worked water-colour drawings were never careless, still less were they stiff and awkward; they showed that happy freedom and that unerringly correct

instinct which gives the telling strokes—and no more—that are needed to produce a picture.

The intellectual ability which could thus appreciate and aim at producing broad general effects was allied with a careful mastery of details. This showed itself in every work that she undertook. When she devoted herself to the welfare of the soldiers in 1870, she exhibited more than a sentimental interest in the sick and wounded; for she had studied and mastered the conditions needful to secure their comfort. She loved to possess exact information. One illustration of this quality of her mind occurs to us. We cite it more readily because it is characteristic of the two illustrious personages involved—the Empress Frederick and Thomas Carlyle. 'There is one matter,' said the Empress to Mr Carlyle, 'which will interest you. You say in your life of Frederick the Great that he was about the middle height. Now we have his gloves, his boots, and his uniform, and from accurate measurement of these it appears that he was a small man—about my own height.' 'He was about middle height,' was Carlyle's impatient answer. The opinionated obstinacy which declined to be set right did not commend itself to the Empress' mind. Her natural energy showed itself in the unflagging cultivation of her powers of memory and thought. Visitors would find her spinning and at the same time recalling passages from her favourite writers.

To recall the noble thoughts which have been expressed in poetical words was a joy she shared with all cultured minds. She knew by heart large portions of Shakespeare, Goethe and Byron, of the *Divina Commedia*, and the *Idylls of the King*. All kinds of books appealed to her. She had a ready appreciation of new as well as old. She would discuss a recent novel as readily as an ancient writer. She took a keen interest in the library she had begun to form at Friedrichshof. The beautiful room had been carefully constructed; the cases that were not yet filled were being slowly supplied with well-chosen and judiciously grouped books. The range of her reading was illustrated by the volumes which were to be found there. Works illustrative of the development of art were plentiful; local histories and biographies found a place; the shelves devoted to Italian literature and to the Renaissance period were well filled; books theological and philosophi-

cal were abundant; and the standard literature of England and Germany was well represented. She welcomed with eager joy any worthy addition to the library which she hoped to make worthy of her house and of her tastes. Her delight in literature added to the pleasure she derived from her travels. She writes from Italy, to her always a land of delight, delineating the beautiful scenery near Ala and the magnificent ruins of Castelbarco; and she finds additional interest in visiting a place where Dante had stayed.

She possessed in high degree the capacity for enjoying life in all its aspects, and the fair earth in all hues and forms. She could delight in new scenes, in cities of ancient and historic splendour; her artist eye could find pleasure in majestic mountain scenery, and in the more restful outlines of some simpler landscape: and yet with an ever-increasing joy she could return to the beauties of Kronberg, and write rejoicingly that though the spring (1895) was late, and 'the oaks and Spanish chestnuts were quite bare, and also the limes,' yet 'maple trees, beech, birch, and larch are lovely in their tender green, and the cherry-blossom is out.' We can feel the tragedy that she, to whom this rich power of joy was given, lived a life in which the glad and beautiful things she loved were withdrawn just after her hand had seemed to grasp them. Her love of nature indeed appeared to strengthen as life drew to its close. In those long weary months of painful wasting, she found solace from her pain and a moment's respite from hideous foreboding among the flowers of her garden and on the roads which climbed through pleasant woods to the shoulders of the hills that surrounded her home.

It was indeed a pathetic sight to see her in her bath-chair moving in the grounds and gardens of Friedrichshof, glancing at the trees with looks of love, or halting for a moment and calling attention to some blaze of colour which shone from fruit-tree, bush or flower-bed beneath the cloudless sky; or in some longer excursion, when a good day enabled her to drive farther afield in her little oak-coloured phaeton with its simple grey cushions, to see the wistful look which came over her as the carriage climbed the mountain-road and her eye rested on greensward, on fresh-foliaged trees, on pines with the tender green of spring telling the tale of renewed life

on oaks stretching their generous arms over road and meadow, or on some modest flowers which made glints of blue amid the green. Then she would challenge the admiration of her guests as she said, 'This is my favourite drive'; and the little carriage bearing its burden of suffering would make its way along a pleasant road, flanked on one side by rock and tree, but commanding on the other a view of the wide undulating plain, stretching away till it reached the spot where the smoke of Frankfurt hung as a faint veil over her daughter's home. Who that has seen her on such occasions can forget the mingled gladness and wistfulness of her gaze as of one who had loved God's beautiful world always and must love it to the end! Who can wonder that she should have spoken of Friedrichshof as her Pisgah, whence she could look upon beautiful scenes whose possession was denied her? Who can blame her if she felt regret as her eyes bade adieu to what had become to her inexpressibly dear? There were some in Germany who thought that for her position she was too English: but those who have seen her as she looked her last upon Kronberg and its pleasant scenery will realise how truly she had made this fair spot of German soil her home.

We are reluctant to touch on the religious belief of the Empress Frederick. There is a tendency among us to treat nothing as sacred, and to submit to the inspection of ignorant curiosity the analysis of the deepest and most awful convictions of the soul. We hesitate to violate the sanctity of the inner life of any; but, on the other hand, so many misstatements and misunderstandings have passed current that we can hardly put aside the question of the religious position of the late Empress without a word.

It should not be forgotten that the early years of the Empress Frederick, the years when her intellectual powers were ripening, coincided with a period of marked and vigorous investigation of things sacred. 'Essays and Reviews' appeared in 1860; Colenso's work on the Pentateuch in 1862; Renan's 'Vie de Jésus' in 1863; Strauss' shorter 'Leben Jesu' in 1864; and 'Ecce Homo' in 1866. It is difficult for us who have passed into calmer times to realise the effect of these works upon the thought of their age, but we forget our widened horizon and our greater

knowledge. There were giants in those days, even though, in the eyes of the increased stature, they do not seem gigantic. The attack which Strauss made upon the credibility of the Gospel story is now seen to have failed in its main contention. No scholar of to-day would for a moment adopt his position or imitate his strategy. The most recent, and one of the ablest, of liberal thinkers in Germany has pronounced the verdict of historical experts upon the method of Strauss when he says: 'Sixty years ago David Friedrich Strauss thought he had almost entirely destroyed the historical credibility, not only of the fourth, but also of the first three Gospels as well. The historical criticism of two generations has succeeded in restoring that credibility in its main outlines.' No doubt we have modified our views about the value of verbal accuracy and the significance which we attach to the idea of credibility; but with more scientific methods put into our hands we have clearer ideas what to expect, and we are less uneasy about the attacks that may be made. We know better what to value and what we can afford to part with. We know what we have gained as well as what we have lost, and we are sure that what we have gained cannot well be taken from us. We know where we are secure from attack, and where attack has ended in disaster to the assailant. For instance, the very existence of miraculous events in any narrative was thought by Strauss to damage the credibility of the whole story, and on the strength of this theory the Gospels were discredited; but

'historical science in this last generation has taken a great step in advance by learning to pass a more intelligent and benevolent judgment on those narratives; and accordingly even reports of the marvellous can now be counted among the materials of history and turned to good account.' (Harnack, 'What is Christianity?' translated by Saunders, p. 24.)

We have not space to follow out this question, nor is it our duty to do so; but a due appreciation of the change that has taken place in the last forty years is necessary to anyone who would estimate rightly the intellectual trials of those whose minds were waking up to the thoughts and methods which were influencing the theological and religious world forty years ago.

The Empress Frederick was married in 1858, and she

moved into Germany when the Tübingen school led the advance of thought, and when Strauss was accepted as a prophet. She possessed a singularly candid and active mind. By birth and intellectual constitution she could not stifle her judgment, and she was obliged to confess that the intellectual force and scholarship belonged to the advanced thinkers; the orthodox were poorly equipped for the conflict; and their weapons were too often the weapons of abuse and misrepresentation of their opponents. Wails over the frightful infidelity which had invaded Christendom were more frequent than steady and well-considered arguments. The religious world had lost its presence of mind. There were men of calm judgment who scorned the falsehood of extremes; but in times of extremes the voices of the moderate count for little. Into such a world of wordy strife the newly-married Princess was introduced. All her intellectual instincts were drawn to the side of those who seemed to be seeking truth fearlessly, while her sympathy was alienated by the spirit of flattery which marked too often the ministrations of the orthodox. Moreover, much of the prevalent religion was mere shibboleth; the formula must be spoken, and if spoken, all was well: the need of a life-pervading faith was too often lost sight of. We have a glimpse of the feelings which the condition of current religious thought and conduct evoked in the words uttered by the Prince Regent (afterwards the Emperor William) in 1858.

'We cannot deny that an orthodoxy has arisen in the Evangelical Church which is not consistent with its fundamental views, in consequence of which it has dissemblers amongst its followers. All hypocrisy—in fact, all Church matters which are employed as means to egoistic ends—must be exposed wherever it is possible. True religion is manifested in the whole conduct of a human being; this must ever be kept in view, and distinguished from outward appearances and display.' (Poschinger, p. 115.)

It is needful to bear in mind these conditions of religious ferment. It was a time of intellectual activity. Men began to realise the significance of the application of a more scientific criticism to the facts of history. They saw that in many quarters religious belief had stiffened into a conventional orthodoxy, the ready tool of a blind

conservatism. The Empress Frederick was intellectually courageous and loved truth. She could not ignore what was going on in the world of thought. She refused to accept banishment from the arena of investigation and inquiry. Spirits like hers have to pay the penalty of their intellectual honesty. There were many such between 1860 and 1870 whose position involved anguish of heart, who were sometimes doomed to be silent for sheer honesty's sake, and who at other times endured the suspicion of unbelief because they rebuked teaching which appeared to them to be the caricature or travesty of truth. But darkness does not last for ever; and there is a thick darkness in which God may be felt. Certain it is that the Empress Frederick emerged from this cloudy period with surer convictions of the greatness of Him who rules over all; but the heightened sense of the greatness of the Supreme Power who fulfils Himself in many ways is accompanied by a hesitation to accept conventional definitions. They may even seem to be profane. How can the human mind grasp even the skirts of the Infinite? How small a part of Him, said the Patriarch, how small a part of Him is heard! There is the agnosticism which exalts, as well as the agnosticism which denies, the Divine. In it there is concealed the faith of a robust and vigorous soul.

But our deepest religious convictions are not the product of speculation and discussion; they are born of experience; and truths which cannot survive the strange vicissitudes of life are convicted of emptiness. In the life of the Empress the trials of the intellect were succeeded by the trials of the heart. In 1866 came, hand in hand, bereavement and anxious weeks of suspense. Prince Sigismund, 'a beautiful boy,' the joy and pride of his parents, died; while the Crown Prince had girded on his sword to take part in the war with Austria. The war was short. A campaign of six weeks, marked by the bloody but triumphant field of Sadowa, sufficed to drive out of the Germanic Federation the only power which could challenge the supremacy of Prussia. Four years later began that other and more terrible struggle which placed the Imperial Crown upon the brows of the King of Prussia. The top-stone was then placed upon the edifice which that master-builder Bismarck had so long laboured

to erect. In the throes of these titanic conflicts the minds of Germans were absorbed by the practical demands of a terrible reality. The urgency of the daily duties of sympathy and service was brought home by the vivid realities of the battlefield, and by ceaseless experience of bereavement. Death, too, which respects not the home of princes, drew aside the sheltering curtain of family affection, and claimed first one and then another. In 1878 Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, died on the anniversary of her father's death. Three months later (March 27, 1879), the Crown Prince and Princess lost, by the death of Prince Waldemar, 'a bright boy of much promise.' In 1884, the Duke of Albany, the much-loved brother, died. Sorer trials were to come. The awful disease, inscrutable in origin and terrible in effects, the cruel malady which never fails to kill and which tortures before it slays, began its insidious work; and the shadow of a tragedy began to creep over the happy and hopeful home.

The late Empress Frederick was called upon to meet those mental trials which are the penalty of active and inquisitive intellects; she was called upon to encounter in uncommon degree and in tragic guise those trials of the heart which are common to all, and finally to face in her own person the fiery trial of prolonged physical pain. No drop of bitterness was wanting in the cup placed in her hands; no kind of sorrow or suffering was spared her. The conflict of doubt, the ache of loss, the sudden snatching away of the joys and dignities of life, the bereavements, the isolation, the horror and agony of tormenting disease—all were hers. Through these strange and painful vicissitudes her grasp upon the realities of life widened and strengthened. The principles of the Christian faith, which find such various expression in the creeds of the Churches, became deep and supreme realities to her; and even the ancient symbols of Christendom were to her venerable monuments of the piety of the past, striving to give expression to eternal truths. Let us hear her own words.

'When people are puzzled with Christianity (or their acceptance of it), I am reminded of a discussion between an Englishman and an advanced radical of the Continent (a politician).

The latter said, "England will become a republic as time advances." The Englishman answered, "I do not see why she should. We enjoy all the advantages a republic could give us (and a few more), and none of its disadvantages." Does not this conversation supply us with a fit comparison when one hears—The days of creeds are gone by, etc.? I say "No." You can be a good Christian and a Philosopher and a Sage, etc. The eternal truths on which Christianity rests are true for ever and for all; the forms they take are endless: their modes of expression vary. It is so living a thing that it will grow and expand and unfold its depths to those who know how to seek for them. To the thinking, the hoard of traditions, of legends and doctrines, which have gathered around it in the course of centuries remain precious and sacred, to be loved and venerated as garbs in which the vivifying, underlying truths were clad, and beyond which many an eye has never been able to penetrate. It would be wrong, and cruel, and dangerous to disturb them; but meanwhile the number of men who soar above the earth-born smallness of outward things continues to increase, and the words in which they clothe their souls' conception of Christianity are valuable to mankind; they are in advance of the rest of human beings, and can be teachers and leaders by their goodness and their wisdom. So were the Prophets and the Apostles in their day, and so are all great writers, poets, and thinkers. That the Church of England should now possess so many of these men is a blessing for the nation, and the best proof that the mission of the Church on earth has not come to an end.

Such were her thoughts in the summer of 1884, and before the darkest shadows had begun to gather over her life. In 1887 the little cloud rose upon the horizon. During the previous autumn the Crown Prince took a drive at Monza with the King and Queen of Italy. The treacherous air of the Brianza brought on a severe cold, and the Crown Prince's throat 'never recovered from the exposure.' In January, 1887, he had a presentiment of the coming evil. His throat obstinately refused to yield to treatment. 'The future?' he said. 'No, that belongs to my son: my time has passed away.' He felt the signs of final change. 'I am an old man: I stand with one foot in the grave' (Poschinger's Life, p. 434). In May it was surmised that the throat was the subject of a malignant growth. In June the Prince took part in the

Jubilee festivities in England. The eyes of the enthusiastic crowds, which gave their first look to the Queen whom they loved, gave their second to the tall and stately figure, conspicuous in white uniform, of the man who bore himself so self-forgetfully, although the hand of death was already upon him. A few months later there was a gleam of hope. On September 28 the Crown Prince reported that 'his convalescence was in full swing.' In November the fatal verdict was given. 'Is it really cancer?' the Crown Prince asked. When he heard that the case was hopeless, he paused for a few moments, and then began a conversation on other matters. The sublime self-repression which had been his habit stood him in good stead now. His calmness did not desert him.

In March, 1888, the Emperor William died, and the Crown Prince succeeded to the duties and responsibilities of Empire. No Prince ever ascended a throne under such strange and tragic circumstances. He took the reins of power, knowing and recognising that death was seated by his side.* With the full knowledge of the tragedy which awaited her, the Empress wrote:—

'There is a silver lining in every cloud; and the kind interest showed from far and near, the earnest sympathy, has touched the Emperor and me very deeply, and we are full of gratitude which I would fain express in better chosen words. Certainly we cannot unriddle the mystery of pain and sorrow, nor of any of the mysteries of which our fate is made up, and which surround us from the cradle to the grave! Still we can catch the gleams of the Heavenly Love, and be grateful for the brightness. We can rejoice that the spring of pity, compassion and of kindly, brotherly feeling between human beings is not dried up in men's hearts, and we can bless Him who implanted these feelings in our frail natures so full of contradiction and imperfection.'

This was written on the last day of March, 1888. The

* With reference to a statement often made at the time, to the effect that the Crown Prince, in his existing condition, was not legally entitled to succeed, it may be well to quote the following:—

'The report which emanated from England, that the Crown Prince on returning from Ems had renounced his right of succession to the throne in favour of his son, is characterised as absolutely false by Prince Bismarck in his *'Reminiscences.'* The fable that an incurable disease was a bar to succession, he declared, had not the slightest foundation either in the statutes of the House of Hohenzollern or in the Prussian constitution. (Poschinger, p. 435.)

reign which had just begun did not last a hundred days. In these days of trial the Empress was constantly at the Emperor's side. She acted the part, so difficult and so open to misconstruction, of protector to the invalid. She was the breakwater between him and the tide of business and the fretting waves of minor worries. Yet she incurred no blame; she turned aside the edge of all suspicion; she sheltered the Emperor without betraying his duty or belittling his dignity. Her happy tact and capacity facilitated the transaction of affairs of State without undue interference or the lowering her husband's prestige. She was the nursing wife, but she was also the Empress, who recognised the claims of public business, and who sought to make the position easy to the Emperor, as well as to the Emperor's responsible Ministers. Here again we may quote Prince Bismarck:—

‘At the time of his (the Emperor Frederick's) government I was always on the best of terms with the Emperor Frederick and his consort, the Empress Victoria. Any differences of opinion between us were discussed with Their Majesties in the most friendly way. The Empress Victoria is, moreover, very clever and decided. When I appeared with some business for her imperial consort, she frequently entered the sick room before me to prepare him and gain him over for my project’ (p. 450).

Thus in nursing, in acting as friend of the State and of the home, the weary days—so slow and yet so swift—passed, and the shadow deepened from week to week. The end came in June. The Emperor was conscious to the end, and kept his wife's hand within his clasp to the last.

With his death the dream of large and worthy work on a great stage passed away. It was not a husband only that the Empress lost, it was a throne; and, even more, it was the sphere of noble and responsible activities—the opportunity of playing her part in the great world for which her gifts and her training had fitted her. To imagine that such a tragedy involved no disappointment and brought no regrets would be absurd; but few could have borne the bereavement more unselfishly or the disappointment more bravely. Her telegram to the Empress Augusta shows how her thoughts for another raised her above the egotism of sorrow. ‘She who was so proud

and happy to be the wife of your only son mourns with you, poor mother. No mother ever had such a son. Be strong and proud in your grief. Even this morning he sent you a greeting.' Self-forgotten as she was, the blow was a heavy one, and left her dazed, paralysed, and robbed of her wonted energy; but, characteristically, she realised that it was not right to succumb to the paralysing influence of sorrow. 'I am very anxious,' she wrote in February, 1889, 'to do my duty, so I hope the energy will return to enable me to do so.' Her hope was fulfilled. She triumphed over the temptation to abandon herself to sorrow: she escaped the egotism of grief, for in the midst of her grievous trouble the remembrance of the shadows which darkened other lives rose before her at the bidding of the trained sympathy of her heart. 'It is wrong to complain,' she wrote, 'it is wrong to complain of one's own lot when there is so much suffering and sorrow in the world, and so many noble examples of how to bear them.' (February 24th, 1889.) The same spirit makes her say later (January, 1893):—

'Thirty-five years ago, on 25th of January, I left my beloved home to belong to the kindest and best of husbands. On this 25th of January, my last daughter and companion leaves me, and I remain a lonely widow. But,' she adds, 'there is so much to be thankful for, and I rejoice in the joy of others so truly.'

Two daughters of the Queen, both widowed, gave, on one notable occasion, a conspicuous example of this power to joy in the joy of others. The Diamond Jubilee is still in our memories. It was the last great outburst of national and imperial loyalty which greeted the ears of our late much-loved Queen. As we watched the procession which defiled, splendid and various, through the London streets, we felt our hearts suddenly smitten with the impulse of tears, for there, amid the dazzling colours and pompous circumstances of deep and exuberant joy, appeared two lonely women who had laid aside, for that day, the heaviest drapery of their sorrow, and who now, with a high courage worthy of their race, moved in the procession forgetful of their own broken and bereaved lives, proudly rejoicing in their mother's welcome, and nobly sharing in the nation's joy. Among the many brave soldiers and

sailors, generals and veterans, who had fought for the Queen, there were not any braver than the Empress Frederick and the Princess Beatrice, who endured the agony and the joy of that day with self-forgotten and smiling face.

'The weight of lonely, hidden grief often feels heaviest when all surroundings are in such contrast. And yet the heart of man is so made that many feelings find room in it together; so gratitude and thankfulness mingle with memories so sad that they can never lose their bitterness; but it would indeed be a shame to complain when there is so much cause for joy.'

Thus the Empress Frederick wrote in reference to the great ceremonial in which she 'gladly and thankfully' joined 'with proud heart' as a 'daughter of our beloved Queen.'

During her long and painful illness the Empress Frederick suffered much. However we may battle with pain, whatever skill and patience we may summon to mitigate human agony, the mystery of suffering will remain. The key may be put into our hand when we pass out of this world of shadows. Meanwhile we know no better solution than that which Christianity supplies—that life is education and the object of education is character. Understood thus, all classes of trial may work for good; or, to quote words * which brought the Empress Frederick some comfort—

'All are stairs

Of the illimitable House of God.

.... And men as men

Can reach no higher than the Son of God,

The perfect Head and Pattern of Mankind.

The time is short, and this sufficeth us

To live and die by; and in Him again

We see the same first starry attribute,

'Perfect through suffering,' our salvation's seal,

Set in the front of His humanity.

For God has other words for other worlds,

But for this world the word of God is Christ.'

Her simplicity and kindly thoughtfulness remained to the last. When in a spasm of agony she uttered a

* From Ugo Bassi's sermon, in 'The Disciples.'

cry and seized convulsively the nurse's hand, she gently apologised, 'I am so sorry ; I am afraid I hurt you.' The influence of such a bearing was inspiring. 'I have only been with her for a week,' said the nurse, 'but she has filled me with "higher ideals," and I am going back resolved to be a better nurse than ever.' As the Empress was passing away, a butterfly floated into the room, hovered awhile over the bed, and, when the last breath was breathed, spread its wings and flew forth into the free air again. The incident seemed symbolic.

The tragedy of her life may, by and by, obscure the memory of her abilities, of the vigour of her mind, the width of her reading, and her skill in various branches of art ; but, if these should be forgotten, the memorials of her active benevolence will remain in the many philanthropic institutions associated with her name. But most of all will she be remembered as an heroic-hearted woman who, endowed with singular capacity for enjoyment, was called upon to suffer much ; who, loving all beautiful things, was early forced to surrender them ; who, fitted to shine in active life, was suddenly doomed to comparative inaction ; who suffered with unflinching courage ; who in manifold disappointments never lost cheerfulness and hope ; and who, in a life of singular vicissitudes, never checked her overflowing kindness, and kept her simplicity of character unspoilt to the last.

Art. II.—THE REVOLT AGAINST ORTHODOX ECONOMICS.

1. *Introductory Lectures on Political Economy.* (Delivered in 1831.) By Richard Whately, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. Third edition. London: Fellowes, 1847.
2. *The History of Economics.* By Henry Dunning MacLeod, M.A. London: Bliss, 1896.
3. *Principles of Political Economy.* By Arthur Latham Perry, LL.D. London: Kegan Paul, 1891.
4. *The Unseen Foundations of Society.* By the Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T. Second edition. London: John Murray, 1893.
5. *Free Exchange.* By the late Sir Louis Mallet, C.B. Edited by Bernard Mallet. London: Kegan Paul, 1891.
6. *Comment se résoudra la Question Sociale.* Par G. de Molinari. Paris: Guillaumin et Cie, 1896.

IN the discussions of a science professing to deal with phenomena falling within the experience of everyday life, there is an ultimate appeal to the tribunal of an intelligent laity. The man of the world, it is true, cannot always be induced to interest himself in pure theory. As a rule, he is content to allow the contending parties to fight out the battle for themselves. He thinks, probably rightly, that in an intellectual conflict the better opinion will in the end prevail.

What, however, is to be done where the combatants are inclined to ignore each other, and where there seems to be no prospect of bringing the discussion to an issue? This appears to us to be the case in the controversy raised by some of the authors mentioned above, respecting the views held by the dominant school of English economists. The plain man, if he has any knowledge that there is a controversy pending, is disposed, in a case like the present, to side with orthodoxy; and orthodoxy, he assumes, is here represented by the endowed profession of economic teachers. The profession is a close corporation. Many, if not all of its members, stand or have stood in the relationship of teacher and pupil, and each successive generation of students has to take its professors as it finds them. These are the conditions, we take it, under which a so-called national school of opinion is formed. If,

as of course is possible, the reasoning of this school is based on a false foundation, its authority is still so firmly established that it might, almost unchallenged, rear a vast and elaborate edifice of doctrine, quite as learned, but, at the same time, quite as futile as the speculations of the mediæval schoolmen. A body of opinion so created might long run parallel to, and yet independently of the experience and common-sense of mankind. The man of affairs goes his own way; he does not consult the economists, and he has therefore no occasion to test their teaching by the touchstone of experience. The schoolmen, on the other hand, are perfectly happy, discussing, in the official journal of the profession, subtle and academic themes in a terminology passing (as one of them has remarked) 'the extreme limits of popular phraseology and comprehension.' A vigorous attack on the strong position of the established authorities has long been in evidence. For some reason, which is not very easy to discover, little or no notice has been taken of it, even by those who are assailed. In a quarrel of this nature the public only begins to show interest when the person attacked is drawn into reprisals. When no counter-attack is made, the controversy is apt to be ignored, except by a comparatively small number of independent students. Our intervention in a dispute which of necessity is somewhat technical seems to require this apology.

The anticipatory criticisms of Whately, the grave misgivings expressed by Mallet, the strenuous but less technical attack of the Duke of Argyll, the large acceptance obtained by Professor Perry's works in America (where their author has penetrated the charmed circle of the professoriate, and where his 'Elements of Political Economy' has gone through eighteen editions), and the elaborate destructive and constructive work of Mr Henry Dunning MacLeod, seem to us to constitute a body of opinion which cannot be passed over in silence. We shall endeavour to approach the subject in an independent but, we hope, a candid spirit, and from the point of view and in the interest of the average layman. The criticisms above cited, have, we confess, made an impression on us. They are of sufficient weight to give rise to a suspicion that we are, as Mr Jevons formerly remarked, living in a fool's paradise with regard to economics. The dominant

school may have a complete answer and may be able to recover our allegiance. In view of their silence, however, we feel justified in seeking to engage the attention of the laity on behalf of the less authoritative view. If our action has the result of obliging those who are in possession of the public ear to defend their position, and to expose the fallacies of their critics, our object will have been gained.

'The first systematic attempt,' says Professor Marshall, 'to form an economic science on a broad basis was made in France, about the middle of the eighteenth century, by a group of statesmen and philosophers under the leadership of Quesnay. . . . The corner-stone of their policy was obedience to Nature.' They insisted that restriction was artificial and that liberty was natural. The idea of liberty was taking possession of the minds not only of philosophers but of the people. The physiocrats gave a scientific sanction to the system of freedom of industry and enterprise, which, in the era then dawning, was about to replace 'the cruelty of the yoke of custom and rigid ordinance' ('Principles of Economics,' p. 91). Adam Smith 'developed the physiocratic doctrine of free trade with so much practical wisdom, and with so much knowledge of the actual conditions of business, as to make it a great force in real life; and he is most widely known both here and abroad for his argument that Government generally does harm by interfering in trade' (*ibid.*, p. 56).

It would be interesting and, we believe, profitable, at another time, to analyse this apotheosis of the conception of liberty. Sir Henry Maine has pointed out that enterprise, expansion, change, the principal manifestations of liberty, are characteristic of only a very small portion of the human race. To speak generally, the idea has made itself felt in western and modern civilisation only. The evolutionary theory of creation, if applied in explanation of our intellectual growth, suggests the hypothesis that where the mental vitality of the members of a community is active, there is a rapid accumulation of experience in favour of substituting free initiative for 'the yoke of custom and rigid ordinance.' Hence the idea of freedom of opinion, of speech, of migration, and of trade, has become in a measure sacrosanct. This assumption has at times led the vulgar into wild excess, because they have

not realised the correlative truth which experience confirms quite as surely, if not as emphatically, namely, that liberty consists in self-imposed restraint necessitated by the mutuality of our social environment.

The old so-called classical economists were deeply impressed by the advantages resulting from an observance of the maxim *laissez faire, laissez passer*. It is alleged that they enunciated the doctrine of free exchange as if it had the force of a categorical imperative for all human conduct. This system, they thought, gave the largest amount of satisfaction to human motive, and therefore led to the greatest production of wealth. It is alleged, however (and undoubtedly the habitual language of the school justifies the allegation), that their conception of human motive and of wealth was narrow, their interpretation of human nature too commercial. From their doctrine there has been a reaction, but, as it appears to us, the uncertainty as to what is meant by 'motive' (or, what is practically the same thing, 'human nature') and 'wealth' still continues.

Professor Marshall, for instance, conceives that economics is largely concerned with the measurement of motives; and in this connexion he speaks of motives as high and low, as self-regarding and not self-regarding—forms of expression which seem to imply the right to use the moral imperative. In using a calculus of human motive, he cannot avoid characterising motives in terms of moral praise and blame. The object of economics is not to study the phenomena of exchange, as a subject from which all consideration of motive can be rigorously excluded. On the contrary, 'the *raison d'être* of economics as a separate science is that it deals chiefly with that part of man's action which is most under the control of measurable motives' (*ibid.*, p. 93). At the same time he admits that 'the highest motives are for the most part non-measurable and evade the economic calculus,' not, perhaps, permanently, for 'the range of economic measurement may gradually extend to much philanthropic action' (*ibid.*, pp. 81, 83). By the procedure adopted, he is able to make his economic man a more human figure than that presented by the older economists; but *ex hypothesi* the picture is not complete, by reason of the impossibility of including the 'higher motives.'

Whately and the school to which this article is designed to draw attention, evade this difficulty and declare that, as economists, they have nothing to do with the motives which determine exchange. They assume that there are motives, but the consideration and analysis of these are for the sciences of psychology and ethics. A method which proposes to deal with some motives only is not satisfactory. All motive, it is represented, is the subject of moral science, just as all exchange is the subject of economic science.

A justification of the view, attributed, though not without protest on their part, to the older economists, that an economic law has the force of an imperative, might be found in a frank adoption of an experimental and evolutionary theory of ethics. If economists wish to claim for the generalisations of their science an authority concurrent with that of ethics and religion, they can only establish that pretension by proving morality to be purely derivative from that human experience of which exchange is no inconsiderable portion. This suggestion opens out a large field of speculation which it is impossible to survey here in any detail. It is the less necessary because no English economist, as far as we are aware, has ventured to put forward this argument. A certain approach towards it has, it is true, been made by an ingenious French economist, M. de Molinari. Starting from the assumption that man acts under an impulse to satisfy his wants with the least possible effort, he points out, if we may illustrate his theory by citing an important instance, how, in certain states of society, this law of the economy of effort impels men to satisfy their wants at the expense of others, in other words by warfare. At this period of man's history even the most aggressive forms of private and public warfare are regarded with moral approbation. When, however, industry becomes necessary to feed the demands of a military system, and when war ceases to be profitable, industry and the subdivision of industrial effort by means of exchange become a competing alternative to warfare. The same law of least effort is tending now to make warfare give place to the more economical arts of peace.

M. de Molinari applies the same reasoning to all human action, and—to take an instance relative to our

present theme—he suggests that the same principle of competition is making self-government or liberty appear more efficacious in furthering the aspiration of a civilised people, and therefore more in accordance with the law of least effort than the cumbersome and expensive system of governmental regulation. Out of this experience, by the aid of the laws of competition and of the economy of effort, the conceptions of right and of duty or morals have been evolved. The solution of social difficulties, he argues, is to be found in bringing the wholesome force of competition to bear on all our social arrangements, more particularly on those governmental regulations which, resting on force and not on the free choice of the governed, are liable to become stereotyped and oppressive. Such an argument attempts to solve, in one way, the controversy as to the ethical aspects of economics. It practically identifies economic and moral science.

Returning now to the history of economic speculation in this country, we may say without disrespect that even the powerful and acute intellect of Adam Smith was to a certain extent a creature of circumstances. The 'Wealth of Nations' is an attempt to justify, on philosophical grounds, one aspect of an instinctive conviction, which, as a general proposition, was already making itself felt in the minds of all men. Full justice has been done to the great revolution of opinion to which Adam Smith's work so materially contributed. It was not possible, however, for one man to surmount all the intellectual difficulties of the situation. It is characteristic of the incomplete nature of his system, that, although his great work is called the 'Wealth of Nations,' he has nowhere formulated a precise definition of wealth. In the course of his discussion he sets forth more than one contradictory conception on this point. He says (Book I, cap. xi) that wealth is 'the annual produce of land and labour.' In his enumeration of wealth, however, he includes many objects which are not the produce of land and labour, e.g. promissory notes and labour itself.

Mr MacLeod, arguing that wealth, or rather value (the aspect of wealth with which in his view economics deals), consists in exchangeability, finds it easy to discover a sanction for this view in Smith's somewhat vacillating and merely descriptive treatment of the subject, as when

he remarks that 'a guinea may be considered as a bill. . . If it could be exchanged for nothing, it would, like a bill upon a bankrupt, be of no more value than the most useless piece of paper.' 'Thus, after all,' says Mr MacLeod, 'Smith comes back to Exchangeability as the real essence of value. These two fundamental conceptions of wealth, as "the annual produce of land and labour," and "exchangeability," do not coincide'; and he goes on to explain the origin of the controversy, which we are now endeavouring to describe, in the following terms:—

'The utter incongruity of ideas in the beginning of Smith's work with those in the latter half has often been observed. Ricardo has adopted the former half of the work, and Whately the latter. Ricardo adopts Labour as the essence of wealth and value, and Whately adopts Exchangeability. Mill's work is the development of Ricardo's views, whilst this work [MacLeod's "Elements of Economics"] is the development of Whately's. In accordance with the unanimous doctrine of antiquity, Exchangeability is adopted as the sole essence and principle of wealth; and it is shown that there are three orders of Exchangeable Quantities, exactly as the ancients said, and as Smith has admitted.' ('Elements of Economics,' Vol I, p. 80.)

Let us now endeavour to present a few of the leading issues raised by the school of Whately. Some of them, we are disposed to think, have been too lightly dismissed by the authorities in possession.

Lecturing in 1831 as Professor of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, Archbishop Whately declared (Preface, pp. viii, ix):—

'It has been my first object to combat the prevailing prejudices against the study; and especially those which represent it as unfavourable to Religion. . . . By accepting the endowment of a Professorship of Political Economy, the University may be regarded as having borne her public testimony against that prejudice: and . . . has implied the full conviction of a Body which is above all suspicion of indifference to Christianity that there is at least no discordancy between that and the pursuits of the political economist.'

After a passing allusion to the formal condemnation (then only very lately rescinded) of the theory of the earth's motion, as at variance with Scripture, he proceeds:

'Throughout Christendom this point has now, it appears, been

conceded ; but that the erroneous principle—that of appealing to Revelation on questions of physical science—has not yet been entirely cleared away, is evident from the objections, which most of you probably may have heard, to the researches of Geology.’

These sentiments, uttered more than sixty years ago, may seem now out of date, but *mutatis mutandis* they are still capable of a present-day application. The objection to treating economics as the separate and independent science of exchange is not now made on the ground that it is contrary to revelation, but rather on the ground that it is contrary to certain *a priori* conceptions of man's moral and artistic nature. The religious prejudice perhaps is dead, as witness the following expression of opinion by a distinguished contemporary churchman, Canon Scott Holland :—

‘We have learnt by sharp experience,’ he says, ‘how totally unfit the Church is to anticipate or to control the movements of knowledge. Her unfitness has proved that any such attempt was in excess of the intention which created her. And it would be no less stupid than it would be fatal to re-enact this blunder in the department of Economic Science, just at the very moment when she has discovered her mistake in all other regions of knowledge.’ (‘Econ. Review,’ Jan. 1895, p. 3.)

But we have still to combat the prejudice that economics is in some way a usurpation on ethics, a prejudice which permeates the views of Ruskin, and to which it appears that Mr Marshall, as above quoted, has to some extent yielded.

In this sense Whately has also remarked :—

‘I could wish, therefore, that the complaint against Political Economists, of confining themselves to the consideration of wealth, were better founded than it is ; for there is nothing that tends more to perplexity and error than the practice of treating of several different subjects at the same time, and confusedly, so as to be perpetually sliding from one inquiry to another, of different kinds’ (p. 19).

‘In fact,’ he says elsewhere, ‘the whole question respecting the desirableness and ultimate advantages or disadvantages of wealth, is, as I formerly remarked, only obliquely and incidentally connected with Political Economy ; whose strict object it is to enquire only into the nature, production, and distribu-

tion of wealth; not its connexion with virtue or with happiness' (p. 45).

So far the Archbishop aims at freeing the study of economics from the control of theological and moral considerations. The science, he has already explained, has a definite subject-matter of its own. It is, in fact, the science of exchanges. The distinguished prelate whose words we are quoting would have been the last man to disparage the authority of theology or morality. He would certainly have admitted the legitimate title of these sciences to reign supreme over human conduct. Man's desire to 'exchange' is largely prompted, coloured, and controlled by theological and moral considerations. With that, the science of economics has, in the Archbishop's view, no concern. It has nothing to do with motives, but only with the exchanges to which motives give rise. The exchangeability of things is a phenomenon warranting the creation of a separate science, just as the phenomenon of heat or of motion demands in each case a separate scientific treatment.

Having vindicated for economics its independence of the rule of the theologian and the moralist, he proceeds to attain 'his first object' by combating the prejudices of the man of the world. Looking at the present position of the science, a disciple of Whately might be justified in adopting the argument which he then used. The comparative indifference of the man of the world, he would say, and the comparative discredit into which the study of economics has fallen, are the result of the neglect by economists of the rules laid down by the Archbishop. In the hands of its present professors, economics is not a science; it is a controversy. Its teachings are strained hither and thither by religious, moral, and political considerations. This may be due to a variety of causes. It may be due to the fact that economists do not clearly define the subject-matter with which their science is to deal, that they have attempted to dogmatise in regions which properly belong to other branches of study, or that by hesitation and compromise they have not attained truth, but have merely abandoned sound theory when it seemed for the moment irreconcilable with the prejudices and practice of ordinary men.

Such a critic would insist that while, on the one hand,

economics has been too ambitious, in seeking to promulgate an applied science before the pure science has been defined and developed, it has also been too humble, for, when detected in making erroneous applications of formulæ only imperfectly thought out, instead of returning again to examine definitions and first principles, it has sought to evade difficulties by the admission of exceptions, a fatal device when we are attempting to formulate general laws. The result has been that the man of the world is contemptuous of a so-called science which is tentative, apologetic, ready to compromise and to riddle with exceptions the general laws which it propounds. The almost insuperable tendency of its professors to claim for it a practical as well as a scientific authority has brought it into conflict, while still in a confused and immature condition, with religion and morality and with the demands of political expediency. When the plain man of the world finds his own special province invaded by theorists, armed with a body of maxims which do not claim the universal validity of exact science, he not unnaturally remarks that his own weapon of common-sense is quite as useful for the conduct of affairs as the more pretentious doctrines of a science that is unable to frame any absolute general laws.

If this is all that economics can do, it is merely a superior sort of common-sense; and every man of ordinary intelligence who looks a few yards in front of his nose is entitled to call himself a political economist. In this sense, Archbishop Whately remarks, 'Political Economists are far more numerous than is commonly supposed' (p. 73). A physician who treats a malady in an unscientific fashion is still said to be practising medicine. Buonaparte, who detested the name, was still a political economist when he endeavoured to destroy the trade of Europe with a view to gain advantage for his own country. He had failed, the Archbishop suggests, to realise the truth of the maxim that in an exchange both sides secure a profit. His political economy was in fact 'erroneous.' Singularly enough, the attempt and failure of Napoleon to make war profitable have been selected by M. de Molinari as an illustration of his theory that to seek profit by war is an economical action in process of being displaced by the less onerous methods of industry and exchange. At the risk

of appearing hypercritical, we venture to suggest that, in describing Napoleon's practical economics as 'erroneous,' the Archbishop is in danger of transgressing his own maxim. The formula used by M. de Molinari enables him to say that war is uneconomical, is in fact condemned by the dictates of the 'Law of Least Effort'; but the epithet 'erroneous' seems to import considerations with which economics has nothing to do.

In the following quotation will be found a certain reconciliation between the views of the evolutionary economist as represented by M. de Molinari and the Christian Archbishop.

'Anatomy and physiology,' the Archbishop remarks (p. 80), 'are found, the more they are studied, to throw more and more light on the stupendous wisdom of contrivance which the structure of organised bodies displays—in short, to furnish a most important portion of Natural Theology. And it might have been anticipated that an attentive study of the constitution of Society would bring to light a no less admirable apparatus of divinely-wise contrivances, directed no less to beneficial ends; that, as the structure of a single bee is admirable, and still more so that of a hive of bees, instinctively directing their efforts towards a common object, so the Divine Maker of the human bodily frame has evinced no less benevolent wisdom in his provisions for the progress of Society; and that, though in both cases the designs of Divine Wisdom are often counteracted by human folly—by intemperance or neglect as far as relates to the body, and by mistake or fraud in respect of the community—still, in each case, attentive study may enable us to trace more and more the designs of a wise Providence, and to devise means for removing the impediments to their completion.'

Later, Dr Whately dwells (pp. 93, 94) on the 'provisions made by Divine Wisdom,' whereby 'what may be called the instincts of Man lead to the advancement of Society.'

'And here,' he continues, 'I must take occasion to remark, that I do not profess to explain why things were so ordered that any advancement at all should be needful—why mankind were not placed at once in a state of society as highly civilised as it was destined ever to be. The reasons for this are probably unfathomable by us in this world.'

The difference between the French economist and the English Archbishop is not really wide. Where Whately

sees Providence, the modern economist sees the working of the evolutionary principle. To the religious mind, evolution, like every other law of nature, will appear to be an emanation of Providence, to be conceived only by an act of faith; but, if we may rely on the quotation already given from Canon Scott Holland, the theologian must be content to follow the secular history of the origins of life, morals, and societies according to the method of the physical sciences. The 'unfathomable' mystery of why the world exists at all remains an undisputed field of speculation for the professor of theology. The manifestations of life and of consciousness, which constitute the history of creation and society, form the equally undisputed territory of the physical sciences.

While the speculations advanced by M. de Molinari may appear to rest too much on unverified hypothesis, the teleological argument of the Archbishop, which after all is only put forward by him incidentally and hypothetically, will not in the present day obtain any general acceptance. It results, therefore, that, if economics is to attain to the rank of an independent science, we must discover some property of wealth which permits us to treat it, like the phenomenon of gravitation, entirely apart from the uses to which it is put in human society.

This property Whately and his school think they have discovered in the attribute of exchangeability. 'Adam Smith,' says the Archbishop, 'has designated his work a treatise on the "Wealth of Nations," but this supplies a name only for the *subject-matter*, not for the *science* itself.' He then states that his view, as already indicated by our quotation from Mr MacLeod, 'does not essentially differ from that of Adam Smith; since in this science the term wealth is limited to *exchangeable* commodities; and it treats of them so far forth only as they are or are designed to be the subjects of exchange' (p. 6).

'This limitation of the term Wealth to things contemplated as exchangeable has been objected to on the ground that it makes the same thing to be wealth to one person and not to another. This very circumstance has always appeared to me the chief recommendation of such a use of the term; since the same thing is different to different persons' (p. 7).

This last consideration, as we understand it, is fundamental to the whole conception of value as presented by

this school. Value is not a property residing absolutely in the commodity, resting on utility or cost of production or any similar intrinsic quality. Value is a quality imputed to objects by persons who regard them with a view to exchange; and it is precisely because such estimates differ that exchange becomes possible and is able to confer a profit on both parties concerned. The orthodox school, instead of analysing exchange, treat utility as the fundamental element in value, and go on to refine upon it with great ingenuity and industry. For ourselves, however, we must confess to being unable to appreciate the importance of the theory of marginal utility which has been developed with such infinite pains by Professor Marshall. It appears to us to be a rather cumbersome way of introducing a number of obvious and, for the purpose of a complete definition, irrelevant truisms. It attaches an exaggerated importance, as it seems to us, to the fact that demand slackens as satiety is approached. If, as is alleged, utility, conceived of as an intrinsic property of valuable things, is too narrow a foundation on which to rest a theory of value, it will follow that 'marginal utility' must partake of the same defect. In every appreciation of values by the two parties to an exchange there is a mental summation of profit and loss; and the doctrine of marginal utility formulates merely one narrow and incomplete aspect of this fact. All that it is important to notice is that a man's appreciations of value will vary hour by hour, and that *ex hypothesi* they will differ from the appreciations of the person with whom an exchange is effected.

Our appreciation of value therefore is like the views in a kaleidoscope. It is never constant. If we attempt to make it constant by saying it depends on the intrinsic utility of the commodity, we are met by the difficulty that between men with well-balanced minds no exchange could ever take place, for each would see the same value in the same objects. There could then be no expectation of profit from exchange, and the whole subject-matter of economics would cease to exist. If, in our endeavour to escape from this dilemma, we say that economics 'is on the one side a study of wealth, and on the other, and more important side, a part of the study of man' (Marshall, p. 1), we fall at once under the ban of the Archbishop's objection to 'treating of several different subjects at the same

time, and confusedly, so as to be perpetually sliding from one inquiry to another.' The ambiguity of the term wealth, covering moral well-being as well as exchangeable commodities, has induced Professor Perry to eliminate the word from his economic vocabulary; and accordingly in his 'Principles' he speaks only of Value. The element in human nature, relative to value, is the fact that man *appreciates* and, under the influence of the law of economy of effort, *exchanges*. In Professor Marshall's eyes, wealth connotes not only value but 'virtue and happiness,' and the portion of human nature relative to this conception is the whole range of human motives. These he proposes to study and as far as possible to measure. This study of man, combined with the study of value and virtue and happiness, constitutes the science of Economics. The result, we confess, seems to us to justify Archbishop Whately's prediction that this sliding from one enquiry to another will result in error and confusion.

Let us next glance at the development of Adam Smith's definition of wealth as the 'annual produce of land and labour,' in the hands of Ricardo and his successors. Mr MacLeod points out that Ricardo gives no definition of the science of economics, but plunges at once into a discussion of value. The value of a commodity, he says, depends on the relative quantity of labour necessary for its production. When we reflect on the worthlessness of the products of labour in many instances within our own observation, we are disposed to wonder how so acute a man could have deceived himself with a generalisation so obviously opposed to the facts of the case. As Mr MacLeod, quoting Bacon, justly remarks, 'the little David' of one inconsistent instance suffices to overthrow the general law.

The consequences of this erroneous assumption have been numerous and important. The value of labour, Ricardo held, itself depended on the cost of production of labour. This gravitated constantly to the lowest form of maintenance on which it was possible for the labourer to exist. Ricardo, it is true, qualified this melancholy doctrine in a variety of ways; but the qualifications, the very necessity of which bears witness to the unsoundness of the premises on which his theory is based, have been overlooked by those who had their own point to prove. This

imperfect analysis of the conception of value has given rise to some of the most dangerous misconceptions with which mankind has been vexed. Anti-social revolutionists have seized on this definition, and have terrified the ignorant by displaying the so-called Iron Law of Wages, which condemned the labourer to live on the very barest provision sufficient to keep body and soul together. From this fallacious conception also is derived Marx's doctrine of surplus value, and its corollary that, as labour is the cause of value, so the ownership of value, or at least of all profit arising from exchange, should vest in the labourer to the exclusion of all other interests, however fully they might be recognised by the laws of jurisprudence and the very necessity of things. Ricardo's theory of rent, in like manner, has furnished a cloak of plausibility for Mr George's crusade in favour of the nationalisation of land. This aspect of the question is very familiar.

In these pages, however, we are concerned rather with the legitimate academic followers of Ricardo—those whose work it has been to patch up Ricardo's inconsistencies with the view of making his theory square with the testimony of common-sense. In the rapid survey which follows, we must confine ourselves to a notice of the most conspicuous names.

John Stuart Mill, whose work has exercised a most important influence on English economic speculation, was a disciple of Ricardo. He saw, however, that Ricardo's law of value was founded too exclusively on the quantity of labour which it costs to produce and bring a commodity to market. Accordingly he enlarged the definition, and included other familiar elements in the cost of production. He then asserts that value is determined by cost of production. This law, however, he admits, is only occasionally applicable. It does not hold good with regard to goods produced at a distance. It is inapplicable, therefore, in markets into which some goods have been introduced from foreign lands. Mill expressly admits this, and points out that goods brought into a market from a foreign or distant place of manufacture will have a value quite irrespective of their cost of production. Mr MacLeod, we are bound to say, seems to us perfectly justified in arguing that this admission breaks down the whole of Mill's theory. It is inadmissible, in a body of doctrine purporting to be a

science, to formulate contradictory laws for an explanation of one and the same phenomenon.

Whately's definition (that value is exchangeability) is expressly rejected by Mill. His reasons are curious and instructive. 'If these denominations' (viz. Whately's), he says, 'had appeared to me logically correct, I must have placed the discussion of the elementary laws of value at the commencement of our enquiry, instead of postponing it to the Third Part' (we do not reach Book III; 'Exchange': chapter i; 'Value,' till we are nearly half-way through Mill's 'Principles of Political Economy'), 'and the possibility of so long deferring it is alone a sufficient proof that this view of the nature of Political Economy is too confined.'

As a matter of fact, in the preceding books, Mill has discussed production, labour, capital, wages, profits, rent—subjects which, with the addition of credit, comprise all the phenomena of value. It is impossible not to suggest that Mill had been discussing value, as M. Jourdain talked prose, unconsciously. Mill further urges that in states where custom and usage are supreme, exchange is not the distributing agency. This is true, but where there is no exchange, there is no economics. We question, however, if there is any form of human society where exchange is not practised. We have already quoted the ingenious argument of M. de Molinari by which he has represented warfare and the arts of peace as alternative habits pressed on the acceptance of mankind by the law of the economy of effort, and in this way made subject to man's appreciation of their relative value. In like manner 'custom and usage' are also forces which the competition of contract and exchange is ever tending to banish from human society. Thus Professor Marshall, speaking of the era of the earlier economists, remarks on 'the cruelty of the yoke of custom and rigid ordinance which it [free enterprise] displaced.' Mill next employs an argument which, if economics is to be held as a science chiefly concerned with modern industrial conditions, seems to us to condemn entirely his own treatment of the subject.

'In a state of society, however, in which the industrial system is entirely founded on purchase and sale . . . the question of Value is fundamental. Almost every speculation respecting the economical interests of a society thus constituted

implies some theory of Value; the smallest error on that subject infects with corresponding error all our other conclusions; and anything vague or misty in our conception of it creates confusion and uncertainty in everything else. Happily there is nothing in the laws of Value which remains for the present or any future writer to clear up; the theory of the subject is complete. . . .

Unfortunately this latter view is far too sanguine, but the truth of the earlier portion of the quotation will be admitted only too readily by the puzzled and bewildered student of a work which runs well-nigh half its course before this fundamental question is consciously introduced.

In the very able economical fragment which forms the second part of Sir Louis Mallet's posthumously published volume, the law of value and the theory of the unearned increment are discussed with great acuteness. The 'corresponding error' introduced by Mill into all his economical reasoning, through his defective conception of value, is clearly pointed out.

'Ricardo and his followers,' Sir L. Mallet says (p.239), 'divided commodities into two classes—the one in which competition was assumed to operate freely, and the value of which was supposed to be regulated by cost; the other consisting of monopolies, whether natural or artificial, the value of which was determined by supply and demand, irrespective of cost. From this point of view it was inevitable that whenever in the latter category the exchange value exceeded the cost, the notion should arise that the surplus value was "unearned." . . . But while regarding the so-called surplus value derived from monopolies as a privilege, the Ricardian school nevertheless held this privilege to be necessary in the interests of society, and therefore to be sanctioned by science. They therefore accepted the principles of private property and free exchange as applicable to both classes of commodities without distinction. Mill and his contemporaries have formally dissented from this conclusion. They split up commodities into three classes: (1) absolute monopolies; (2) those on which competition freely operates; (3) land. The first they set aside as of no practical importance, and thus get rid of an inconvenient objection to their theory. The second they assume to include everything of practical importance except land. The third, land. Here they observe that the cost of production varies according to quality of soil, situation, etc., and conclude that the difference between the cost on the worse soil and the

better is "unearned increment." This surplus value they attribute not to nature, but to the labour and efforts of the community at large. They therefore condemn private property and free exchange in the case of land, and decide in favour of collective appropriation in the name of science and on the plea of social expediency.'

The whole of this fallacious reasoning rests on the erroneous assumption that value is determined by cost of production. If this assumption is erroneous, and if the same cause is to be assigned for all forms of value, the distinction between value in land and value in other commodities falls to the ground. There will, therefore, be no economical reason for assailing private property in land as distinguished from other things. The modified socialism of Mill then becomes illogical. The socialists, indeed, have fully realised the fact, and seek to apply Mill's 'unearned increment' argument to all forms of property. This, however, would probably have been too large a proposition for Mill and his followers; and if the point had been pressed against them they would have retrieved the result of an erroneous theory by an illogical lapse into common-sense. There is obviously a close connexion between value and cost of production, but the question is, which is cause and which is effect. Sir Louis Mallet quotes Condillac, '*Une chose n'a pas une valeur parce qu'elle coûte, mais elle coûte parce qu'elle a une valeur.*' No change in the cost of production will cause a change in value unless it is accompanied by a change in the relation of supply and demand.

'Formerly philosophers'—we here quote Mr MacLeod—'thought that the motion of projected bodies had a natural tendency to decay. They saw that the motion of a projected body always gradually diminished and finally ceased. It was quite easy to calculate results upon this principle. Given a certain velocity of projection, it was quite easy to calculate when the motion would cease upon the supposition that it naturally decayed. And the results would have agreed with the calculations. What could be more satisfactory?' ('Elements of Economics,' ii, 27.)

This, says Mr MacLeod, is an exact analogy of Ricardo's law of value.

Our object, however, is rather to indicate the point of

the issue than to set out the argument in detail, and we must here content ourselves with a summary of the contention of Whately and his school as set out by Mr MacLeod. '... Buyers do not give high prices because sellers have spent much money in producing; but sellers spend much in producing because they hope to find buyers who will give more.' There is, as Mill has remarked, a correspondence between value and cost of production in certain cases (e.g. in goods made in contiguous competitive manufactories); but, as we have pointed out, he has to invent a different law for goods made in distant unconnected manufactories. The proposition that value is determined by supply and demand, adopted by Mill in some cases, will be found, say his critics, to apply to all cases. Goods produced more cheaply in a distant manufactory, unless an increased quantity is put on the market, will still sell at the current market rate, and the extra profit will go entirely to the producers, among whom of course the carriers are included. Causes must not be multiplied beyond necessity, and we must be content to accept the formula which covers every case.

The question of a public as against a private tenure of property, the real issue raised in the 'unearned increment' controversy, may be discussed with the aid of ethical and juridical science, but economics has nothing to say to it, and certainly cannot distinguish between one class of property and another. The controversy might, after a fashion, be brought within the cognisance of economics, if the two systems were represented to us as rival interchangeable methods. M. de Molinari and indeed many other economists have pointed out that, in this rivalry, the law of least effort, styled by Professor Marshall the law of substitution, has given a preference to the system of private tenure. A classical exposition of one instance of this process is to be found in Arthur Young's advocacy of enclosures as against the wasteful common-field cultivation. The law of least effort has, during every observed period of history, induced men to convert public tenure into private tenure. The community or wide extension of enjoyment, which is the desire of all civilised society, is more economically and more efficiently procured by a private tenure aided by freedom of exchange. Such, at least, seems to be the verdict of history.

A reconstruction of the Ricardian economics was demanded by the late Mr Stanley Jevons, who says in the preface to his 'Theory of Political Economy' (second edition, p. xlix): 'The conclusion to which I am ever more clearly coming is that the only hope of attaining a true system of Economics is to fling aside once and for ever the mazy and preposterous assumptions of the Ricardian School. Our English Economists have been living in a fool's paradise.' Then, after a reference to those 'able but wrong-headed' men, Ricardo and his admirer J. S. Mill, he says: 'It will be a work of labour to pick up the fragments of a shattered science and to start anew, but it is a work from which they must not shrink.'

Jevons, for some reason which we are not altogether able to understand, obtained a hearing for his views which has been denied, in this country at all events, to Whately, MacLeod, and Sir Louis Mallet, and to the very considerable number of French economists who have approached more or less to agreement with the above-named writers. Jevons, not content with his successful destructive criticism of the Ricardians, ventured on construction of his own. Here we fear he was less successful. 'Repeated reflection and inquiry,' he says (p. 1), 'have led me to the somewhat novel opinion that value depends entirely on utility.' He therefore endeavours to institute a 'calculus of pleasure and pain.' 'Pleasure and pain' (p. 40) 'are undoubtedly the ultimate objects of the calculus of economics. To satisfy our wants to the utmost, with the least effort—to procure the greatest amount of what is desirable at the expense of the least that is undesirable—in other words to maximise pleasure, is the problem of economics.'

Now if we employ again the services of the 'little David'—the particular case—we can readily see the unsatisfactory nature of the term utility, used in this connexion. An original edition of Shakespeare would be very valuable, but only by an abuse of language could it be called useful. The respective utilities of a ton of coal and a diamond weighing a fraction of an ounce have no relation to their value. Conversely, 'the air and the sunlight,' says Bagehot, 'with, we conceive, the unanimous consent of economists, the riches of nature, are nothing in political economy' ('Economic Studies,' p. 100). Air, sunlight, and rain are

eminently useful things, but they cannot be valued in the economic sense of the term.

Jevons begins, as we have seen, by declaring for a mathematical treatment of the subject; but it appears to us that when, as above, he defines the main problem of economics to be the maximising of pleasure, he is assuming for economics a practical and applied authority which his earlier definition has already excluded. Now it may be true, and it probably is true, that man does use a calculus of pleasure and pain; in other words, he is under the influence of the 'law of least effort,' or the 'law of substitution.' If it were not so, there would be no economics, and, for that matter, no human action of any kind whatever. Under the influence of this law, by whatever name we choose to call it, he is irresistibly led to a comparison of values and to subsequent acts of exchange. The facts, not the reasons, of these assessments of value, and the subsequent exchange are possibly the subject of an exact science. When we attempt, however, to pass beyond this and speculate about pleasure and pain and human motives generally, we are slipping into a wider enquiry. Even if we allow ourselves to pursue it a certain way, we shall find that utility is far too narrow a description to give to the subject-matter of human desire. It is because imputations of value are essentially inconstant, and entirely kaleidoscopic in their variety, that profitable exchange, giving advantage to both parties, has become so important and so equitable a factor in human society. Attempts to get behind the fact and to name 'utility' as the determining object of desire are surely inadequate. It is only by explaining away all the stable and definite meaning which belongs to the term—in fact by assimilating the term 'utility' to the perfectly colourless phrase, 'that for which there is demand'—that the theory obtains the slightest appearance of plausibility. This, of course, is the point so strenuously contended for by Whately and MacLeod.

The fate of Jevons's utility theory at the hands of his successors is not a little curious and instructive. Professor Marshall has adopted with modifications Jevons's theory of value, but he seeks to engraft it on the Ricardian system which Jevons's criticism had shattered. He has bestowed great ingenuity and labour on a development of Jevons's theory of marginal utility, but his

eclectic adoption of Ricardo's principles has induced a not unfriendly critic to describe his 'Principles of Economics' as a rehabilitation of Ricardo. He blames Ricardo (p. 61) for having 'regarded man, so to speak, as a constant quantity,' and complains of his narrowness and want of sympathy. Ricardo, it is objected by Professor Marshall, assumed that the determining motive in man's action is what is called an economic motive ('economic' in this connexion being synonymous with 'commercial'). The suggestion, of course, is that the economic motive is a sordid motive—that, as a matter of fact, it is not and ought not to be a determining motive. Now it is, of course, necessary for the economist to assume that there is some determining motive for every human action. Ricardo's error, according to Professor Marshall, is that he has taken a narrow view of human motive. According to Whately and MacLeod, he errs in attempting to characterise these motives at all; nor would such writers admit that Professor Marshall's attempt to enlarge Ricardo's conception has been more successful. The true course for the economist to pursue is to leave motives to the appropriate sciences of ethics and psychology. In economics a general determining motive for exchange must be assumed, but the determining motive for specific acts of exchange cannot profitably be considered by that science.

Professor Nicholson of Edinburgh adheres to the methods of the older economists, and has advanced some very searching and, as it appears to us, successful criticism against the constructive portion of Jevons's work, more particularly against the doctrine of 'marginal utility.' His general conclusion may be thus summed up: 'The method of the so-called orthodox English economist has only been modified and supplemented, not revolutionised and supplanted, by the [historical and] mathematical methods of recent writers.' This criticism, with the qualification to be noted below, appears to us entirely just. Jevons, indeed, went into open revolt, and talked of the shattered science; but his adoption of utility as the intrinsic quality which constitutes value brought him again into line with the Ricardian school. Jevons, moreover, it must be noted, was not the originator of the revolt: he was anticipated by Whately and by MacLeod. Other interests claimed the time and attention of the Archbishop of

Dublin, and his contribution to the science of economics remains only a fragment. Mr MacLeod, on the other hand, whose 'Elements of Political Economy' was published in 1857, and whose first work on banking appeared two years earlier, has remained a strenuous and industrious Ishmael among his brother economists for nearly half a century.

Here we must admit that Mr MacLeod's methods of controversy are not always persuasive. Persons who have been brought up in the school of Mill, and who, whether they accept his economic opinions or not, must always entertain a warm admiration for his elevated and disinterested character, are repelled by language like the following: 'Every page of his [Mill's] work is full of the most glaring ignorance and blunders; and there is scarcely a single point in which he does not contradict himself. Now, in sober seriousness, we must ask how is this more consistent with scientific morality than cheating at cards, or forgery, or issuing base coin.' The natural conclusion of the cursory reader is that a writer employing such language has a weak case; and we are disposed to think that Mr MacLeod's occasionally violent style of controversy has prevented a larger acceptance of his views. It is impossible not to admire Mr MacLeod's courage and pertinacity in maintaining almost single-handed what he regards as the true theory of economic science. As disinterested spectators we venture, however, to remind him of the humane notice posted up in a western American church: 'Do not shoot the organist: he is doing his best!' Mr MacLeod's best friends must regret these ebullitions, and hope that they will not deprive him of that share of public attention to which he is justly entitled in virtue of his learning, pertinacity, and closely reasoned though occasionally diffuse style of argument.

We have dealt in cursory manner with the destructive criticism which Mr MacLeod has directed against the current system of economics. We must now endeavour, very shortly, to indicate his constructive method. After pointing out the objection to every other definition that has been advanced, he shows that his own definition (*viz.*, 'Economics is the science which treats of the laws which govern the relation of exchangeable quantities') is the only one which satisfies the scientific requirements of the case; and that there are three classes of exchangeable

quantities: (1) Material commodities; (2) Services; (3) Incorporeal wealth or Rights, e.g. credit.

Apart from the general theory of the science of economics, it is now generally admitted that Mr MacLeod's analysis of the third class of exchangeable quantities is extremely suggestive and valuable. By giving prominence to the phenomenon of credit and to the exchanges in which it plays a part, he has made the science of economics co-extensive with the whole range of modern commerce. Antecedent to this exhaustive threefold classification we must, he argues, assume the principle of property, with its corollary, the right of exchange.

'Property,' he says, adopting the language of Mercier de la Rivière, one of the physiocrats, 'is a right in a person, but which changes its name according to the nature of the object to which it is applied.' Jurisprudence is the science of rights. 'Natural philosophy,' says Lord Mackenzie, 'considers things according to their physical properties; law regards them as the objects of rights.' Economics, adds Mr Macleod, is the science which treats of the exchanges of rights, and the most complete and satisfactory enumeration and analysis of rights are those formulated by the Roman jurists.

With this solution of the difficult point of definition we may compare the part assigned to 'security' in the late Duke of Argyll's 'Unseen Foundations of Society.' The complaint made by the Duke, if we rightly understand his argument, is that writers on economics have not realised sufficiently the advantage of security, and have been disposed to depreciate the services rendered to the community by the principle of ownership. On this point Mr Macleod is content to say that he is dealing with the properties recognised by the Roman law. Incidentally he may betray his opinion that this recognition of property is necessary and equitable, but in his view this has nothing to do with economics.

There remains, of course, the very important question whether any good purpose is served by considering such abstract conceptions as number and exchangeability apart from the things which are numbered and exchanged.

The convenience of arithmetic needs no vindication, and for ourselves we can only express a belief (founded, to

some extent, on experience) that a consideration of the phenomenon of exchange, and the part it plays in human affairs, will throw a flood of light on the problems which perplex the politician and the social reformer. It is hardly necessary to point out how deeply our social existence is influenced by the exchange of services, credits, and goods. The assumption, erroneously put forward by the older economists, that free exchange in such matters is an advantage so well proven as to amount in effect to a categorical imperative, may be near the truth; but in any case it is a truth which makes no claim to an *a priori* validity, but requires the verification of history and experiment at every point.

We have referred more than once to the larger speculation of M. de Molinari, who argues that mankind's preference for one course of action rather than another may be explained as the operation of exchange, i.e. the abandonment of the worse and the choice of the better. The thought opens out a great vista of speculation. From a consideration of the exchangeability of things, we pass to a consideration of exchange as a means of satisfying human wants, and from this to a consideration of the relation of human wants to morality.

In an interesting passage on 'ethical limitation,' the Duke of Argyll, making what he calls a translation into the terms of the 'Utilitarian Theory of Morals,' remarks: 'The doctrines of an Independent Morality are coincident in result with the higher forms of the Utilitarian system' (p. 63). He quotes, however, with approval, and in qualification of the above statement, Mill's dictum, that 'the most criminal actions are, to a being like man, not more unnatural than most of the virtues.' In the study of economics as proposed for us by M. de Molinari, we follow the natural exchange actions of man, without any attempt to characterise them as virtuous or criminal. Our object is simply to note and to classify them. When our exposition of the facts is complete, our conscience, aided by the light thrown on the subject by the other relevant sciences, will tell us how far the system of natural experience in such matters (that is the evolutionary utilitarian system) has led to conduct in agreement with the requirements of 'independent morality.'

Our English economists of the school of Whately have

not ventured to push the limits of their subject so far afield. Mr MacLeod, it is true, at one time announced his intention of writing a treatise on 'Mixed Economics,' but we regret to learn that he has abandoned his purpose. His treatment of the application of economics to those interests of life where exchange, pure and simple, is not the dominant factor, would have given him many opportunities of showing the practical usefulness of his methods.

The very important question of taxation would have been one of the subjects to be discussed. Whately, in a curious note, remarks:—

'I had not thought it necessary to observe that, in speaking of exchanges, I did not mean to limit myself to voluntary exchanges. . . . Most exchanges, indeed, are of this character; but the case of taxation . . . constitutes a remarkable exception. . . . And it is worth remarking, that it is just so far forth as it is an exchange—so far forth as protection, whether adequate or not, is afforded in exchange for this payment—that the payment itself comes under the cognisance of this science. There is nothing else that distinguishes *taxation* from *avowed robbery*.'

Since the days of Whately, both the practice and theory of taxation have strayed widely from this ideal. Taxation is now levied on persons who appear to have the ability to pay, quite irrespective of the benefits which they derive from the expenditure of the tax, and for this very reason treatises on the so-called 'science' of public finance seem to us to have an air of unreality. Taxation, in this view, can only be brought within the cognisance of economics when it is contrasted with other methods of attaining the same object, and when some choice or power of exchange is given to the public in respect of the alternatives so presented.

Similar difficulties are raised with regard to the Public Debt. Mr MacLeod, following his practice of accepting from jurisprudence the enumeration of different classes of legally constituted property, finds that state and municipal loans are exchangeable values, and, as such, within the scope of economics. Economics, however, offers no opinion on the equity and policy of such loans. So, too—and this, it appears to us, is a very common confusion of thought—the due performance of contract (more es-

pecially in the repayment of debts) is obviously a very essential element in determining the usefulness of exchange as a means of satisfying human desire; but economics has no opinion as to the propriety of enforcing contract by process of law. Taxation, public loans, the legal enforcement of contract, are measures of government which, if possible, according to M. de Molinari, should be subjected to the competition of alternatives, if such there be; and free choice between such alternatives should be left to the community. Such a process might bring the institutions above named within the scope of economics, but for the rest they are matters of political expediency, and have nothing to do with economics.

Of course, the student of economics, like the artist in leather, is apt to say 'there is nothing like exchange.' It is equitable, ubiquitous, and irresistible in its work of improving the organisation of human progress. It works smoothly, automatically, and cheaply. Its main object is the economy of effort; and for this purpose it mobilises labour, and conducts it to its most remunerative market, while, at the same time, it leads to efficiency and cheapness of production. All this benefit it confers without having recourse, except in rare instances, to the coercive authority of the law. The economist, therefore, looks to exchange as an expedient capable of solving many problems.

For ourselves, we believe that he has warrant for his enthusiasm; but if he would avoid reaction and regain the confidence of the public, which, to some extent, has been alienated, he must proceed warily, and with more logical precision than has hitherto characterised his utterances. The mere fact that we are able to point to so many ambiguities of definitions and objects shows, we venture to think, that economists have not been altogether successful in their presentation of this fascinating science.

Art. III.—THE NATIONAL CONFLICT IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.*

1. *Die Sprachenverordnungen des Grafen Badeni, und ihre Folgen.* Von einem Alt-Oesterreicher. Leipzig : Lückhardt, 1898.
2. *Der Nationalitäten- und Sprachenstreit in Oesterreich.* Von Rudolf, Graf Czernin. Vienna : Gerold, 1900.
3. *Nationalitäten- und Sprachenstreit in Oesterreich.* (Reply to No. 2.) Von Heinrich Hradec. Prague : Rivnac, 1901.

THE celebrated Bohemian historian, Palatzky, once said, 'If there were no Austria, one would have to be created. By this he plainly meant that a conglomeration of races like that which has been gradually drawn together in the central valley of the Danube and the neighbouring regions necessarily requires unity of government. Too weak and scattered for any one of them to form a powerful kingdom by itself, these nations might yet become a standing danger to the peace of Europe, not only because they would always be fighting among themselves, but also because they would provoke the cupidity of the great states, their neighbours, and by tempting them to interference would give rise to frequent and ruinous disturbances and even to great wars. The justice of this view is sufficiently proved by the constant disturbances in the Balkan states. Left to themselves, the various nations of Austria-Hungary would have turned that country into a storm-centre even worse than that of the Balkan peninsula. Only by being brought under one protection, moved by one spirit, ruled, and at the same time defended, by one arm, can they cease to be a menace to the peace of Europe. Only by being welded into one whole can they hope to play any important part in the European concert, and to count as one of the great Powers. This is the idea that underlies that historic utterance as to the necessity for an Austria.

Oddly enough, its profound wisdom does not seem to have struck the people of that country ; at any rate we may infer as much from their behaviour, which betrays

* The author of this article is an Austrian.

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an inclination, more or less openly avowed, to break the bond of union and annihilate the Austro-Hungarian state. This destructive tendency is shared, consciously or unconsciously, by all the races under the monarchy; and the result is a howling chaos of conflicting demands, a furious and persistent clattering and clashing of opinions, an incessant tumult of hostilities that shake the state to its foundations, hamper its progress, and seriously threaten its existence. To be sure, outside the black and yellow frontier-barriers nothing is known of these things, until the rumblings break out in some violent eruption which attracts the attention of the rest of Europe to Austria-Hungary; but inside the monarchy they can always be heard, even when peace apparently reigns supreme. One need only pay close attention to be aware of a dull underground heaving, as if one were sitting on the crust of a volcano.

In order to understand this state of things, it is first of all necessary to get some idea of the extraordinary medley of nationalities which composes the Austro-Hungarian Empire. The division (according to the census of 1890 *) is as follows:—

	In Austria.	In Hungary.	Total.
Germans	8,461,580	2,107,577	10,569,157
Magyars	8,139	7,426,730	7,434,869
Czechs and Slovaks ¹	5,472,871	1,910,279	7,383,150
Poles	3,719,232	..	3,719,232
Ruthenians	3,105,221	383,392	3,488,613
Croats and Serbs	644,926	2,604,240	3,249,166
Slovenians ²	1,176,672	94,679	1,271,351
Romanians	209,110	2,591,905	2,801,015
Italians and Ladins ³	675,305	21,861	637,166
Gipsies	96,497	96,497
Various races and foreigners ⁴	422,357	226,631	648,988
	23,895,413	17,463,791	41,359,204 ⁵

¹ The Czechs (Tschechen) compose the Slav population of Bohemia and Moravia. The Slovaks are the Slav inhabitants of north-west Hungary, but are also to be found scattered in small groups throughout Hungary.

² The Slovans are a Slav race of the southerly Alpine districts of Austria (Carniola, parts of Lusia and Carinthia, Southern Styria).

³ The Ladins are a Romance race found in certain valleys of the Tyrol.

⁴ In the case of Hungary the fighting military population stationed there is not included in this category.

⁵ Not counting Bosnia, at present under an Austrian protectorate.

* No trustworthy figures of later date are available.

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By classifying these nations according to race, we get the following figures :—

	Austria.	Hungary.	Total.
Germans .	8,461,580=35·5%	2,107,577=12·0%	10,569,157=25·6%
Slavs . .	14,118,922=59·0%	4,992,590=28·7%	19,111,512=46·2%
Magyars .	8,139	7,426,730=42·5%	7,434,869=18·0%
Romance <i> </i> races }	884,415= 3·7%	2,613,766=15·0%	3,498,181= 8·4%
Others .	422,357= 1·8%	323,128= 1·8%	745,485= 1·8%
Total. .	23,895,418	17,463,791	41,359,204

The geographical distribution of these races, most important for an understanding of their struggle, is as follows. The Germans in the Austrian half of the Empire are found in the centre, especially in the hilly Alpine districts. The population of the crown-lands of Salzburg and Upper Austria is wholly German; also that of Lower Austria (except Vienna) and the Czech districts in the north. The same may be said of northern Styria and Tyrol, and of the greater part of Carinthia. Apart from these main groups, there are more than two million Germans living on the northern borders and in the south-west of Bohemia, and forming thirty-seven per cent. of the population of that country. More than half a million (twenty-nine per cent.) are also to be found in Moravia, namely, in the towns and the northern districts; and in Silesia they amount to nearly half of the population (forty-seven per cent.). In all the crown-lands they may be met with, scattered or in smaller colonies, more or less numerous. In Hungary they dwell chiefly in the west, on the borders of Lower Austria and Styria; in the south-east (formerly called the Banat), and in numerous isolated centres, especially in Transylvania. In many of the Hungarian towns they form a considerable part of the population.

The Slavs in Austria are represented by the Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia (where they indeed preponderate); the Poles in eastern Silesia and western Galicia; the Ruthenians in eastern Galicia and Bukovina, where they form nearly half the population; the Slovenians in the southern Alpine districts; and the Croats and Serbs in Dalmatia. In Hungary the Slavs consist of the Slovaks in the north-west, the Ruthenians in the north-east, the

Serbs and Croats in the south; and these peoples form the greater part of the population of the Hungarian monarchy.

The Magyars are to be found throughout the whole of Hungary, but mixed for the most part with Slavs or Germans. The pure Magyar race is only to be found in the central parts, in the great plain of Hungary. In Austria their number is so small that it need not be taken into consideration.

The Romance races in Austria are represented by the Italians of southern and south-eastern Tyrol (where, in some of the valleys, they are known as Ladins); also on the Istrian seaboard and in the coast-towns of Dalmatia. In the Hungarian crown-lands they are represented by the Italians of the coast-towns of Croatia and Fiume, and in large numbers by the Roumanians of south-eastern Hungary, notably Transylvania, where they form the majority of the population.

This sketch of national distribution in the Habsburg monarchy shows that, in the Austrian half of the Empire, the nationalities are, as a rule, split up into groups, each group being fairly homogeneous, or containing only a small minority, of varying size, belonging to other nationalities. But in the Hungarian half they are all mixed up together with such intricate variety that there is hardly a province which does not contain two nationalities at the least, while in many we find as many as five or more. For instance, in the county of Torontal, in the south-east, there are 186,000 Serbs, 184,000 Germans, 98,000 Magyars, 87,000 Roumanians, 14,000 Slovaks, 5000 Croats, and 13,000 of various other nationalities. Given, then, so many and such widely varying races, a certain amount of friction and antagonism is hardly to be wondered at. It would have been strange indeed if it had not arisen; it was in the circumstances inevitable. But it would never have developed into such formidable proportions if the unhappy year 1848 had not opened up the question of nationality; and if Chauvinist fanatics and unscrupulous agitators had not inflamed national feeling to a savage passion. It is due to these causes that the question of nationality has become a matter of life and death to the Habsburg monarchy.

Now, in a discussion of the national conflict such as is

proposed in this article, each half of the Empire must be considered by itself, not merely because we are dealing with two independent political entities having very little in common, but also because that conflict has assumed different characters in the two halves of the Empire.

AUSTRIA.

The struggle in the Austrian half of the Empire is far the more interesting, for here the national question has become acute, and has appeared in so startling a form as to attract the attention of all Europe. Here were fought those bitter parliamentary battles, the noise of which was heard far beyond the bounds of the Empire, while the shame of them burns like an inextinguishable brand in the history of Austria. And here the national question is at bottom a very simple one. It is merely whether the German language is to remain for the future what it has been for centuries—the official language of the country. The non-German nations of Austria will not hear of this, and they appeal to the fundamental law of the land, by which full and equal rights are granted to all languages spoken in the country. The Czechs go farther, and take their stand upon their *Staatsrecht*, the national law which regards Bohemia, not as an Austrian province, but as an autonomous kingdom. They also claim Moravia and Silesia as belonging to the Bohemian crown.

This bitter struggle about language began in 1848, and now, after lasting more than half a century, it still goes on, and that more persistently than ever. The much-discussed language-ordinances of Count Badeni (April 5th, 1897), which were meant to put an end to the conflict in Bohemia and Moravia, had just the opposite effect. They acted like a match laid to the combustible material stored up for decades. The explosion which ensued was, for violence and duration, unparalleled, not only in the Austrian Parliament, but in any parliament of the world. This mad outburst on the part of the Germans was hardly justifiable, seeing that a similar ordinance of the Minister, Dr von Stremayr, was issued in 1880 without any of these disastrous consequences. But whether the excitability of the public temper had increased, or whether circumstances had changed in the subsequent seventeen years,

the Germans regarded the concessions made to the Czechs in these ordinances as an infringement of their national right, and they attacked them along the whole line, and with every means in their power.

Now, of any 'oppression' of Germanism (*Deutschthum*)—of which they so pathetically complain on every possible occasion—there could be no question; for the recent ordinances only touched the prerogatives of the German language, not its rights. The Czech language was not to have precedence, but merely an equal footing. Even this equal footing the Germans regarded as an insult to their nation. But though this purely subjective opinion of theirs may be dismissed as a national aberration, the fact remains that the ordinances really did threaten the unity of the official language, and that, so far, the German protest was justified in principle. The position of German as the official language of Austria is no doubt a 'prerogative'; but it is a prerogative well founded in logic and history. In such a polyglot country as Austria only one official language can be recognised; for if all the languages there spoken were to rank as official, the inevitable result would be such a Babel as would bring the whole machinery of the State to a standstill, and the State itself would not long continue to exist.

Obviously, things would be simple enough if there were but an 'Austrian' language; for then none of these nations could take precedence, and none, therefore, could consider itself slighted and 'oppressed.' As, unfortunately, no such international safety-valve exists, there is nothing for it but to take one of the languages spoken in the country; and, clearly, the most suitable is that spoken by the largest number, which is German, German being spoken by something like eight and a half millions.

From the Slav standpoint, of course, it may be urged that, as against these eight and a half million Germans, there are some fourteen million Slavs, and that they can hardly be expected to acquiesce in being thus swamped by the language of a minority. But the fallacy of this view is obvious. True, these fourteen millions are Slavonic-speaking peoples; but this only means that their languages are so many distinct varieties of the Slavonic—Czech, Polish, Ruthenian, Slovenian, Croat; and the Czech language, which is that spoken by the largest number, only

reckons five and a half millions—about three millions less than the German.

But supposing all the Slavs in Austria spoke one common language, it would still have to give place to German, for the majority argument is not the only one to be considered. There are other and still more important points in favour of German. German is for Austria what French is for international diplomatic intercourse all the world over. French is not the most widespread language in the world; it is less so than German, much less so than English. But no nation ever dreams of regarding the choice of French for diplomatic purposes as any depreciation of or insult to its own language, or raises any objection to it on these grounds. If the German Empire does not think it beneath its dignity to use the language of its hereditary enemy; if Great Britain has no objection to doing the same, though that language is not nearly so widespread as her own; why, it may be asked, should the Slavs regard it as an insult that German is the official language of Austria? None of the many Slav tongues spoken in Austria is a universal language; but German is; therefore it rightly takes precedence of them.

It is not so very long ago since German was used by all the educated Slavs in Austria, not only in official, but in private intercourse. A Czech or a Slovenian with any pretensions to culture spoke German as a matter of course. Even at the present day there are hardly any educated Czechs who cannot read German more or less fluently, while no German can speak Czech, unless he happens to be a soldier or an official in Czech service, or otherwise compelled by his calling. This clearly shows that the Czechs attach greater importance to the German language than to their own, knowing perfectly well that German covers a wide field and Czech a narrow one. It is even more significant that the largest Czech paper, 'Die Politik,' is published in German. The Czechs therefore recognise the fact that this detestable language, against which they preach a sort of Hussite crusade, is their only means of making themselves intelligible to the rest of the world; but they do not perceive the irony of this *reductio ad absurdum* of their theories.

Logic apart, there are also good historical grounds for the superior rank of German. It is the language of that

people which laid the foundation stone of the Austrian state. It is the language of those provinces which are the kernel of the Empire, and which have its court and capital for their centre. It is, finally, the mother-tongue of the ancestral dynasty. These are fairly good credentials for a fine and scholarly language.

From all these weighty reasons but one conclusion can be drawn: that in Austria German must take the first place; that it must be recognised as the official language of the country, as no other language can be; and that it is an indispensable condition of the stability of the Austrian state. On these grounds, and not because of any supposed affront to German feeling, the language ordinance issued by Count Badeni in 1897 was a blunder and a disaster.

As this is scarcely the place for a detailed history of this strife of tongues, we will only give such facts as are necessary for an understanding of the situation in Austria. First of all, some idea of the composition of the Austrian Parliament is indispensable. Before the outbreak of the conflict in 1897, it was composed as follows:—

<i>Right</i> . . .	{	German Conservative Party	43	}	210
		Southern Slavs (Slovenians, Serbs, Croats)	29		
		Czechs and Feudal Conservatives	79		
		Poles	59		
<i>Left</i> . . .	{	German Progressists and Feudal Liberals	77	}	124
		German Popular Party (Volkspartei)	42		
		German Radicals (Pan-Germans)	5		
		Social Democrats	16		
<i>Independent Parties</i> . . .	{	Christian Socialists	30	}	91
		Ruthenians	11		
		Roumanians	6		
		Italians	19		
		Various Polish Democrats	9		
Total			425		

Thus the Right, which voted for the ordinances, were in a decided majority; but in the course of the conflict this majority was reduced by the coalition of most of the members of the Independent parties with the Left. The majority of the Right were Slavs, of the Left, Germans. The conflict opened in the liveliest manner from the first. As the Left, owing to the smallness of their numbers, saw no possibility of winning by normal methods, they had recourse to obstruction, doing their best to hinder the

business of Parliament, or at any rate to spin out the time. In this they displayed considerable ingenuity. Their favourite device was the call for a 'division by names' (*namentliche Abstimmung*), which necessarily occupied much time; another was the ten minutes interval. Not content with such petty tricks, the Opposition found a better way of obstructing the business of Parliament by unparliamentary behaviour, beginning with ruffianly shouting and abuse, and ending in scenes of unprecedented uproar, in which the lids of desks went hurtling through the air. The chief rôle was taken by a handful of German Radicals, with Wolf the Nationalist leader at their head.

The President was helpless in the face of these amazing performances. The obstructionists had not the smallest respect for him. They maintained that their proceedings were quite in order—a fallacy that could only be seriously supported by persons of confused intellect or shameless impudence. To be sure, these methods were not absolutely forbidden by the standing orders, for the sufficient reason that nobody ever contemplated the possibility of their happening. The orders were drawn up on the pardonable but erroneous assumption that Parliament consists of civilised persons only, and that its members behave as such. Blackguardism had not been provided for. This oversight was paid for dearly now, for the obstructionists supplied the hiatus in the standing orders by arguing with ingenious sophistry that whatever is not forbidden is allowed.

The contest grew more and more embittered, every sitting furnishing some fresh scandal. The obstructionists employed every subtlety of invention to make parliamentary business impossible; and their efforts were crowned with success. For instance, in the sitting of October 27th, they compelled the House to fritter away seven hours with divisions, of which no less than thirteen were taken, entailing the reading of 5225 names. Thus hampered, the Government and the Right had to adopt forcible measures. They therefore had recourse to night sittings. In this proceeding the Opposition affected to see a breach of order, and, their protests availing nothing, raised a scene. When, during the sitting of November 24th, Dr Dyk, a Czech member, moved that the fifty-six

obstructionist petitions, all having the same wording and contents, should be despatched *en bloc* at one reading (this indeed being obviously the right procedure), there was a terrific storm in the Opposition ranks. Wolf and Schönerer stormed the President's tribune, and tore his bell from his hand. A wild scuffle ensued. Its nature may be gathered from one extraordinary incident, when a university professor, Dr Pfersche, drew out his pocket-knife and offered to cut open the first gentleman who laid hands on him; while Schönerer did his best to use a heavy ministerial chair as a missile, and Wolf threatened to bring a revolver with him next time.

For the protection of the tribune and a defence against the obstructionists, Count Falkenhayn moved a modification of the inadequate standing orders. By this proposal every refractory or violent member was to be excluded from a certain number of sittings, varying from three to thirty, and in the event of his resistance was to be ejected from the Chamber by executive officials.

This well-founded and very necessary measure, to which the Government was impelled by circumstances, provoked a perfect hurricane among the Opposition members, who foresaw the speedy end of their unparliamentary proceedings. The next sitting was conducted in a still more scandalous fashion than before; but, in accordance with Count Falkenhayn's proposal, the police appeared in the Chamber and forcibly removed the rioters, amid a scene of hideous uproar.

As these commotions grew greater with every sitting, the Government was at last compelled to dissolve Parliament. Not that this brought peace; the scene of the scandal was simply shifted from Parliament to the streets, where it was now the university students who distinguished themselves. As in 1848, the university halls, properly the abode of learning, became the centres of uproar. Behind those walls the students were safe as in a sanctuary,* and they assailed the police with a storm of stones, bottles, spittoons, and so on. They joined the artisans in huge mass-meetings, which necessitated the interference of the military, the police being unable to cope with such

* According to an ancient custom, the university buildings could not be entered by the police.

numbers. Things were even worse at Grätz, where the military (a Bosnian regiment) were bombarded with brick-bats, and, being compelled to fire, shot one of the crowd.

The direct result of these excesses was Count Badeni's resignation, his place as Premier being taken by Baron Gautsch, previously Minister of Public Instruction. A further consequence was a frightful riot in Prague. Originally planned by the Czechs as a counter-demonstration, it assumed dangerous proportions, owing to the lively participation of the mob, and ended in plunder and reckless destruction of property. There was a radical difference between the rioting in Prague and that in Vienna; in Vienna hostilities were only directed against the Government, and of the seventy or eighty thousand Czechs living there not one had a hair of his head injured, while in Prague any German might consider himself lucky if he got off with a whole skin. It required the proclamation of the *Standrecht* and a large order for troops (the garrison at Prague proving insufficient) to put down the riot. Smaller risings in other Bohemian towns were characterised by similar excesses.

It was somewhat remarkable that in all these disturbances the soldiers, who were equally employed by both sides, were accused by Czechs and Germans alike of partiality and violence. The Czechs were aggrieved because German regiments were ordered out in Prague; the Germans were annoyed because the services of a Bosnian regiment had been required at Grätz. The humorous side of this otherwise melancholy business, was that each party, while resenting the employment of military force against itself as a brutal injustice, not only promptly had recourse to it in its own interest, but even (in the latter case) complained of its moderation. The fact that the military were unable to please both parties, and became a sort of scape-goat for each in turn, was a fairly convincing proof of their impartiality.

But of the two parties the Germans displayed the greater malice and brutality in their methods of baiting the military, especially in Grätz. When the band of the before-mentioned Bosnian regiment gave a concert at Grätz on the evening after the riot, they were most unmercifully pelted with abusive epithets and stones—a sport at which the students again distinguished themselves. As

if this were not enough, the Common Council of Grätz, backed by the press, requested the removal of the 'foreign' regiment to another garrison, while the students demanded nothing less than the boycotting of the officers at all hotels and restaurants. The demonstrator who had been shot in the riot received honours as a martyr of freedom and 'Germanism,' and was carried to his grave with much state, followed by a large concourse of people. This ceremony was attended by almost the entire body of students and artisans of Grätz; there were also present no less than forty-seven officers of the reserve, who paid for this improper proceeding by well-merited degradation. It afterwards appeared that the martyr thus celebrated was a person who had been imprisoned for theft. Such is the irony of fate.

The Opposition crowed loudly over the victory thus won at the price of human dignity and parliamentary decorum; and the result was a terrorism bordering on madness, which infected the whole of the Austrian public. A further protest was supplied by an order of the Government prohibiting to German university students in Prague the use of their black-red-and-gold badges.* The order was perfectly justified by the circumstances, for these provokingly conspicuous colours were always exciting the rage of the Czech population, and furnished a perennial pretext for violent assaults. The Germans, however, refused to see it in this light, and declared the order a fresh instance of 'oppression,' as they did every attempt to withstand their terrorism. The students, not only in Prague but throughout Austria, then hit on the brilliant idea of going the round of the lecture-rooms and making scenes in them; in this they were encouraged by the plaudits of the press. The Government, instead of promptly putting a stop to these astounding proceedings, meekly gave in. Baron Gautsch did not remain long in office after this deplorable defeat, but withdrew from the scene of his incompetence four weeks later, having laboured in vain for as many months. His place was taken by Count Franz Thun-Hohenstein (March 7th, 1898).

* Black-red-and-white have been the German national colours since 1870. Black-red-and-gold were chosen as such by the German "Burschenschaften" in 1815, and have ever since borne a semi-revolutionary character. They were the revolutionary colours in 1848.

The new minister was, however, equally helpless against German terrorism, which broke out again at Grätz with its usual brutality. The band of the Bosnian regiment, after an interval of some months, was giving another concert (for a charitable purpose, too), when a shower of stones and vituperation compelled it to stop playing. The German Nationalists, with characteristic confusion of ideas, accused the band of being the offending party, and again demanded in the Town-Council and in Parliament the removal of the regiment. Fortunately, the Government did not carry its pitiable weakness so far as to agree to this demand.

As a suitable pendant to this episode, the Council of Grätz, humbly imitated by that of Linz, resolved that a certain square in the town should be named after Bismarck—a lunatic notion which says more for the monstrous and treasonable folly of German Nationalism than pages of description. To name a square or a street in Austria after Bismarck would be about as sane a proposal as to name a square in London after Napoleon I or Krüger. But the madness of the Nationalists went farther still. At a meeting of delegates three years later (June 11th, 1901), Wolf approached the Emperor with the bold suggestion that a memorial statue should be raised to Bismarck as a mark of national gratitude.

But German terrorism was not content with spreading confusion and destruction in the field of politics. It now turned its attention to religion, agitating against the traditional Catholic faith of the people in the hope of inducing them to secede. This demonstration was known as the '*Los von Rom*' ('Away from Rome!') movement. Needless to say its motive was anything but religious; it was, in fact, wholly political. In the Catholic clergy Wolf and Schönerer recognised their strongest and toughest opponents, to whom they owed their failure to gain any lasting hold over the Alpine districts. Therefore it was against the clergy that they directed the full violence of their attack, insulting, accusing and slandering them on every possible occasion. The heir-apparent, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, correctly described this movement when he said that 'Away from Rome!' meant 'Away from Austria!'

Powerless against the flood, the Thun Ministry tried to

prolong life with the aid of Article XIV of the constitution, by which it was authorised to perform certain unavoidably necessary functions without consent of Parliament. But as this resource could only be provisional, and the restoration of normal parliamentary relations was made impossible by the German Opposition, Government decided on a change of Ministry, and Count Thun handed over the reins to Count Clary (October 2nd, 1899).

The new Ministry began by repealing the language ordinance—the cause of so much trouble. This first act was also its last, for before the close of the year it sent in its resignation. The thing had happened which every clear-sighted person must have known would happen at this juncture—the Czechs took up the weapon of obstruction. The repeal of the ordinance certainly meant capitulation on the part of Government to German obstruction; and it was not to be supposed that the Czechs would sit down quietly and look on without an effort on their own account. The general situation was the same, except that the obstruction was now Czech, not German.

After a short provisional interlude, with Dr Ritter von Wittek as Premier, the control was handed over to Dr Ritter von Körber (January 19th, 1900). But even he did not at first succeed in improving the situation thus reversed. As the Emperor saw no possibility of doing anything with his present Parliament, he dissolved it; and the Ministry governed by Article XIV. That the Emperor might not be suspected of an insidious attempt at absolutism, he issued, towards the end of the year 1900, an order for another general election. There was little chance of mending matters by this means; but the Government was anxious to show that it had done everything in its power to restore ordinary parliamentary relations. This was the last resource. Possibly Government may have secretly hoped that national passion would yield to the softening influence of time, and that the country, tired of three years' dissension, would return more moderate representatives to Parliament.

This fond hope, if actually entertained, was only partially fulfilled. Certainly the majority of the population were tired of fighting; but thanks to the indefatigable energy of the agitators, the Radical party emerged from

the contest of the elections stronger than ever. The Pan-Germans (*Alldeutschen*), as the German Radical party now called itself, had even grown from five to twenty-one members. As might have been expected, the very first sitting of the new Parliament was indecorous in the extreme; and, as usual, the Pan-Germans were the ringleaders. For instance, when the President, having received news of the death of Queen Victoria (which had occurred a few days previously), expressed his sympathy with England on behalf of Parliament, he was interrupted with cries of 'Down with England!' 'Long live the Boers!' The delicacy and tact of these utterances sufficiently showed the level of culture attained by the Pan-German party. Scenes of scandalous violence soon followed; and hardly a sitting passed without vituperation and uproar.

The Emperor's journey to Bohemia, and his visits to Prague and the German town of Leitmeritz, ought to have had some effect in reconciling the national differences, and might indeed have done so; but it was only too likely that the momentary harmony which his action induced would soon be disturbed by the reappearance of ancient enmities. It was conjectured that the agitators on either side would do all they knew to destroy the good effect of the Emperor's visit, and to hinder the establishment of the peace so urgently needed; and it was at Grätz again that an incident occurred which justified these gloomy forebodings. About a thousand students, not only of the university, but of the gymnasiums and technical schools (who would be mere boys), started another demonstration against the band of the Bosnian regiment during a concert, with the difference that this time the students were not supported in their rowdiness by the people.

Anyone who refuses to content himself with the visible appearances of things, and endeavours to investigate the hidden springs that move them, may very well ask concerning this bitter inextinguishable conflict of nationalities, 'Why was all this?' It would be hard to convince him that it was all about the German language, for he would regard the language question as a symptom, not a cause. The cause he would probably look for in some religious or social difference, or in a deep-rooted national antipathy. Such a conjecture would be very natural; but

would it be the right one? Partly right, no doubt it is; for instance, the enmity between Croats and Serbs, who speak the same language, may be explained by their difference of religion, the Croats being Catholics, the Serbs members of the Greek Church. In the case of the Poles and Ruthenians, again, there are undoubtedly social and economic causes of contention, for the Poles are lords of the soil in the parts of Galicia inhabited by the Ruthenians; they are the aristocracy of the country, and monopolise the influential offices in it. But apart from these exceptions (which, properly speaking, do not touch the language question at all) we cannot find any adequate religious, social, or economic reasons for this national hatred among Austrian peoples. By far the greater majority of the population have the same religion. As for the Czechs and Germans, they both, almost without exception, belong to the Catholic Church. Nor can these differences be explained on social or economic grounds, for almost everywhere in Austria, more especially in Bohemia, wealth and poverty are equally distributed among the different nationalities; while, socially speaking, they all enjoy the same rights, not only in theory, but in practice.

The last elections to the *Reichsrath* furnish, perhaps, the clearest proof that the national quarrel is independent of all these questions. Bohemia is the home of the largest labour population in Austria, and there, if anywhere, Social Democracy should have its stronghold; but nearly all the votes went to the two National parties. Fanatical Nationalism carried it over Socialism, though the one party is swayed by its imagination, the other by its material needs.

There remains, then, the hypothesis of a deep-rooted and unconquerable national antipathy. But even this hypothesis is inadequate. The nations of Austria have lived in peace with one another for centuries; in fact, wherever they are not deliberately egged on to fight, they still do so. In Galicia, where over two hundred thousand Germans live in the midst of a Slav population, nobody ever hears of their quarrelling. How little truth there is in this notion of a deep-rooted race-hatred is proved by the fact that in 1866 the population of Southern Tyrol, entirely consisting of Italians, remained loyal to Austria,

and joined the Germans in defending their country against their kindred in race.

In Austria a genuine, deep-rooted and undying racial antipathy exists in the case of one race only—the Jews. All other inhabitants are agreed in regarding the Jews as a foreign body of a peculiarly objectionable kind. If it came to the point, one and all, whether Germans or Slavs, would join hands in attacking them. Such an instinctive hatred as all other nationalities feel against the Jews is not to be found in the relations of these races among themselves, not even between Germans and Czechs. The sort of hatred they at present entertain for each other is not a deep-rooted racial antipathy at all, but a symptom of the Nationalism which has grown into a disease under the artificial stimulus of agitators; a sign of the intolerant, arrogant, modern tendency which has spread over the world since 1848, and is nothing else than an overweening national egoism. At the present day, not only does each nation consider itself the best and foremost, but it insists on every other nation acknowledging it as such; failing which acknowledgment it falls to vituperation or blows. Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism are the most familiar of the many names and many forms of Nationalism. In Austria their struggle is a struggle for power; and, a State language being a symbol of power, the struggle is primarily a struggle for language. Thus the conflict of nationalities in Austria is really nothing less than a question of supremacy.

Certainly no other country offers a better field for the struggle than polyglot Austria. It is equally certain that no other state is worse fitted to bear it. But Austrian statesmen do not seem to have had sufficient insight to perceive the fact. What else can we conclude from their feeble concessions to the principle of nationality—a principle which must infallibly lead to the disintegration of the Empire? It is time that the nations of Austria, and, above all, the Germans, should remember that they are Austrians; that their fatherland is not a mere artificial conglomeration of nationalities, but a living necessity. It is high time that they should realise once for all the truth of that wise utterance, 'If there were no Austria, one would have to be created.'

HUNGARY.

The national conflict has proceeded on quite different lines in the Hungarian half of the Empire. Here the Government has always followed a policy opposite to that of Austria. While the latter confers on the various nationalities the widest possible liberty, officially recognises them as standing on an equal footing, and is ready to meet their wishes in every way that can be reconciled with the idea of the Austrian State, adopting the utmost tolerance for its principle, the Hungarian Government does exactly the opposite. Intolerance is its principle, bitter intolerance of everything that is not Magyar—a policy carried out with such effect that there can be no question, properly speaking, of a national conflict such as goes on in Austria. Nevertheless, it would be a deplorable error to assume, therefore, that peace reigns on the farther side of the Leitha. Peace is as unknown there as it is on the nearer side; only the struggle goes on in silence, till now and then a cry of anguish or of vengeance rings beyond the red-white-and-green barriers, but not loud enough to be audible to foreign ears.

There is no country in the world where the ruling race dares to behave with such tyranny and intolerance as in Hungary, the land of liberalism and freedom. This is sufficiently evident from the almost incredible fact that, of the nearly eight million non-Magyars inhabiting Hungary, none are represented in the Hungarian Parliament except the Saxons of Transylvania, whose delegates are entirely swamped by the overwhelming Magyar majority. Thus these nationalities are deprived of the only possible means of defending their rights and making known their wants and grievances; therefore, as the national conflict is forbidden the field of politics, the world hears nothing of it, and it has to be fought out in the dark, behind the scenes.

Again, while the Austrian Government makes every conceivable concession, and pays the most anxious attention to each one of the many languages spoken in that half of the Empire, the Hungarian Government recognises one language alone—the Hungarian. There is nothing to be said against this, except that Hungarian is not a universal language, but an isolated tongue, possessing no

resemblance to any other tongue spoken in the country, and that on this account it is extremely difficult to learn. It is doubtless a wise policy on the part of the Hungarian Government to insist on the unity of the official language. In a polyglot country this is absolutely necessary; and it is to be wished that the Austrian Government were equally energetic. But it is quite another thing for the Hungarian authorities to persist in compelling other nationalities to use their language in unofficial intercourse. German is the language that they are most particularly eager to suppress, and that, if they had their will, they would destroy root and branch. They resent its educational superiority, and they hate it as having been their official language in former times, when Hungary was governed from outside by Austria, and as therefore reminding them of their former dependence. Their manner of carrying on this war of extermination against German is as exasperating in its severity as it is puerile and ludicrous in its pettiness.

The most familiar instance of this persecution is the Magyarisation of German geographical names throughout the country. For many decades the Hungarian Government has been most zealous in obliterating every trace that suggests that Germans ever lived there. Thus, without the smallest consideration for the German inhabitants, they have changed all the old town-names, such as Pressburg, Oedenburg, Wieselburg, Fünfkirchen, Güns, into names which, for everybody but Hungarians, are incomprehensible and unpronounceable—Poszony, Soprony, Moson, Pecs, Köszeg. And as with these names, which are for the most part historical, so with all other German nomenclature. The Magyar names having, as a rule, no resemblance whatever to the original German, the ordinary non-Magyar, to whom the Hungarian language is about as familiar as the Chinese, is unable to find his way about in this Magyar geography. For such a one travelling in Hungary it is particularly awkward, the names of the stations being invariably in Magyar. But not only are these German topographical names wiped out of official existence, they are also disappearing from the handbooks of the German schools in Hungary. The protest raised by the Saxons of Transylvania was unavailing; and a deputation of Saxon ladies, who applied in person to the

Emperor, was refused an audience. No better fate befell a deputation of Roumanians who, a few years earlier, attempted a just appeal to the supreme authority against the oppression of the Hungarian Government.

The Government would no doubt very gladly have Magyarised in the same way all family names that are not Magyar already. But, feeling perhaps that violence in this instance would be a mistake, they have for once tried gentle means, leaving it open to everyone to Magyarise his name on payment of the small sum of fifty kreuzers. Now, as a non-Magyar, especially a German, name is not a very strong recommendation for anybody who wants to get on in Hungary, there are plenty of people weak enough to be willing to exchange their ancestral name for a Magyar one. This feebleness of mind, by no means uncommon among the Germans of Hungary, is the rule among the Jews, who can thus get rid of their fatal German cognomens and disport themselves to their great enjoyment as genuine Magyars. In Austria these Magyar-Semites are playfully termed 'Fifty-Kreuzer Magyars.'

In these circumstances it is hardly surprising, however incredible at first sight, that German should be struck out of the curriculum of Hungarian schools. The astounding thing is that Magyar fanaticism has obtruded itself into the private life of the Germans, compelling them to adopt the Magyar language. Efforts are being made to prevent the performance of German plays and to replace them by Hungarian, even in towns where the majority of the population is German. It might be supposed that an attempt of this sort could not succeed; that in a modern state, under a *régime* calling itself Liberal, it would be impossible to dictate to any townspeople the language to be spoken on the stage supported by them. But in Hungary, the land of freedom, all things are possible when it is a question of keeping its non-Magyar subjects in proper subjection. So the Hungarian Government published a 'ukase' in which the theatre-goers of certain towns were warned that the performance of German plays might be forbidden altogether; meanwhile only a limited number were to be acted, and that on condition that a larger number of Hungarian plays should be produced. If the inhabitants of these towns do not want to

forgo altogether the pleasure of having a theatre where they may hear plays acted in their own language, there is nothing left for them but to accept these hard conditions, and to emphasise their own attitude by avoiding the Hungarian performances enforced by Government—which, as it happens, is what they ostentatiously do. But the Hungarian Government does not seem willing to make any concessions whatever, and is now trying to prevent altogether the production of German plays. In these efforts, seeing its reckless obstinacy in all national questions, it will probably succeed, notwithstanding the strong resistance it has encountered in these towns.

In Budapesth, the capital, it has actually succeeded, chance having favoured it in a somewhat remarkable manner. The German theatre was burnt to the ground in 1889. Naturally, Magyar Chauvinism would not permit the building of another theatre, so the Germans (nearly one-fifth of the urban population) have had to do without one ever since. As if this were not enough, they are not even allowed to enjoy in quiet the performances of German companies on tour. When, a few years ago, some Viennese actors were incautious enough to give a performance in Budapesth, their appearance provoked such a disturbance that the piece had to be withdrawn. But the most pitiful achievement of the Magyar patriots was their request to Parliament that Count Nicolas Esterhazy, who was in the habit of producing German plays at the theatre attached to his castle at Tolis, should be forbidden to do so for the future.

The German language is not tolerated even in the *cafés-chantant*. During the Millenary Exhibition, which celebrated the thousandth anniversary of the Hungarian Kingdom, an official order was issued to this effect—not a very wise regulation, seeing that it was hardly calculated to attract many foreigners to the place. In accordance with the same suicidal policy the wares displayed at this exhibition bore, without exception, Hungarian inscriptions, so that no foreigner could read them. It was scarcely to be wondered at if the exhibition was not so well attended as it might have been by Austrians and the travel-loving inhabitants of Germany. Annoyed at this very natural result, the 'Egyetértés' (one of the largest papers in Budapesth) actually had the hardihood to assert that

'this behaviour proves the justice of the Hungarian proverb which makes "scoundrel" (*Hundsfott*) a synonym for "German."

In the face of this persecution it is not a little remarkable that so many German newspapers are published in the capital without opposition, and that the one which has the largest circulation in Hungary should be the 'Pester Lloyd.' But this apparent inconsistency is to be explained in the same way as the appearance of Czech papers in the German language, which we mentioned in speaking of the disturbances in Austria. These German papers serve the Hungarian interest; and they make use of the German language for the simple reason that they want to reach a public beyond the red-white-and-green barriers, which they could not do if published in Hungarian. Thus does Hungary involuntarily acknowledge the insufficiency of her own language and do unwilling homage to the tongue which she hates.

From these instances (all well-authenticated facts) it is obvious enough that the conflict of nationalities under the Habsburg monarchy is not confined to the Austrian half of the Empire. As Magyar terrorism is mainly directed against the Germans, it might be supposed that the Germans would offer the strongest resistance to it. This is, however, very far from being the case. While the Roumanians and Croats are displaying a bitter resentment against the tyranny of the Magyars, the resistance of the Germans, like that of the northern Slavs, is lukewarm. But the feeling of revolt against the tyrannous Magyar yoke which the Croats and Roumanians have already unmistakably shown, though limited so far to a grinding of teeth and clenching of fists in secret rage, is bound sooner or later to seize on the patient Germans and Slavs of the north, and to declare itself in terrible fashion some day—the day when the oppressed become aware that, with their united forces, they are stronger and more numerous than the oppressors. For the Magyars it will be a day of reckoning, when their crushing despotism will be paid back to them with interest; and the sooner they succeed in attaining the goal of their fanaticism—complete severance from Austria and absolute independence—the sooner will this day of reckoning appear.

It might be supposed that every reasonable Hungarian

would see this; that it would occur to him that the geographical position of his country is in the highest degree unfavourable, temptingly open as it is to the attack of its many enemies. With his seven and a half millions against ten millions of other nationalities, the Magyar is already in a minority. As a more or less compact mass, the Hungarian nation is confined to the centre of the country, and even there is interpenetrated by other nationalities and surrounded on all sides by its enemies. Not only so, but beyond the frontiers those enemies are directly supported by their racial kinsmen; in the south by the Slavs of Bosnia and Servia; in the south-east by the Roumanians of Roumania; in the north by the Slavs of Moravia and Galicia, behind whom looms Russia; in the west by the Germans of Austria.

But though the serious danger of this position is obvious to the most casual observer, the Magyars themselves either cannot or will not see it. They rely insolently on their strength, and pursue their undeviating way towards the subjugation of the other nations of their land. They are encouraged in this by the painful experience of the Austrian Government in its thorough-going national tolerance; and so they go straight ahead, still striving towards their goal, and tearing with impatient fury at the bands which bind them to Austria and hinder the independence which they so passionately desire.

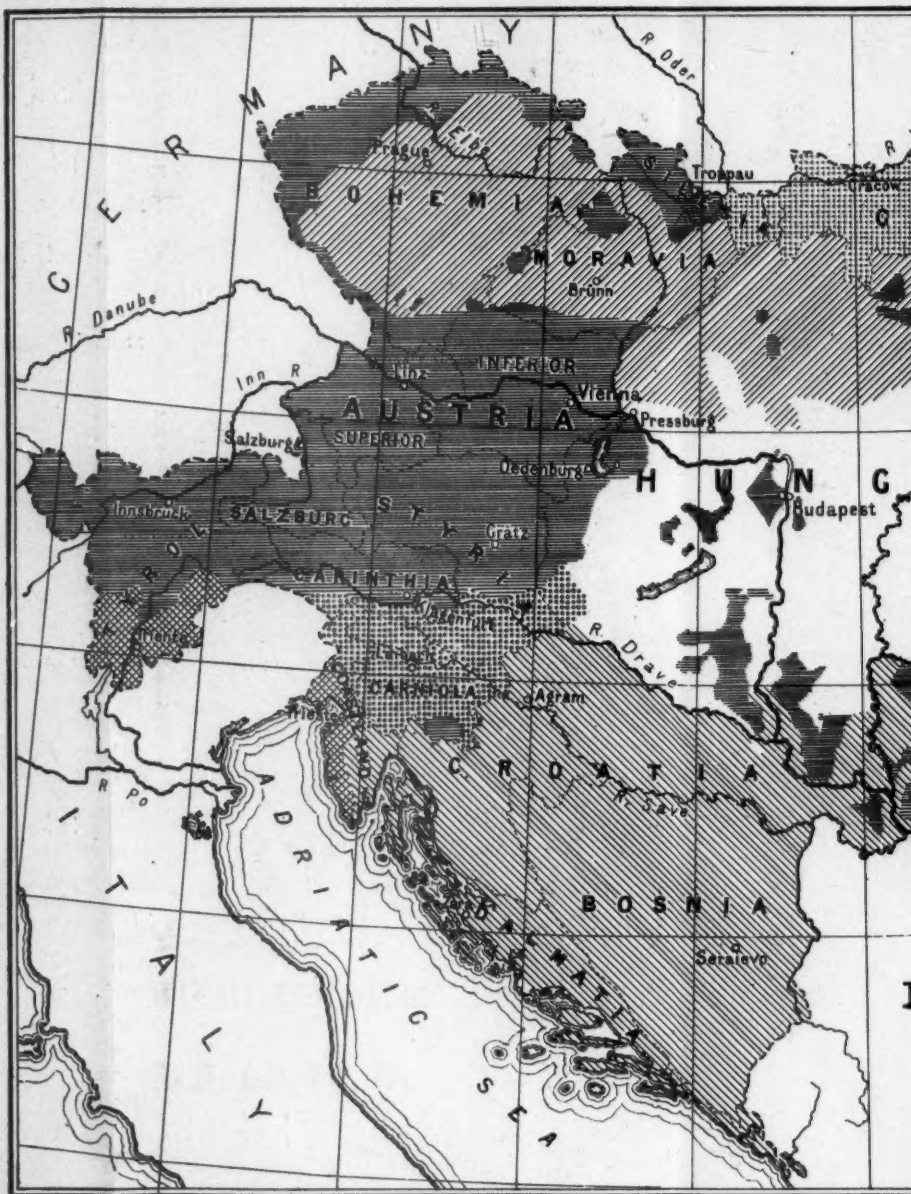
These bands are already very loose. Austria and Hungary have little in common beyond the dynasty, foreign and diplomatic relations, maintenance of the Empire, customs and the army. As compared with Austria, Hungary has the advantage; for while Austria contributes sixty-eight per cent. to the expenses of the State, Hungary's share is never more than thirty-two per cent.—or less than a third—while the right proportion, according to population, would be fifty-six to forty-four. Not only so, but the common Government pays the most anxious attention to the exacting demands of Hungary, conceding to them a great deal more than is consistent with its own dignity and the interests of Austria. These are so rapidly retreating into the background that the joint monarchy will soon be better described as Hungary-Austria than Austria-Hungary.

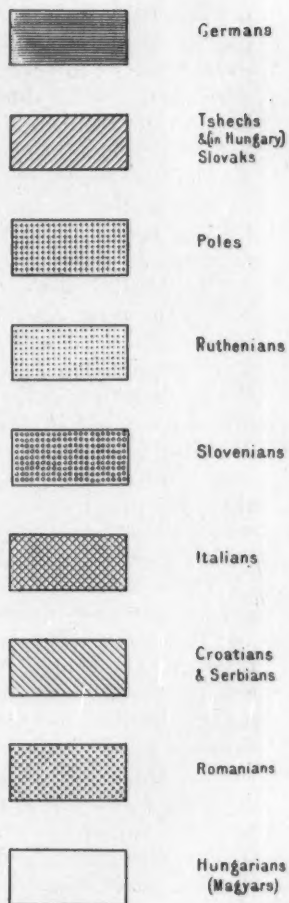
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cessions and advantages which she has managed to secure for herself, Hungary is never satisfied. Made covetous in consequence, she is now asking for a further reduction in her modest contribution to the common expenses, and also for an independent army. This is the reiterated demand of the Magyar Chauvinists, who regard the 'Royal and Imperial' army as the chief bulwark of the monarchy, and as a German institution—German being the language of the service. The common army is consequently the object of violent attacks and villainous calumnies. Hardly a year passes without at least one 'military affair,' which gives the Radicals a happy pretext for their chauvinist and anti-Austrian patriotism. By some abominable distortion of the facts the most trivial incident is swelled to the proportions of a *cause célèbre* and treated in Parliament as a high political event, which invariably gives rise to scandal more or less serious, and now and then costs a Minister his place. The worst is that, whenever one of these affairs comes to light in Parliament or the press, the cry for a separate army breaks out with redoubled vigour. But at bottom this cry means nothing less than 'Away from Austria!' If Hungary should eventually get her way in this matter—and her reckless national energy may quite possibly enable her to get it—then nothing will stand between her and her goal, absolute independence. For it is easy to foresee that she will not long put up with the personal union under a common ruler, and will tear asunder this last band that binds her to detested Austria.

The Hungarians, then, are making straight for this goal, storming along in their certainty of victory. But that the goal is not the end, but only one station on their road, and that at the end of the road there waits for them destruction, the utter annihilation of Hungary at the hands of the nations which she has oppressed—this, in the blindness of their national egotism, they do not see. The day of Hungary's independence will be the day of revolution for the nations subjugated by her; from that day she will date the beginning of her downfall.

Art. IV.—A WELSH POET OF CHAUCER'S DAY.

1. *Barddoniaeth Dafydd ap Gwilym.* [The poetry of Dafydd ap Gwilym.] Edited by Owen Jones and William Owen (William Owen Pughe). London, 1789.
2. *Wild Wales.* By George Borrow. New edition. London: John Murray, 1901.

DAFYDD AP GWILYM, the greatest of the mediæval Welsh bards, is little more than a name even to lettered Englishmen. He is best known, perhaps, as the object of George Borrow's profound admiration—an admiration which finds such strong and repeated expression in 'Wild Wales' and 'Lavengro' that he who would introduce the Welsh poet to the English reader is almost obliged to take one of Borrow's panegyrics as his text. Literary history, indeed, tells of few stranger enthusiasms than this of Borrow's for the 'wild Welshman who, some five hundred years ago, indited immortal odes to the wives of Cambrian chieftains,' and who is pronounced in 'Lavengro' to be 'one of the some half-dozen really great poets whose verses exist, in whatever language they wrote, at the present day and are more or less known.' It is an awkwardly-worded compliment, but it is plain and sufficiently startling. Borrow sought to justify his admiration of Dafydd ap Gwilym and other Welsh bards by inserting in 'Wild Wales' rhymed translations of some of their poems; and it is not surprising to find critical readers questioning, as Professor Saintsbury does in his essay on Borrow, whether these Welsh bards were poets of such quality as their eulogist would make them out to be, 'if the originals are anything like his translations of them.'

Fortunately, there is some difference. Borrow's sympathy in this matter was superior to his scholarship; besides, he was no poet, and it needs a poet of some skill to make tolerable English verse of the songs of Dafydd ap Gwilym. Borrow, however, knew Welsh well enough to discover in Dafydd the fine lyric poet he unquestionably is, and few Englishmen have got thus far. It is not our concern here to defend Borrow's extravagances, or to maintain the proposition that Dafydd ap Gwilym is one of 'the half-dozen great poets of the world.' Welsh

poetry has suffered too much at the hands of over-eager patriots to permit those who know and wisely love it to endorse estimates so absolute and so flattering as this, even when they come from a foreigner. But of Dafydd ap Gwilym it may be said that neglect, even more than intemperate eulogy, has kept him from taking his rightful place in the republic of letters. He is a lyric singer of the fourteenth century whose clear, individual note is no mere echo of another's, and has never since been quite repeated. Among the European poets of his time he stands apart, owning close kinship to none, but within the limits of his art successfully challenging comparison with the best; among Welsh poets, in virtue of his ability to subdue a difficult form of verse to almost every mood of the lyrical impulse, he is without a peer.

Dafydd ap Gwilym is the first, as he is the greatest, of the Welsh bards of the Renaissance. He is the herald of what is generally held to be the golden age of Kymric poetry—a period extending from the fourteenth to the close of the sixteenth century. A glance at the history of Welsh poetry up to and including his time is necessary to a proper understanding of Dafydd ap Gwilym's work, and of the significance of his brilliant efflorescence in the early dawn of the Renaissance. It is popularly supposed that the earliest Welsh poetry dates back to the sixth century of our era, and that we possess poems in the British tongue as it was spoken at that remote period. This, it need scarcely be said, is a delusion cherished only by patriotic Welsh writers who persist in a gallant disdain of all the results of modern scholarship. That there were Welsh bards in the sixth century, and that they sang songs which bore some similarity to the written compositions attributed to them, there is no valid reason to doubt. What is more certain is that these poems, as we have them, are in the language of a much later period; that they were embellished and added to by a succession of reciters and scribes; and that a good many spurious poems came in time to be attributed to bards whose genuine extant work is very scanty.

It is in manuscripts of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries that we find the poems of the earliest Welsh bards—Aneurin, Llywarch Hên, Taliesin, and that very indeterminate being, Myrddin or Merlin. Aneurin wrote

the 'Gododin,' a poem commemorative of the warriors who 'marched to Cattraeth with the dawn,' and who fell in the seven days' battle on that fated field. Dim and shadowy names are those of the slaughtered warriors; equally dim and shadowy is the figure of their elegist. Like Llywarch Hên he was a warrior poet, a Tyrtæus of the West, who urged on the chieftains whose fall he laments. Llywarch Hên, or Llywarch the Old, is the singer who, in the few poems that bear his name, seems to display the most genuine poetical gift of all these early bards. He also is an elegist of the slain, a poet of lost causes; but he is, besides, a poet of nature and of old age. The shadows of misfortune, it is true, darkened his view of nature; he sings of winter, of rain, of the sere leaf. There is a certain sombre grandeur in this old man's protest against the obsession of inexorable fate and the ills of mortality.

'The four things I have all my life most hated now fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and grief.' 'The hall of Cynddylan is dark to-night, without fire, without song; cheeks are wet with tears.'

It is not the sentimental and lachrymose melancholy supposed by some to be a peculiar attribute of the Celt that we find in these poems, but the deep and almost fierce lament of one to whom fair weather, youth, health and good fortune were everything. Taliesin has always been a much more imposing traditional figure than either Llywarch Hên or Aneurin, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries his name was attached to a large number of spurious poems, exemplified by the well-known prophecy about the fate of the Britons, ending with the lines—

The Lord they will praise,
Their speech they will keep,
Their land they will lose
Except wild Wales.

All that can safely be said about the work of Taliesin is that some of the historical poems, those dealing with Urien and the struggle with the Saxons, are either by him or based upon original songs of his. Merlin is in history even a more elusive personage than Taliesin, and it is

difficult to believe that any poem of his has come down to us: *stat magni nominis umbra*.

There is a great gap in Welsh literary history between the poetry of the sixth century and that of the next epoch of which we have authentic record. The twelfth century witnessed a remarkable revival of Welsh national life, which at once proved a stimulus to literary activity. It was at this time that the 'Mabinogion' began to take definite literary shape, and that King Arthur, arrayed by Geoffrey of Monmouth in the full panoply of a romantic national hero, 'rose like an exhalation' before the imagination of Europe. It was not, however, to romance that the Welsh bards of the twelfth century turned for their subjects, but to the very mundane surroundings of the Welsh princes and their courts. They had, indeed, some excuse, for the Welsh princes were then men of prowess and ability who achieved something worth singing about, notably when the ablest and most intrepid of them all, Llywelyn the Great, for a space held all Wales under his sway. At the courts of these princes ready welcome and liberal cheer were extended to bards who could chant the praises of the noble and the brave. The household bard was often a man of rank whose duty it was to inspire his chieftain's retinue with songs of arms and of men. The bards knew what was expected of them and did it; and the poetry of the period of the princes is almost entirely of the encomiastic order.

It is difficult for us now to read with any real interest these egregious panegyrics and tumid elegies. Of all the Welsh poets those of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, strenuous times though they were, are the most remote from us both in subject and style. Yet there were gifted men among them, whose names have been held in high esteem by the Welsh themselves. One of these was Gwalchmai, the panegyrist of Owain Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, the 'Owen swift and Owen strong' of Gray's famous ode. Gwalchmai's 'Delight,' as one of his poems is entitled, is 'the green of the untrodden grass by the limpid brook,' 'the garrulous nightingale practised in odes,' 'the sea-mews, paired in love, sporting on a moving bed of waters.'

Hywel, the son of this prince of Gwynedd, has likewise sung of his 'Delight.' Wild Wales was his joy—'its

meadows, its waters, and its valleys, its white gulls and its beautiful women.' To one of these fair women he addresses a song which remains one of the most graceful love-lyrics in the Welsh language. The death of Llywelyn ap Gruffydd, the last of the Welsh princes, in 1282, may be said to close this second period of Welsh poetry.

It can scarcely have been an accident that the most brilliant epoch in the history of Welsh poetry should have immediately succeeded the golden age of Italian poetry. Several of the Welsh poets of the fourteenth century were scholars, and there was doubtless some intellectual commerce between Wales and Italy at that period. It would, however, be a mistake to assume that the poetry of Dafydd ap Gwilym and his contemporaries owes much to Italian influence and example. Dafydd ap Gwilym himself had probably some acquaintance with the works of Petrarch and Boccaccio, but what he has borrowed or imitated from them is of little significance. It is the satires of the Welsh bards upon priests and friars that unite them to the more adventurous spirits of the earlier Renaissance in other European countries. Neither Langland nor Boccaccio is more severe upon the black sheep of the Church than Dafydd ap Gwilym. The Welsh poets of this time must have felt the effects of the intellectual movement which, in Italy and England in particular, anticipated the 'pagan Renaissance' of the fifteenth century. Thomas Stephens, in his 'Literature of the Kymry,' ventures somewhat diffidently on this account of the matter: there is really no other account to give. And, strangely enough, it was the earlier rather than the later Renaissance that told powerfully and for good upon the literature of Wales. The sixteenth century, productive of so magnificent a literary harvest in England, is a dismally barren epoch in Welsh literary history. But during both the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries a great quantity of poetry was produced in Wales which, judged by the level of excellence to which Welsh bards have since attained in the short ode or *cywydd*, is of surprisingly good performance. There is no denying the excellent craftsmanship, at least, of these bards. Compared with the average English poetry of their time, the work of these Welsh poets is conspicuous for its formal excel-

lence. This is accounted for by the fact that the intellectual movement which broke up the long literary supremacy of Latin struck in Wales a people whose language was, for literary purposes, in a highly developed and 'ascertained' state. Wales, in a word, possessed an authoritative literary dialect, a literary tradition, when the breath of the earlier Renaissance awoke the gift of song in Dafydd ap Gwilym and his successors.

A peculiarly tempting form of indiscretion in a poet's friends is to invoke a great historic name to help people to a conception of his quality. The hardihood that led someone to call Klopstock the German Milton could only provoke such a retort as Coleridge had ready when he heard the comparison. Dafydd ap Gwilym was a contemporary perhaps of Dante, certainly of Chaucer, but he was neither a Welsh Chaucer nor a Welsh Dante. He has, however, been called the Welsh Ovid and 'the Cambrian Petrarch'; and Borrow even speaks of him as a sort of Ovid, a Horace, a Martial and a Tyrtæus, all in one. That, of course, is only Borrow's way. What is more difficult to understand is why the first editor of Dafydd's poems, Dr William Owen Pughe, should have spoken of him as being called by his countrymen 'the Ovid of Wales,' and have himself endorsed the description. Those who would yoke Dafydd ap Gwilym and Ovid together as equally gross exponents of the art of love lack sense to discriminate between studied indelicacy and frank naturalism. The Welsh poet was a free liver because he was a child of Nature; and his ingenuous account of his various amours has none of the deliberate suggestiveness of erotic poetry written after the Ovidian pattern. He was no better in his morals than the rest of the minstrel crew of his time, but even his broadest poems are redeemed by touches of fancy and fine imagination for which we are willing to forgive and condone much. Dafydd never went on an amatory quest out of which he did not succeed in evolving in his poetry something rich and strange. Nature, after all, was his real mistress. It was her moods and caprices that above all things he loved to study, and her voice it was that ever held him in instant and inevitable spell.

Herein, indeed, lies Dafydd's distinction, standing as he does well-nigh without kinsman among all the poets

of the Middle Ages in the freshness, the freedom, the wild and frolicsome delight of his intercourse with nature. Chaucer's poetry, we are accustomed to say, is redolent of spring flowers and vocal with the spring song of birds; but how little, after all, did he see in nature in comparison with what he saw in man! Unsurpassed, again, as are some of Dante's pictures of nature, they are but accessories to heighten the effect of his stupendous panorama of human life. We pause a while in admiration of some magnificent image or splendid simile, but our main and ultimate interest is in the vast and varied array of human characters, the

‘moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go’

with the majestic progress of the Divine Comedy.

Dafydd ap Gwilym had in him neither the vision nor the learning to call up such spirits as these. He moves in quite another world—the careless, improvident, jovial world of the wandering minstrel. But compare him with the average court minstrel of his time, Welsh or other, and what a difference! No mere troubadour, no idle singer of love-ditties is he, but a poet to whom Nature speaks in words of magic import. One feels, in reading him, not only that he knows Nature, but is himself a part of her, instinct with the wild life of wood and field and river. Not a poem of his but attests the quick eye, the sensitive ear, the alert and susceptible temper of one who spent his days and most of his nights under the open sky. In these songs, if anywhere in Celtic poetry, we are in the presence of that ‘natural magic,’ in which Matthew Arnold finds a distinctive trait of the literature of the Celt. One is inclined indeed to go further, and to say that there is something almost uncanny at times in Dafydd's marvellous intimacy with wild creatures and in his bold familiarity with the impalpable elements. He rails at the thunder, imprecates the mist, jests with the snow, laughs with the sunlight, wails and pleads with the wind, and is on terms of the most blithe and ingenuous fellowship—talking to them in the most intimate way, now coaxing, now chiding, now plaintively begging, now frankly cursing—with birds and beasts and fishes of every kind. Few poets ever knew the birds better than Dafydd ap

Gwilym, or sang of them in lines more cunningly suggestive of their music. The bard himself seems to become one of them, and his song to rise out of the universal impulse which makes all the woodland vocal. Such a singer, appearing at such a time, assuredly deserves to be better known to students of poetry.

Not much is known of the poet's history, but what little we do know is of interest and importance as bearing upon his poetry. The editors of the first printed edition of his poems (1789) think that he was born in 1340, and that he died in 1400; others, on the strength of evidence afforded by some Welsh stanzas of doubtful authorship, give 1300 as the date of his birth and 1367 as that of his death. There are facts which make it difficult to accept either supposition; but that he lived in the fourteenth century and was a contemporary of Chaucer is beyond question. No less difficult is it to ascertain the poet's birth-place. Most people have been led astray by an epigram attributing to the old British bard Taliesin a prophecy that in Bro Ginin, in the county of Cardigan, not far from Aberystwyth, 'should be born a bard whose song would be sweet as wine.' This alleged prediction is but one of those prophecies which the later Welsh bards have never had much scruple about putting into the mouth of some remote member or other of their order. An *englyn* or epigram, attributed on very doubtful grounds to the poet himself, states that he was born 'under a thicket' not far from Llandaff, on a Friday, at a time when his parents, not yet united in lawful wedlock, were on their way to seek asylum in the house of Ivor the Generous at Maesaleg, in Monmouthshire. The poet's father, Gwilym Gam, came of an honourable stock, and his mother, Ardudful, was a sister of Llywelyn ap Gwilym Fychan, or Vaughan, a scholar and a poet, who afterwards became Dafydd's instructor in the bardic craft. Ardudful, worn out by her wanderings, is said to have died on the day after the poet's birth, but not before having had the seal of the Church upon her union with Gwilym Gam.

After his mother's death, Dafydd was received into the household of Ivor Hael, or Ivor 'the Generous,' who was a kinsman of his father's. In Ivor and his wife, Nesta, Dafydd found loyal friends whose door was never closed against his return from his many wanderings.

Indeed, Maesaleg seems to have been the only home where the poet felt thoroughly happy. Gwilym Gam married a second time, and no love seems to have been lost between Dafydd and his step-mother; but the praises of Ivor and Nesta he has sung in verses eloquent of sincere and enduring affection. Ivor appointed him, at an early age, steward of his household and tutor to his daughter. How he acquitted himself in the duties of his stewardship we do not know. His poems pretty clearly indicate how he fared with the lady. He fell in love with her, and at once incurred the father's displeasure. Ivor sought to stop the attachment by sending his daughter to a nunnery at the other end of the Principality. Dafydd then, as he did many a time afterwards, took to the fields and the woods, and after travelling the length of Wales in quest of the exiled maid, discovered her retreat in the Isle of Anglesey. It was then, in all probability, that the bard composed a series of pretty odes, all addressed to a nun, who can scarcely be other than Ivor's daughter. The tradition is that Dafydd, in order to remain near her, became the servant of the abbot of a neighbouring monastery, where he must have begun to acquire that contempt of the Church and of the clergy which finds such strong expression in his poetry. It already breaks out in these early poems.

'Have done,' he appeals to the cloistered fair one, 'have done, in Mary's name, with the mincing prayers and the rites of the monks of Rome. Be no nun in the spring—for how far poorer now is the nunnery than the grove! Thy religion, best and fairest of maids, is at war with love. Come out under the canopy of the beech-trees, unto the religion of the green-wood and the cuckoo. . . . Dost thou do worse to win a soul in the woodland than to act as they use at Rome or at St James' (i.e. of Compostella)?'

Ivor's daughter, it would seem, refused to listen to the bard's suit; but Dafydd ere long found in Anglesey another mistress—the peerless Morfudd, in whose praise he boasts of having sung odes to the number of seven score and seven.

In the meantime he returned to Maesaleg, and was

allowed to resume his stewardship. He also became the household bard of Ivor. Although the household bards held an official position in the *entourage* of their noble patron and were often men of noble blood themselves, they were not always content to be the mere domiciliary officials their name would seem to imply. Dafydd ap Gwilym, at least, was much too inveterate a rover to take his duties to the household very seriously. The highways and the hedges afforded him much better sport. There were bards and priests to encounter, and to rout in scathing verse. There were magic casements where fair ladies waited to be wooed. Dafydd was equal to either emergency—a bardic bout or an evening serenade. One bard is even said to have died under the withering fire of his sarcasm. His controversial odes—very much after the manner of the *tensons* of the Provençal poets—composed in a prolonged contest with a bardic rival named Gruffydd Gryg, form a considerable part of his published poems. But although he could hold his own in such bardic bickerings with the best of them, love and the wild life of nature were the real joy and solace of Dafydd's wanderings.

Nearly all the extant poems of Dafydd ap Gwilym are in the form of what is known in Welsh as the *cywydd*—a short poem consisting of rhymed couplets of lines of seven syllables in which alliteration and assonance, varied according to a rigid system, play an indispensable part. To a stranger its chief curiosity is the variation of accent in the couplet. In one line—the first or the second, according to the bard's fancy—the accent is on the penultimate syllable, while in the other it falls on the last. The following two lines, taken from an English *englyn*, give a very fair idea of the metrical character of these couplets:

'Why let rough and bluff winds blow
Thy wailings on the willow?'

The couplets do not always conform strictly to this pattern, but these lines will serve sufficiently well to illustrate the main principle of the structure of the *cywydd*. The *cywydd* is, of necessity, a short poem; a long-drawn succession of couplets of the kind just instanced, though varied by every subtle device known to the most accomplished bard, would be fatally monotonous. As a lyric measure it has obvious disadvantages; its

structure is much too artificial and too rigid. Dafydd ap Gwilym is no more able than less gifted bards to move in the shackles of the *cywydd* without making us hear their clank and know that he feels their weight. It is doubtful whether he has a single poem from which one would not wish to see some couplets away. At his best, however, he is so consummate a master of his instrument that the very rigour and intricacy of the metre give us that impression of 'inevitableness,' to use an all too hackneyed term, which the highest poetical art, the perfect marriage of thought and expression, always conveys. Hence the difficulty, or rather, the impossibility, of translating such poetry either in verse or in prose. No actual or conceivable English measure can reproduce the peculiar charm of the Welsh alliterative line; and in the best Welsh poetry the form is so absolutely ancillary to the sense that it is best to decline all attempt at verse translation and to resort to prose. In prose, at any rate, one can be 'true to' the bard's 'sense,' and so be 'truer to his fame' than by seeking to deck him out in adventitious epithets and futile rhymes.

Professor Cowell, of Cambridge, in an essay* that deserves to be better known than it is, suggests that the *chanson* of the Provençal Troubadours was the model of the *cywydd* as used by the Welsh poet. If Dafydd was the actual inventor of the *cywydd*—its form is sufficiently different from that of the *chanson* to justify its being called an invention—Mr Cowell's conjecture is probably right; for, as he points out at some length, there is much resemblance between some of Dafydd's poems and those of the Troubadours.

'A portion of his odes,' says Mr Cowell, 'are so like Provençal chansons in their subject-matter that one might almost believe they were direct imitations. These are the somewhat wearisome semi-metaphysical disquisitions on the nature and lineage of love, the golden hair of Morfudd, etc. These are the staple of Provençal poetry; but in Dafydd ap Gwilym they are only a very small portion.'

It is almost certain that Dafydd was acquainted with the songs of the Troubadours. It is quite certain that he knew

* Printed in 'Y Cymmrodor,' Vol. II (1878)—the journal of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion.

Latin, and probable that he had some knowledge of Italian; we know from his poems that he had read Ovid, and there are here and there in his songs reminiscences of Petrarch and Boccaccio. Parallels have been drawn between one or two of his poems and those of the Minnesinger, Walther von der Vogelweide. Of Walther, Dafydd could have known nothing; the German and the Welsh poet were doubtless drawing from the same Provençal sources.

While Dafydd ap Gwilym has thus much in common with the conventional love-poets of the Middle Ages, he has more that places him apart as an original poet giving free play to his native Welsh genius; and it is as a distinctively Welsh poet, and a poet of nature, that we would speak of him here. Curiously enough, Dafydd stands out in almost as marked contrast to his immediate predecessors and his contemporaries in Welsh poetry as he does to the Troubadours and other love-poets. He, like the rest, could turn out encomiastic odes when necessary. Ivor the Generous will live in his verse, he tells us, 'as long as wheat shall be sown, as long as the gracious dew shall moisten the earth, as long as seed shall sprout from the ground,' and, in a climax which no prophecy about the vitality of the Welsh tongue has ever surpassed in its magnificent confidence, 'as long as the language of the Cymry shall last.' But the bulk of Dafydd ap Gwilym's poetry deals with the perennial themes of love and nature, and comes as a welcome relief from the eulogies and elegies of his predecessors. To him, indeed, nature was 'an appetite, a feeling and a love,' so much so, that he seems to invoke a mistress but as an excuse for singing of some aspect of nature's life. Borrow would have it that Dafydd was never very seriously in love, not even with Morfudd, who inspired the seven score and seven odes.

'A strange songster was that,' Borrow writes, 'who, pretending to be captivated by every woman he saw, was in reality in love with nature alone—wild, beautiful, solitary nature—her mountains and cascades, her forests and streams, her birds, fishes and wild animals. Go to, Ap Gwilym, with thy pseudo-amatory odes to Morfudd, or this or that other lady, fair or ugly; little didst thou care for any of them. Dame Nature was thy love, however thou mayst seek to disguise the truth. Yes, yes, send thy love-message to Morfudd,

the fair wanton. By whom dost thou send it, I would know? By the salmon, forsooth, which haunts the rushing stream, the glorious salmon which bounds and gambols in the flashing water, and whose ways and circumstances thou so well describest!

The song in which the bard begs the salmon to be his messenger of love is typical of a class of poems in which the bard invokes the assistance of the animal creation to convey greetings to his mistress.

'Fairlest creature art thou,' he sings,* 'be holy Mary my witness, that ever was fashioned in the sea, thou proud prince of the wave. . . . Hie thee swiftly through the briny water, cleave the wave, be no laggard. Let no fish know thee, nor any man be ware of thee . . . until thou comest where lies the maid of hue lovely as the swallow athwart the foam.'

In all these songs we find some playful touch, some freak of frolic fancy, which shows the poet's homely intimacy, his sense of comradeship, with these wild, shy, wayward creatures. The nightingale, the thrush, the seagull, the swallow, the cuckoo, the woodcock, the eagle, the swan, are among the birds he presses into his service of love. He knows them all, and echoes their notes, describes their plumage, hits off their habits in lines of singular felicity. The sea-gull is at one time 'the lily of the sea,' at another, 'a flock of sunlight.' The swan 'has a doublet as of a thousand lilies,' 'a jerkin of white roses, a tunic of the blossoms of the vine,' and as he lies in wait for the fish, 'his angling-rod is his own long fair neck.'

This wanton and capricious play of the fancy in his treatment of nature is one of the distinctive traits of Dafydd ap Gwilym, and is what led Borrow to doubt the depth and sincerity of his love of women. No better illustration of this trait of his poetry could be found than in an ode in which the bard represents himself as slain by the cruelty of his mistress. Some half-dozen lines serve to tell us of his being done to death by despair. The rest of the poem is an elaborate description of his obsequies, in which all nature appears to participate; and it is indeed permissible to doubt whether there was any very deep or real passion in the heart of one who takes such obvious delight in the pomp and bravery of his funeral!

* Ode LXXV.

† Ode XXXI.

'To-morrow shall I be laid in my grave amid the leaves in the lush woodland, under sappy boughs of beech and ash. My spotless shroud shall be of the bright clover-flowers of summer, my coffin of glorious leaves, my pall of the blossoms of the greenwood, my bier of eight rods of the forest timber. And the white gulls of the main shall come in their thousands to attend me. Below the summer-clad hill, dearest, shall my church be, and two nightingales of thy choice shall be the idols of the sanctuary. . . . Grey-hooded priests shall be there, skilled in Latin lore and bardic lay, who have learnt their grammar and their song-craft in the green books of the forest. . . . And for my soul the cuckoo among the trees shall, like an organ, sing paternosters and orisons, and chant psalms with altered note; and all the summer month masses and tuneful prayers shall be offered for me, Love's victim.'

Of Morfudd, the Laura of this 'Cambrian Petrarch,' we know very little beyond what can be gathered from the odes of the bard himself. He saw the lady first at Rhosyr, or Newborough, in Anglesey, then a town of note, which Dafydd celebrates as 'the rival of heaven' among the towns of Wales, 'with its temples, its towers, its generous men, its wine and mead, its gallants and its love.' It was at the feast of St Peter, as he was watching the brave array of people, the pride of Mona, at Rhosyr, that he first cast eyes on 'the fair sun of Gwynedd,' 'a second Enid in mien and beauty.' 'She drew after her the eyes of all the world; and all the world wondered that heaven had vouchsafed such a gift to men.' To gain her favour, the poet sent her a present of a vessel of wine by his servant; but the lady would have none of it, and in her resentment actually threw the wine in the servant's face. The story is told by the bard with much spirit, and the entire tone of the poem shows that he was not much hurt by the rebuff. He is soon, however, singing to her again, and comparing her to the three supreme beauties of antiquity, as he calls them, 'Polixena, Diodema and Helen.'

'I asked myself who and what the fair creature is. Own sister is she to the Moon and the Stars, and niece of the splendid Summer. Daughter is she of the kindly dawn, granddaughter of the Sun above—and Gwynedd owns her!'

His courtship of Morfudd either forms the subject, or supplies the occasion, of by far the greater number of Dafydd's poems; and it is in these odes that we have, on the whole, the best examples of his art. We have already instanced the characteristic poems in which he invokes the birds to be his messengers of love. A more daring flight of imagination and poetry of a higher strain are found in an ode in which he prays the wind to convey his message.*

'Chill is thy touch and hoarse thy voice, thou tyrant of the world, without foot, without wing. . . . How rapid thy rush this instant o'er yon hill! Tell me, thou North Wind of the gully, whither is thy flight? Ah, friend, would thou wert going unto Aeron, fair and bright in thy blowing, clear in thy utterance, staying not nor lingering by the way in fear of the Little Hunchback. Thou dost strip the bushes bare, and winnowest the leaves. None may dictate unto thee; nor ordered host, nor hand of warrior, nor blue blade, nor flood, nor rain can check thee. No mother's son in his rage can slay thee. Fire cannot burn thee, nor guile baffle thy might. Thou needest no fleet steed under thee, nor bridge nor boat to cross the wave.'

The 'Little Hunchback' mentioned in this poem was the bard's successful rival for the hand of Morfudd, one Cynvrig Cynin, a man of substance and therefore acceptable to the lady's family. Dafydd sought revenge upon the ill-favoured husband by inducing Morfudd to quit her home and to keep with him a brief companionship which he celebrates in exultant verse. This adventure resulted in the poet's imprisonment, as he failed to pay a fine inflicted upon him for his misdemeanour. His friends in Glamorgan, however, procured his release; and Dafydd showed his gratitude by composing a beautiful ode in which he bids the sun to 'go on his errand'—even the sun is in his service—and to scatter blessings, health, wealth, fruitfulness over the land of Glamorgan. The 'Little Hunchback' is the constant butt of the poet's ridicule, scorn and hatred. In the objurgatory poems addressed to, or reflecting upon him, Dafydd's maledictions are almost outrageous in their torrential flow. Many of his other odes are spoilt for the modern reader by a similar

* Ode LXIX.

wanton extravagance and riot of grotesque imagery. One might pardon the tumultuous jumble of abusive epithets and odious similes in the odes on Cynvrig, for in them a genuine and deep-felt hatred is literally 'foaming at the mouth.' But it is difficult to read with patience in other poems the bewildering succession of fantastic tropes and images, born as of a mania more violent than that which produced the worst excesses of the English metaphysical poets of the seventeenth century.

One of the best known of such odes is that on the Thunderstorm, which scared Morfudd when she and Dafydd were together at their sylvan trysting-place.* The poem opens with a number of strong couplets, most of them suggesting in their alliteration the sound of the storm, and containing some remarkable similes. While the bard and his love were oblivious of everything in their woodland retreat,

'a sudden crash of thunder dealt a blow to the earth; the cruel rain fell in raw floods, the heavens spat lightning in their anger. The din was as that of clashing arms in a sky beyond our bounds; from above I heard (I fled for fear) the giant trumpet of the beating rain—yea, a thousand giants heard I roaring from the chains of the constellations.'

But towards the end of the poem, failing to sustain the effort after sublimity, as he recollects the disservice done to him by the storm, the bard falls into a strain of shrieking vituperation. One might pass over such images as 'a hoarse bull shattering rocks,' or 'the horse-laugh of the mighty firmament,' which latter indeed has in it something of sublimity; but it is difficult to pardon comparison of the thunder to an 'ugly beldam clashing her pans,' or to a 'red-haired witch shrieking in bonds.'

In a similar and, doubtless, consciously ludicrous vein, Dafydd, in another poem, abuses the mist,† which caused him to lose his way while making for Morfudd's dwelling-place. It is an 'exhalation from the furnace of hell,' 'smoke of the *ignis fatuus* of the pit,' 'the father of rain and of thieves.' Blinded by it the bard fell into a morass, 'a slough as of hell, where in every ditch I bumped against a hundred wry-faced devils.' On another amatory

* Ode XLIV.

† Ode XXXIX.

journey he was delayed by the snow; and his ode 'To the Snow,' with its kaleidoscopic sequence of images, is a thoroughly characteristic specimen of the bard's rapid and capricious flights of fancy.*

'No spot under the trees is without its white dress, no bush without its sheet! A cold shroud lies heavy on the sappy groves; the trees droop under their load of lime. . . . An all too thick shower of foam has fallen—fleecey masses bigger than a man's fist. Through Gwynedd do they pass amain—bees from Paradise are they, all in white.'

Other images are frankly grotesque. The snow-flakes become 'the feathers of the geese of the saints,' and 'flour' let down by angels who have taken planks out of the floor of the celestial store-loft. A more dignified figure is that which represents the vast sheet of snow overlying nature as 'a pavement larger than the grave-stone of the sea.'

The foundation of all Dafydd ap Gwilym's nature-poetry is his sheer, healthy delight in nature; the wealth, the colour, the glow of the visible world were to him supremely good things, and

'had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.'

For Dafydd's fancy, as the passages quoted sufficiently attest, is nothing but the impulsive play of a lively imagination responding instantaneously and without afterthought to the sensuous impression of the moment. There is no trace of morbid sentiment or of superstition in Dafydd's poetry; sunshine, good health and love are to him far more precious than anything an ascetic creed can give.

'God is not so cruel,' he replies to the Grey Friar,† 'as old men affirm. It is the priests, reading their mouldy sheepskins, who tell us lies. God will never damn a good man's soul for love of wife or maid. Three things there be, loved the world over—woman, sunshine and health. Yea, in heaven the fairest flower found, save God himself, is woman. . . . From heaven came all delight, all sadness from hell. Song gives joy

* Ode ccv.

† Ode cxlix.

alike to young and old, to the sick and the whole. It is as right for me to sing as for thee to preach, for me to be a minstrel as for thee to beg. What are thine own hymns and responses but songs and rhymes, and the Psalter of David but odes to the good God? God feeds not all men with the same meat; and He has set a time for rhyming, and a time for preaching. Some love saintliness, others love company; but while everybody knows his paternoster, 'tis not everybody who can sing. Therefore, my holy brother, song is not the chiefest sin. And when men shall be as glad to hear a prayer as they are to hear a song, and the maidens of Gwynedd to hear a ballad of love—then, by my hand, I will sing paternosters without ceasing. Until then, confusion take me if I sing any prayer but a love-song.'

This spirited ode shows us Dafydd in frank revolt against the religion of his time; and that revolt was with him, as with Boccaccio and Chaucer, quite as much an affair of the intellect as of temperament. Artistically, however, the Welsh poet is not insensible to the attractions of the Church and her ordinances. We have seen how he makes priests of the birds, and churches of the birch-groves; and an occasional touch of pathos reveals a certain foundation of reverence and a capacity for devotion underneath all the daring use of ecclesiastical imagery and the rough banter of priests and nuns. One of his odes is an invocation to the virgin saint, Ddwynwen, who had a shrine in a romantic spot in Anglesey, begging her to become his messenger of love to Morfudd.* So audacious a choice of envoy might lead us to expect a poem irreverent, if not ribald, in tone. On the contrary, the bard addresses the saint in lines of singularly delicate sentiment. The poem turns on the thought that none could deny the petition of so fair and unsullied an emissary. He begs the saint to intercede, for once, with a human being on his behalf. 'Twould be no sin in her to do so; the kingdom of heaven is hers already, and no act of compassion towards a human being could deprive her of it.

'Heaven hath never refused thy prayer—sure, human creature will not deny thee, ready and eloquent of speech as thou art. . . . For the sake of all thou hast done to lighten

* Ode LXXIX.

the travail and the weary weight of the world, for the sake of thy faith and works of grace while here on earth, for the sake of thine unblemished chastity and precious virginity, plead for me with the maid to give me release of my pain.'

But even in this poem Dafydd's inveterate caprice must break out, for one of his reasons for invoking the saint is that Eiddig, the hateful one, the Little Hunchback, who is ever on the watch, will not dare molest such a messenger.

From an artistic point of view, the worst fault for which Dafydd ap Gwilym has to answer is his riotously extravagant use of figurative language, of which we have already given some specimens. When, however, we take into consideration the conventional and unadventurous character of the bulk of mediæval poetry, there is something refreshing in the wild abandon of this Welsh poet, so recklessly prodigal of his wonderful vocabulary and of his inexhaustible store of images. Professor Cowell characterises him as 'especially the poet of the fancy.' Fancy, undoubtedly, is his pre-eminent gift, but at his best he has the weightier qualities of imagination and feeling. When, for example, he speaks of the early spring-time as 'the hours of the skylark's hope,' or describes the waning moon as 'retiring to sleep in the shadow of the northern heavens,' or calls the stars 'the candles of Him who owns the world' sent to guide the lone wayfarer, he shows a depth of feeling in his observation of nature to which we cannot easily find a parallel in the poetry of the Middle Ages. The ode in which he sings of the stars contains some notable images, strung together, according to the bard's wont, without much regard to order and coherence. The stars are not only 'candles' sent to show him his road on the dark hillside; they become, in his glowing imagination, 'clover-flowers on the face of the heavens,' and 'the unstrung beads of God's own rosary.' 'Two by two,' he continues, with the inevitable change of image, 'are they marshalled in order like the hosts of Camlan in the broad gray sky.'

Very few allusions to legend or history are to be met with in Dafydd's poems. Like other Welsh bards of his own and of succeeding generations, Dafydd ap Gwilym found no worthy argument for his muse in Arthurian story. To him, as to the others, Arthur and Modred, Percival and Gawain, Lancelot and Guinevere, are only

shadowy names, rising on the crest of some casual verse but to tantalise us with brief and ineffectual suggestion. Perhaps the most remarkable of Dafydd's references to old Welsh tradition is that contained in his poem on 'The Owl's Pedigree.' It is, like many of his odes, cast in the form of a dialogue, and opens with eight lines of violent abuse by the bard, the owl having disturbed him in one of his amours.

'Ah, my son!' the Owl plaintively replies, 'well it is for me that I have a retreat in the woods to fly to. So, leave me to bear the agony of my penance, and the hate of all the birds of the world. . . . Of better stock came I than now appears, for once I was Blodeuwedd (Flower-Aspect).'

The old *Mabinogi* of 'Math, the son of Mathonwy,' tells how Gwydion, the son of Don, changed the maid Blodeuwedd into the likeness of an owl because of her love for Gronwy Pebyr.

'Because of the shame thou hast done,' Gwydion says in the romance, 'thou shalt never more show thy face in the light of day; and that for fear of all the other birds. For it shall be their nature to assail thee and to chase thee from wheresoever they may find thee.'

It is a reproach to modern Welsh scholarship that no adequate edition of the poems of Dafydd ap Gwilym has yet been produced. The edition of 1789, reprinted in 1873 with its errors and obscurities not only retained but multiplied, still holds the field. It is high time that someone combining a knowledge of mediæval Welsh with knowledge of the laws of Welsh prosody should undertake to edit the poet's works from the best available MSS. With such an edition in one's possession it would be possible to give English readers a much fuller and more accurate account of Dafydd ap Gwilym's poetry.

Art. V.—ANTIQUÉ GEMS.

1. *Die Antiken Gemmen. Geschichte der Steinschneidekunst im Klassischen Alterthum.* Von Adolf Furtwaengler. Three vols. Leipzig and Berlin: Giesecke and Devrient, 1900.
2. *Catalogue des Camées antiques et modernes de la Bibliothèque Nationale.* Par M. Ernest Babelon. Two vols. Paris: Leroux, 1897.

THERE have been times in the history of art when the inherent beauty of a material vied with the skill bestowed on it. It was so in the statues of gold and ivory of the Greeks, and in a less degree the same may be said of ancient engraved gems. The pure translucent colour of a golden sard, if the design sunk within it be shallow and in the best Greek manner, divides our admiration with the art when once the gem is held up to the light. The garnet is sombre on its surface, and usually the design upon it is cut deep; but let the sun penetrate it and the gem will seem on fire. A shallow intaglio on amethyst or rock-crystal appears almost ethereal against the light. It was a mistake of the Romans to carve these stones as cameos in high relief, as they sometimes did. Both the charm of transparency and the skill of the engraver were thus sacrificed. What was gained, as in the large amethyst cameo of Medusa in the British Museum, was only a striking opulence of colour.

On the other hand there was a large class of stones the beauty of which could only be brought out by treatment as cameos. Chief among these was the sardonyx, with its thin layers of sard and onyx superposed. With a stone of this kind before him, the engraver of a portrait in profile could reserve the uppermost layer of sard for the hair and the drapery on the shoulders. He would then cut away all the rest of that layer and get down to the white onyx, on which he would engrave the face and neck. That done, he would cut away the remainder of the onyx till he came to a second layer of sard, which would form his background for the portrait. By this process the sard, which is by nature translucent, becomes semi-opaque, because of the stratum of onyx below it, and thereby often

attains an incomparable effect of deep rich colour, which again is heightened by the close proximity of the white onyx. These rich effects, it is true, were only possible on large stones, but fortunately the sardonyx was obtained not unfrequently in large dimensions. The cameo of the Sainte Chapelle, now in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, measures fully one foot in height and ten and a half inches in breadth. It is the largest in existence.

The simple method of cameo-engraving on sardonyx, which we have just described, will be seen admirably illustrated in the famous Marlborough gem, now in the British Museum. But engravers would hardly have been mortal if they had rested content with a stage of the art in which strong colouring was far more conspicuous than their own skill in modelling and designing. The climax of their ambition may be seen in the splendid cameo of Augustus in the British Museum. The engraver has entirely removed the uppermost stratum of sard, excepting a thin patch on the breast. He has thus secured for the head and neck of the Emperor a large expanse of fine white onyx, on which he has bestowed all his talent in modelling the face and the hair, setting the whole against a background of a rich translucent sard. There is nothing to distract the eye from his workmanship except a gold diadem round the head now set with modern stones. One would have expected a laurel wreath, carved in the upper layer of sard, as in the large and splendid Claudius at Windsor—a royal inheritance from Charles I, who with the great Earl of Arundel was one of the first collectors of antique gems in our country.

As it happens, most of the great cameos that have come down to our time belong to the age of Augustus and his family. We have portraits of himself, alone or seated in triumph amid numerous figures as on the large *Gemma Augustea* of Vienna, the second largest of all known cameos. Tiberius is the central figure on the great Parisian cameo. Apparently he is being acclaimed emperor. In the sky above him are his immediate relatives, including, if Professor Furtwaengler is right, the young Marcellus to whose memory Virgil devotes the impassioned verses at the close of Book VI of the 'Æneid.' There are large cameos of Julia, the daughter of Augustus, alone or combined with her step-mother Livia in a manner which

may be artistic but is not historically true to the relations between them.

From what we know of art in the age of Augustus, especially judging from the remains of his Altar of Peace (*Ara Pacis*), now scattered in Rome, Florence, and the Louvre—such is the end of his dream—we can understand the delight with which the refinement of execution and the splendour of these large cameos were received. They appealed to princely instincts both by the subjects they represented and by the preciousness of the material. Nor is it strange that in the course of the Middle Ages several of these cameos are known to have passed through the hands of famous princes.

The Vienna cameo is mentioned in the year 1246 in the inventory of a church in Toulouse, whence it was removed by Francis I to adorn the royal cabinet. In 1590 it was sold to Rudolf II of Austria. The Paris cameo is first mentioned in 1341 in the inventory of the Sainte Chapelle. Shortly thereafter it was handed over by Philippe de Valois to Pope Clement VI at Avignon, but was again returned to the Sainte Chapelle in 1379. It was saved from the fire which destroyed the Palais de Justice in 1630, and was transferred to the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1791, whence after a few years it was stolen (1804) and carried off to Amsterdam with other spoils from the same collection. When recovered it was found to have been robbed of its gold frame, on which were represented the four Evangelists, one at each corner, their names inscribed in Greek letters. In the drawing which Rubens made of the cameo, he does not include the frame. With his knowledge of ancient gems, he would be well aware that the frame was a later addition. M. Babelon is inclined to trace it to a Byzantine origin; and, if we may judge from the description of it written in 1644, which is all the information we possess, he seems to be right.

There is abundance of literary testimony to the passion that prevailed in the Middle Ages for the collection of ancient engraved gems. Unfortunately it is in the form of very bare and brief lists, from which it is seldom possible to identify any of the gems with those now existing. Pope Boniface VIII had forty to fifty cameos, Charles V, King of France, possessed fifty-two, and Charles VI one hundred and one. Pope Paul II had a collection of two

hundred and forty, set in silver-gilt frames, of which twenty-three contained each only one gem. Part of this series passed to Lorenzo de' Medici, whose father also had been a collector of gems. There are inventories which go back to the eighth and ninth centuries. Still earlier, Theodelinda, Queen of the Lombards (625), gave the cathedral of Monza a chalcedony cup mounted with precious stones, and a copy of the Gospels set with Roman cameos.

It was quite in the order of things that princes and popes in the Middle Ages should covet the possession of ancient gems. It was a taste which had been cultivated by the greatest of the Romans, even before the Empire began. Men of the stamp of Pompey and Julius Cæsar established public collections in the temples of Rome, and they in their turn had followed the examples of Mithradates and Attalus II, King of Pergamon (159-138 B.C.). We can understand also how the early Church was attracted by this branch of art, when we recall the importance of precious stones in Biblical ceremonial and imagery. The art of gem-engraving was then at a low ebb. It was easier to collect ancient specimens and to purge them from paganism by a religious rite.

We readily believe that most of the large cameos still existing have passed from one possessor to another in a continuous line from the day they were made till now. There is no record, so far as we know, of the finding of any large cameo in the course of excavations. They had the double fascination of being mostly portraits of great Roman rulers and of being splendid in their materials, appealing equally to the sense of historical continuity and of beauty. The suggestion of M. Babelon is that when the seat of empire was removed from Rome to Constantinople, the imperial treasures went with it; and that in the straightened times of the crusades the cameos may have been given up, like the Crown of Thorns, for value received, and conveyed to Western Europe. It may well have been so in many cases, but we sadly fear that the treasury at Constantinople had begun to be depleted long before that date. At all events it is due to the princes and nobles of the past that we now possess in the public museums of Europe a magnificent series of Roman cameos.

It is quite a different story when we come to consider what the Greeks accomplished in the art of gem-engraving.

In their best times they knew nothing of large cameos dazzling the eye with their beauty. They were content with stones of a very moderate size, and preferred to engrave the designs on them in intaglio, so that they might be used in the first instance as seals. These were not the sort of gems to attract specially the princely and noble collectors of the Middle Ages; nor were the Greeks themselves in those times looked back to with the respect they deserved. It was only with the Renaissance that the tide turned in their favour. Even then it was their literature that attracted most attention. Practically it was the nineteenth century that first brought the triumphs of Greek art within our horizon; nor was it till the second half of that century that students had any satisfactory means of judging what a true Greek gem was like, as distinguished from the multitude of Græco-Roman intaglios. Such specimens as had by chance found their way into old collections were not recognised. It is in fact from the era of excavations that our present knowledge dates. First in time and in importance were the Russian excavations in the neighbourhood of Kertsch, where a Greek colony had been established. For a long time the gems found in the tombs there and transferred to St Petersburg were the principal standards of Greek intaglio-engraving when at its best. In more recent times, the Greek gems—now in New York—obtained by General Cesnola in his excavations at Curium in Cyprus, provided us with standards of excellence for a somewhat earlier period of the art. Incidentally the interest thus aroused led to greater zeal in the search for gems among promiscuous diggers in Greece and elsewhere, with the result that the cabinets of most museums have been considerably enriched of late years, to say nothing of well known private collections.

But undoubtedly the most remarkable of recent accessions has been the long series of gems found by Dr Schliemann at Mycenæ, by the Greeks at Amyclæ, at Spata and Menidi in Attica, and by casual diggers in Crete and elsewhere, always associated with a peculiar class of antiquities which now goes by the name of 'Mycenæan,' for want of a better. Whatever name ultimately prevails, there can be no question that these antiquities, enormously increased in quantity since the days of Dr Schliemann, and in the area over which they have been found, represent

with striking effect a stage of civilisation, primitive yet splendid, which may well have furnished the basis of the Homeric poems. It was an age when costly articles of luxury were imported from Egypt, cylinders with cuneiform inscriptions from Assyria, and possibly much else from Phœnicia. But when we look for some general agreement among archæologists as to the precise chronology of that age we find only one fixed point. It is agreed that the Mycænæan civilisation had lasted down to 800 B.C. or somewhat later. No one as yet can indicate its dawn. As to signs of artistic development within itself, opinions are most diverse.

The subjects engraved on the Mycænæan gems are usually animals, the lion and the bull by preference. Where the human figure occurs, it is poorly represented in comparison with the animals, which are sometimes extraordinarily true to nature both in form and movement, and that too on materials which were hard and difficult to engrave, such as carnelian and hæmatite. The horse appears chiefly in these gems as winged—a prototype of Pegasus. Yet there is evidence, from a fragment of fresco-painting at Tiryns, that he was well enough known at that time. The fowls of the air are scarce, but the fish of the sea are fairly numerous, especially the cuttle-fish with its curling tentacles, which suggested decorative patterns. Next come fantastic combinations of animals, such as horses with wings, lions with a goat's head springing from their back like the Chimæra, Centaurs and other compounds of human and animal bodies, and much else absolutely grotesque, including the Gryphon and the Sphinx, which survived into later Greek art. There may have been some spirit of heraldry which regulated these matters. On the other hand we must bear in mind that in primitive phases of art—as in the drawings on reindeer's horns made by the cave-dwellers of Europe—the awakening artist does not work directly from nature, but seeks to reproduce the image made on his mind by a natural object, animate or inanimate. He concentrates himself on the details of the object which most strike his imagination. With the advance of artistic skill, when the form of an animal as an organic whole comes into view, these fantastic compounds disappear from Greek art, except of course the Centaurs, Sphinxes,

and Pegasi, round which legends had grown up. In any case it is obvious that the facility of the Mycenæan gem-engravers in inventing these combinations was an advantage in an age when seals were required in great numbers, and when animals were the chief source of design.

Possibly it was a gem of this kind that Minos, King of Crete, cast into the sea and challenged Theseus to fetch, if he was the son of a marine deity, as he professed to be. That was a legend beloved by Greek poets and artists, and it may have given some impulse to the later story of the ring of Polycrates. Polycrates had been advised by his friend Amasis, the King of Egypt, with whom he was in correspondence, to throw into the sea the object he valued most. This proved to be a finger-ring which he wore. With much ceremony he set sail for the open sea and cast away the ring. Shortly after, a fisherman caught a fish of such unusual size that he took it to the palace in Samos, where it was found to have swallowed the ring. Whether true or not, there is nothing supernatural in the incident: it may conceivably have happened. But the story is chiefly interesting to us now because of the tradition that the gem set in the ring had been engraved by a celebrated sculptor of the time, Theodoros, a native of Samos and a subject of the tyrant Polycrates (560-522 B.C.). Further, among the recorded works of Theodoros was a portrait of himself in bronze holding an engraving instrument in his right hand. With three fingers of his left hand he held a quadriga so minute in size that a fly was made to cover the whole with its wings, says Pliny ('Nat. Hist.,' xxxiv, 10). The general opinion is that Pliny has here misunderstood the Greek source from which he was translating, and that in reality the object held by Theodoros was a scarab or beetle-shaped gem of emerald having a quadriga engraved on its flat surface for use as a seal. Apparently this view is confirmed by the number of small Greek scarabs which have come to light in recent years in Greece and the coast of Asia Minor not far from Samos, most of them, if not all, belonging to the sixth century B.C., the date in question. Besides, Theodoros is said to have learned his craft partly in Egypt, doubtless in the city of Naucratis in the Delta, where Amasis had allowed the Greeks to settle and to build temples for their own gods. Indeed, Professor Furtwaengler produces (Pl. LXI, 11) an emerald scarab of

about that time, and readily allows (III, p. 82) that the ring of Polycrates may have carried a scarab. But he rejects the current interpretation of Pliny, that the object in the hand of Theodoros was a scarab, and maintains that it was an actual quadriga so small that a fly might cover it with its wings, which, to say the least, was a very odd way of illustrating its smallness.

In the past there have been occasions when we have differed much from Professor Furtwaengler. It is not so in his new book to any great extent. We readily recognise that he has had here before him a heavy task such as no one but himself would have dreamed of undertaking, in view of the extraordinary accumulation of gems in recent years. When we look at his three large volumes, we are struck by the mere energy required to collect the material. To attain accuracy in tracing the history of almost innumerable specimens, many of them from old collections, must have cost infinite pains. Vol. II is his monument in that respect. In the critical part of his work he had no predecessor to quarrel with seriously. Brunn was an excellent judge, but he dealt only with gems bearing or purporting to bear the signatures of the engravers; and these Furtwaengler had previously discussed very admirably in a series of articles in the 'Jahrbuch' for 1888-9. It was not necessary to go over that ground fully again. In our own country Mr King knew the old collections of gems well, and was no mean authority on questions of genuineness. He did not pretend to method in his books, but he was a finescholar and brought to bear on the gems the ripe fruits of his scholarship in an attractive manner. Among quite recent books Professor Middleton's 'Ancient Gems' was useful within its limits, but too much indebted to the articles just mentioned by Furtwaengler himself to provoke any antagonism from him now. M. Babelon's book is as excellent as could well be, but it is limited to the cameos under his charge in Paris. We must always turn to it when we want special information on these gems. Thus, on the whole, the field was clear for a large comprehensive work which would call forth the best talents of the writer, and that we possess at last.

Minute and careful execution characterised Greek art in all its branches during the first half of the sixth century B.C. The climax was reached in gem-engraving.

The large stones of the Mycenæan age had gone completely out of fashion. What was now required was a small seal to be worn on the finger, not larger, as a rule, than a finger-nail, often smaller. The smallness of the seal invited preciousness in the material and exquisite workmanship. The result may be seen in the scarabs of the time, which are mostly of sard, occasionally of plasma or of steatite. The back is carved in the form of a beetle and the flat under-face is engraved with a minute design. The scarab was mounted on a swivel-ring, and was worn with the flat engraved face next the finger. We can imagine that the story of the ring of Gyges, which rendered him visible or invisible according as he turned it, originated in this early method of wearing seals. It is true and worth observing that neither in the Greek sculptures nor on the innumerable painted vases do we find figures wearing rings on their fingers, notwithstanding that the very word *δακτύλιος* means a finger-ring. Now we do not expect to see such things worn by gods and heroes; but, though there are hundreds of tombstones still to be seen in Athens representing ordinary persons, there are, so far as we know, no rings on their fingers. In Roman and late Etruscan art it is quite different. There we find a profusion of rings on the sculptures. The Greek artists had no objection to necklaces and earrings. Why did they draw the line at finger-rings, unless it was from sheer artistic reticence, and a desire to keep the fine articulation of the fingers free from accessories which would have vulgarised them in sculpture or painting, however pleasant they might be to the sight in daily life? In the treasure lists of the temples which still exist rings are frequently mentioned as the gifts of devotees.

To return to the scarabs. In the old collections of gems, such as the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris and the British Museum, there are large numbers of scarabs which have been found in Etruscan tombs. Many of them are obviously native Etruscan products. But there are others—not a few—as to which it is difficult to determine whether they had not been imported from Greece along with the many excellent Greek vases yielded by the tombs of Etruria in the early part of the last century, when excavations were carried on there with hardly ever a record of what objects were found together. It is easy to put aside the

poor specimens and call them 'native Etruscan.' That they obviously are. But the work of the Etruscans need not always have ended in gross failures. It seems conceivable that at least now and then a scarab would be turned out equal to good Greek.

We know that the Etruscans both imported and imitated Greek vases on a considerable scale. In most cases the imitations are readily distinguishable. But there is a residuum of the better class of these vases which seems to defy exact classification. It was only when Athens took the lead in this branch of art that the Etruscans failed in their imitations. Indeed, they seldom made any effort then to succeed. Apparently the same was the case in their gem-engraving. They worked hard to rival the Greek scarabs, and, with their extraordinary patience and technical skill, may have succeeded more frequently than we are now aware of. But in the next age, when the Greek engravers cast aside finally the old scarab-form of gem and displayed their genius in designs unfettered by archaic traditions, then the Etruscans ceased to follow them, adhering to the old types of scarabs and the old subjects from Greek legends, but modifying to some extent their ideas of the human figure under the new Greek influence.

We think that Professor Furtwaengler has treated this part of his subject admirably, from an artistic point of view. Whether he is right, or not, in his belief that the Etruscans reached Italy by sea from Asia Minor, is another matter. There is much artistic evidence in his favour; and, if what the Etruscans themselves believed as to their origin counts for anything, that also is in the main consistent with his opinion. It is a curious fact that in an island lying so close to Etruria as does Sardinia there should have been found a large series of scarabs which present a strikingly different appearance from those of Etruria. They are almost uniformly carved out of green jasper and engraved with purely Phœnician or, as we should rather say, Carthaginian designs. They have mostly been obtained in excavations at Tharros.* Professor Furtwaengler rightly points out that scarabs of this kind are extremely rare in Etruscan tombs; the explanation he offers is that Etruria was closed against Carthage at the date of

* A deserted site on the Gulf of Oristano, Sardinia.

these scarabs, and was working in close association with Greece. Her earlier alliance with Carthage, which we know of as an historical fact, confirmed by the numerous Carthaginian antiquities obtained in the earlier tombs, had come to an end, he supposes, while at the same time she could not, or did not, drive the Carthaginians out of Sardinia. That is reasonable enough; yet the Etruscans were certainly allied with Carthage in 474 B.C., when their combined fleet was defeated by Hiero of Syracuse off Cumae in Italy. Before then they could have had green scarabs in any numbers, had they been so minded. But we must give them the credit they deserve for excellent judgment in the articles they were just about then importing from Athens. It is no exaggeration to say that the finest vases the Greeks ever painted belong to the beginning of the fifth century B.C., and with comparatively few exceptions they have been found in Etruscan tombs. A taste which could appreciate work of that exceptionally high order would hardly have condescended to Carthaginian scarabs, alliance or no alliance.

At one time it was thought that the Greeks had never taken kindly to the scarab-form: these quaint-looking objects were supposed to be quite foreign to their taste. But the results of recent excavation have shown that for a short period the Greeks did undoubtedly accept gems of this form and engraved them with much freshness of conception and minute beauty of detail. On the other hand, the Greeks were not slow to perceive that to carve a beetle on the back of a gem was a useless, if not to them distasteful, waste of labour and skill. Hence their invention of the scaraboid, as it is called, that is to say, a gem which has the general outline of a beetle but is quite plain on the back, the engraver's talent being reserved wholly for the intaglio on the flat face of the stone. It is on gems of this shape that we see the transition from the excessive minuteness of the older generation to the dawn of a broad free style. Gradually much larger stones were employed, allowing the engraver ample space for his larger conception of the human figure, singly or in groups, and his greater breadth in the rendering of animals. The chalcidony and the agate were the favourites for these larger compositions, as we see from Plates XI-XIV of Professor Furtwaengler's work. But the sard and plasma still held

their own for smaller scaraboids. Witness the two archers on Pl. ix, the one, No. 21, being a plasma from Amathus * in Cyprus, now in the British Museum, the other, No. 23, being a sard from Naucratis, now in the collection of Lord Southesk; or compare a third archer (Pl. viii, 38) engraved scaraboid in chalcedony, said to be from Ægina. In these three gems there are still the remains of archaism. But apart from that there is an extraordinary charm in the combination of rigorous truth with a fine sense of beauty which is diffused over the whole figure. We might add the Satyr carrying a wine-skin on his back (Pl. ix, 27) and the Athene (No. 33 of the same plate), both of which are of sard, and now in the British Museum. Nor do these by any means stand alone in the first rank of the smaller scaraboids. Occasionally we find opaque stones, such as the agate, employed for smaller scaraboids. An excellent example is the head of Eos, inscribed with her name (Pl. xiv, 33), from Ithome in the Peloponnesus. In its grandeur and simplicity it belongs to the age of Pheidias. At this point we may remark that the occurrence of names attached to the figures is as unusual on Greek gems as it is frequent on the Etruscan. It was natural for the Etruscans to wish to see the names of the Greek legendary heroes engraved on the gems beside the figures; and were it only a question of convenience they would have our sympathy. It is a mystery how the ordinary educated Greek was able to recognise—if indeed he was able—the scenes of myth and legend, with an infinite series of which he was surrounded in works of art. Of the painted vases a certain proportion present figures with names attached. The difficulty thus stood confessed. Still there remained a vast number providing no such aid, many of which even now, after half a century of research, are unidentified.

On the gems it was seldom possible to inscribe the names of the figures without detriment to the design. The Etruscan examples supplied a warning in that respect. To be intelligible, the names had to be placed close to the figures on the field of the gem, just where a clear space was most needed. A Greek engraver, when he inscribed his own name on his work, which was rare, set it, more

* A deserted site, 7 miles from Limasol.

often than not, close to the edge of the gem where it did not interfere with the subject. We have an exception, however, in the beautiful flying crane on a chalcedony scaraboid found at Kertsch and now in St Petersburg, signed by the engraver Dexamenos of Chios (Furtwaengler, Pl. XIV, 4). Here the signature is in the very middle of the field, written in two lines; and if so skilful an artist thought it proper to mark his name and nationality so prominently we cannot complain. As it happens, the same name, Dexamenos, is inscribed close to the edge of a chalcedony scaraboid in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge without any intimation of his nationality or of his having been the artist (*ἐρώλει*). The field of the gem is certainly over-crowded, containing, as it does, the figure of a maid standing before her seated mistress and holding up a hand-mirror—a group such as we see so frequently on the Athenian tombstones (Furtwaengler, Pl. XIV, 1). The name of the mistress, who was apparently also the owner of the gem, is added above her head. The workmanship of the gem displays none of the elaborate detail which is so remarkable in the flying crane, and is in no sense distinguished beyond that of an average Athenian stelè. The conception is good, but the execution is remiss. The same may be said of another crane on an agate scaraboid from Southern Russia, now in St Petersburg, on which the name Dexamenos again appears written close to the edge of the stone (III, p. 137).

To account for this difference of style, Dr Furtwaengler thinks that the Fitzwilliam gem was an earlier work, about B.C. 450–440. It appears to us distinctly later, because of the freedom and ease with which the design is conceived, to say nothing of the carelessness in the execution. There remains, however, a fourth gem bearing this artist's signature, which we approach with some diffidence (Pl. XIV, 3). It is a scaraboid of a reddish mottled jasper, said to have been found in Attica. On it is engraved a male portrait head which has not been identified successfully. The workmanship has a striking resemblance to that of the flying crane. The beard and hair are rendered with the same hard minuteness as the feathers of the crane. But a treatment which was appropriate to feathers was not suitable for hair and beard, except in archaic art, which this gem does not profess to represent. There is, in fact, an air of incongruity suffusing the whole head, and doubtless

that is the reason why this scarab has been looked at askance during the past thirty years or more. Nevertheless Professor Furtwaengler finds in it the repose and perfection which the artist had acquired in Athens in the time of Pheidias and Pericles.

Let anyone who cares to see what Greek gem-engraving was at its best look at Pl. XIV of Professor Furtwaengler's work. It contains forty-one specimens. At most there are only two or three which might have been dispensed with. The rest have been chosen with perfect taste and discrimination. There are a few minor deities among them, but with these exceptions it is ordinary human beings and animals that we have before us, and the more we look the more we ask ourselves why they are so beautiful. The truths of nature are presented with the perfection of technical skill—we easily recognise this much—yet we know that it is nature seen through an artistic atmosphere. But of what does this atmosphere consist? Doubtless it consists of emotion in one degree or other, supported by technical skill, equal in degree to the emotion. But what is there in a young woman sitting playing on a harp to raise any emotion? We take as an example the splendid scaraboid of rock-crystal in Pl. XIV, No. 20. This is not Sappho playing to her own passionate lyrics. A serene enjoyment of the music is all we recognise in the figure; yet beneath an ordinary incident the artist has seen the deeper-lying springs of life, and has thus been able to present the figure in its true emotional light.

Among the harpists on Pl. XIV there are two others which deserve special notice. Both gems are in the British Museum. One of these (No. 14) represents a seated youth playing and listening with his head bent. It is a little older in date than the scaraboid just discussed, and is somewhat cramped in the attitude of the figure; yet in the whole plate there is no gem which may be so justly compared with the Parthenon frieze for its combination of an almost solemn dignity of bearing with breadth and simplicity of execution, which are in perfect keeping with the emotional element in the figure. It is like some noble thought of a great poet which remains with us as if hewn in imperishable adamant. The other gem (No. 21) represents a girl reading from a scroll, apparently a love-song, as we judge from the word 'Eros' inscribed on the

low pillar in front of her. Her lyre rests idly against the pillar. The gem is a golden sard as beautiful as could be, and the engraving is kept very shallow. In this instance the fine translucent quality of the stone has obviously been taken into account by the artist. He has made it part of his design, as we see by comparing an impression in wax or plaster with the gem itself. The pleasure we derive at first sight from the quality of the stone itself is heightened, first by the charming composition with its delicate lines and shallow forms, and next by the subject—a girl reading a love-song—which we take as the artist has given it us, with the simple delight belonging to a simple incident of daily life. The gem is considerably later in workmanship than the two previously spoken of. We quote it as an instance of admirable technical skill set in motion by a more or less superficial observation of nature.

These larger intaglios were perhaps seldom used as seals: their destination was rather that of personal ornaments. Most of them have been, or still are, mounted on swivel-rings, to be worn, like the scarabs, with the engraved surface next the finger. But in no case does the artist ever forget that his intaglio must be engraved in such a manner as to serve as a seal if need be. It must always yield a clean and perfect impression. There must be no undercutting which would in the least interfere with that. It was possible, no doubt, to engrave a design deep into a stone and yet obtain from it a true and perfect impression, as we see on Roman gems. But impressions of that kind were far more liable to injury, and were to be avoided in the numerous instances where they had to be preserved attached to wills, contracts, and other documents. From a practical point of view, therefore, all intaglios were best engraved in the shallow manner characteristic of these larger specimens of which we have been speaking. We see at a glance how admirably this shallow cutting suited the peculiar genius of the Greeks of the fifth century B.C., when their art was at its best. We call to mind the Parthenon frieze with its incomparably beautiful low relief. There are many parts of that frieze which can only be compared to the impression of a contemporary Athenian gem. We refer specially to some of the groups of young horsemen, where the nearest plane of the relief

is reduced to a thinness which seems almost to require the translucency of a precious stone to show up the exquisite beauty of the work, instead of the coarse opaque marble. This amazing delicacy of the plane nearest the eye leaves the broader masses of the rider and horse behind it to stand out in plenitude of light, undisturbed. This, we suppose, is 'that Greek combination of broad, majestic beauty of effect with the neatest perfection of finish,' which Rembrandt and Velasquez constantly aimed at, not in vain.* In these translucent gems, which were meant to be looked at against the light, the outer contours were sunk with a deep sharp incision. The design, say of a harp-player, then stood out boldly in its mass and general conception. The inner details were then modelled and graduated so as to be explicit, but never obtrusive. In more archaic gems the anatomy of a figure and the drapery are often obtrusive. In later periods there are no such mistakes. It is the level of conception that then becomes gradually lower and lower.

In the fourth century B.C. we approach the era of portraiture. Every scholar is aware that Alexander the Great would not permit anyone except Pyrgoteles to engrave his portrait on a gem; and that long afterwards the Emperor Augustus employed as his seal a gem bearing the portrait of Alexander. In that interval of about three centuries we can trace this new impetus towards portraiture in the cognate art of die-sinking on the innumerable coins of Alexander's successors. It is not a pleasurable sensation that we derive from following the stages of artistic degeneration from the grand heads of Alexander, with which that series of coins begins, through the increasingly brutal likenesses of the later Ptolemies. The really interesting point is the strong expression of individuality in the heads as we see them in the earliest and best examples, where the whole force of the artist is concentrated on the face, always in profile, and mostly beardless. In contrast with this pronounced vitality of the face is the conventional rendering of the hair. We see how the artist has accepted and employed a set of formulae which had been established in art long before his day. In time this conventional element was given

* See R. A. M. Stevenson's 'Art of Velasquez,' p. 74.

over to neglect, and became very coarse in treatment. The one marked exception is the coin of Mithradates VI, himself a collector of gems.

For the portrait gems of this period we turn mainly to Professor Furtwaengler's Pl. xxxii. In No. 29 we have Mithradates, as seen on his coins, with the same features, intended by nature to be beautiful and strong, but heavily charged with passion. In the rendering of the hair the gems display the same artistic freedom as the coins. In No. 17 we seem to have the same head again, but by a different and much inferior engraver, who has chosen a more conventional treatment of the hair and of the lines of the eyebrow and nose, but has striven to infuse into the face a measure of rigorous truth, as in the modelling of the cheek, the opened lips, the slight beard, and the apple on the throat. If No. 18 is a Ptolemaic king, as Professor Furtwaengler thinks, then we can understand where the Romans obtained their best inspiration in portraiture. Even more truly may this be said of No. 13 and No. 15 in Pl. xxxiii, the former engraved on a silver ring, the latter on a large gold ring found at Capua and now in the Museum of Naples, both of them signed by the artists, and both, especially the former, perfect examples of portraiture.

We may now return to the consideration of the large sardonyx cameos of the Augustan age. Among these is a cameo of Tiberius in Vienna, inscribed with the engraver's name, Herophilos, who adds that he was a son of Dioscurides. There were three brothers, Herophilos, Eutyches, and Hyllos, all known to us from gems engraved by them and bearing their names. One of them, Eutyches, says that his native town was *Ægeæ* in Cilicia. Thus father and sons were all Greeks by birth. We are told that it was Dioscurides, the father, who engraved the portrait of Augustus on a seal to be used by him, apparently in substitution for the portrait of Alexander the Great which he had previously employed. That seal was an intaglio; but we know also from two gems which have survived that Dioscurides could work equally in cameo. The view of Professor Furtwaengler is that the whole family were similarly adepts in both branches of the art, and that they had been brought to Rome by Augustus from their home in Asia Minor. He believes that some at least of the great imperial cameos are the work of their hands. We see no

objection to this view, for there is much in these cameos that takes us back forcibly to the Hellenistic spirit which these engravers would naturally have inherited in Asia Minor. Such accessories as the cornucopia and the eagle are bodily transferred from the coinage of the later Ptolemies. Even more important is the spirit of personification, so conspicuous in the large Vienna cameo and on the Tazza Farnese in Naples. That was a gift from the Greeks. Inevitably this Hellenistic spirit tinged the style of portraiture on many large cameos, and it remained more or less effective under the several dynasties of the family of Augustus. After their extinction the art of gem-engraving may be said to have collapsed. Apparently there is no gem now known, signed by its engraver, which can be dated much later than the splendid portrait of Julia, daughter of Titus, now in Paris. Among existing gems there is nothing to compare with the vast series of busts of the later emperors and empresses, if we except the really grand heads of Trajan and Plotina on a cameo in the British Museum. It has been argued that the large Marlborough cameo, now in the British Museum, represents Julian the Apostate and the Empress Helena, but we agree with Professor Furtwaengler that this interpretation is quite impossible. Workmanship of this quality was far beyond the skill of that late age. It points rather to the first half-century of our era.

As regards Roman portraits in intaglio, there is none so imposing as that of Julia, daughter of Titus, to which we have just alluded. It was the fashion of her time to arrange the hair in elaborate braids and curls. This fashion is fully illustrated on the gem; yet there is a breadth in the treatment of every detail which saves the general effect of the hair from interfering with the expression of the face. The charming simplicity of the drapery on the shoulder and breast tends in the same direction. Among the smaller intaglio portraits we should here mention the two heads of Julius Cæsar in the British Museum, both bearing the name of Dioscurides; Professor Furtwaengler ignores them both. The one—from the Blacas collection—may deserve to be so treated. It abounds in the minute unnecessary details in which a modern copyist is tempted to indulge. But the other—the Payne-Knight Julius—has few such

weaknesses; and though we cannot ignore some points which are not altogether satisfactory, such as the formation of the letters, there is, in our judgment, no sufficient reason for condemning the gem as modern.

Among the many intaglios now bearing the name of that famous engraver, the two which Professor Furtwaengler most readily accepts as correct are the two sards of Hermes in the British Museum. Both are beautiful gems, especially so the one from Lord Carlisle's collection (Pl. XLIX, 6, and 10). It was Eutyches, the son of Dioscurides, who engraved the beautiful bust of Athene on rock-crystal, which after many adventures since the fifteenth century, when we find it first mentioned, is now in Berlin. Professor Furtwaengler defends the authenticity of the Strozzi Medusa in the British Museum bearing the engraver's name Solon (Pl. XI, 18). We entertain some doubts as to that gem, and we cannot regard the large intaglio (Pl. LXV, 11) as antique; nor can we accept the large scaraboid of Victory erecting a trophy, in the British Museum, which he regards as one of the noblest of Greek gems (Pl. XIII, 37). On Pl. XXXI, 24, he gives and makes much of a portrait of a man wearing a cap like Ulysses. But, had he seen that identical portrait on a scaraboid which has been long in this country in private hands, he would probably have recognised the latter as the original, for while it lacks the pretty details which mark the gem published by Professor Furtwaengler it retains unimpaired all the strength of an original. It is hardly worth while, however, except for collectors of gems, to discuss doubtful specimens. At the present day there is so vast a series of gems on which the breath of suspicion has never fallen, nor ever can fall, that the student of this branch of ancient art finds in them alone more material than he wants. Every such student will feel deeply grateful to Professor Furtwaengler for his magnificent and scholarly work.

Art. VI.—DUELLING IN THE TIME OF BRANTÔME.

1. *Mémoires de Mesire Pierre de Bourdeilles, Seigneur de Brantôme, contenant les Anecdotes de la cour de France, sous les rois Henri II, François II, Henri III et IV, touchant les duels.* Leyden, 1722.
2. *Discours sur les Duels.* Par le Sieur de Brantôme. Avec préface par Henri de Pène. Paris, 1887.

OF all the volumes that have come down to us in the familiar Elzevirian '12mo' form—and they are a goodly library—it may be doubted if any single one is more replete with curious information than Brantôme's anecdotes of duelling during the latter half of the sixteenth century. Pierre de Bourdeilles, Seigneur de Brantôme, Baron of Richemont, Chevalier of the Order, Gentleman of the Bed Chamber to Charles the Ninth and Henry the Second, and Chamberlain to the Duc d'Alençon (as holder of an ecclesiastical benefice), who was born in 1527 and died at a ripe old age in 1614, is best known as the author of a series of short biographies—the Lives of Famous Ladies, French and Foreign; of Gallant Ladies; of French Men of Mark and great Captains; and of Foreigners similarly distinguished. He left also a number of letters, autobiographical and military opuscula, a curious essay upon the neglected topic of Spanish Oaths and Rhodomontades (the only one of his works which seems to have been translated into English), and lastly, those duelling stories of the sixteenth century which fill one of the fifteen volumes of his works in the *édition définitive*, published at the Hague in 1740.

Of the value of the memoirs in general as a contemporary source of history it is quite unnecessary to speak; and of those comprising in particular the '*Anecdotes de la Cour de France* (during the reigns of Henry the Second, Francis the Second, Henry the Third, and Henri Quatre), *touchant les duels*,' it need only be premised that they constitute—in what they say, and what they leave unsaid—a social and ethical record of the first importance.

Brantôme, as a nobleman and an experienced campaigner, was thoroughly familiar with the society to which most of his anecdotes refer. Many of the actors in them were personally known to him. On many of

the occasions—'when we were on our way to the relief of Malta (1566)' . . . 'The first time I was in Italy' . . . 'Once when I was passing through Milan' . . . 'At the siege of such or such a place' . . . 'In the king's apartments at the Louvre'—he is his own authority. In other cases, as we are repeatedly told, he heard what had happened, shortly after the event, from the parties immediately concerned. Of the earlier anecdotes many are taken, as he tells us, from well-known histories—Paolo Giovio, Froissart, Du Bellay, Monstrelet, the 'Chronicles of Savoy' or the 'Romance of Bayart.' Of minor incidents, moreover, several are given as mere gossip or tradition worth mentioning, though, as he says, he cannot vouch for them himself. A competent critic has observed that no writer living in an age of scandal and corruption could be freer than Brantôme either 'from the indignation that would exaggerate, or from the scruples that would conceal,' such things; and in the matter of these duels, or, as the book is more fully entitled, the 'duels, single combats in lists, challenges, defiances that have taken place in France and elsewhere,' his interest is professedly, as he tells us at starting, a mere unprejudiced curiosity as to the rights and wrongs of duelling etiquette. Ought one to be courteous and generous to an opponent? Ought one to be severely business-like? Ought Charles the Fifth to have fought King Francis? and, if so, how? Is this or that practice, ceremony, or artifice really to be allowed and encouraged? 'On all these points, and points obscure as these' (the resolution of which does not appear to concern him very much, seeing that he usually leaves it for 'wiser authorities than myself' to determine), Brantôme provides an inexhaustible store of precedents, wise saws, and modern instances.

To the reader who looks back perchance upon the days of Henri Quatre as a 'spacious time' of heroism and chivalry, nothing could appear more remarkable than the unromantic nature of these contests. The spirit of chivalry, of the pious chivalry that animated Bayart, the Knight *sans peur et sans reproche*, had practically died out of society long before the death of Brantôme. In his days there were, indeed, plenty of cavaliers *sans peur* (for the three civil wars of his lifetime had barbarised society, and made life cheap), but very few *sans reproche*.

Brantôme himself embodies the tone and taste of a *blasé* and corrupt generation. Where a fact is doubtful or a motive uncertain he inclines (sometimes, as an eighteenth century editor remarks, with gratuitous *médiance*) to the worse interpretation. A modern commentator is even more struck with the non-moral atmosphere of Brantôme's history of duelling. With unruffled cheerfulness he recounts story after story of cold-blooded assassination, thinly disguised by a few artificial formalities. To his cynical dilettantism nothing appears positively wrong, and hardly anything, amid all the jargon of honour, particularly base.

He has conventional eulogies for heroes of the old-fashioned type, but his interest in life and the warfare that made so large a part of it seems mainly academic or sensational. He sweeps together any details likely to make a *belle histoire*, leaving posterity to find significance in it. What, for example, would the reader say in a case like this? In a famous combat between two favourites of Henry the Third, the weapons selected were sword and dagger, and one of the parties came into the lists armed with only one of these implements, and plaintively remarked on the disparity. The other only replied: 'The more fool you to have forgotten your dagger! we are here to fight, not to discuss punctilios.' This is clearly not what Bayart would have done (nor what was done by another gentleman in a parallel case); but Brantôme assures us that, the facts being as alleged, the etiquette of the matter was open to much discussion. The young gentleman with no dagger had to parry a great many blows with his hand, which was in consequence *toute découpée de playes*. He survived three days, bitterly complaining of what was, after all, a very mild sample of the sharp practice of his time.

The seconds—the reader will surmise—ought to have taken action, but these functionaries were occupied, all four, in fighting among themselves; for it was in this duel that the practice of seconds engaging as well as their principals was first inaugurated. Of which fashion one may observe that, though no doubt it gave them something to do (which was the principal motive), it rendered them of little use to their principals, except in those informal rough and tumble 'affairs' which, after

a little prefatory sparring, resolved themselves into a general *mêlée* of all the parties. This of course in earlier times, and particularly in the Italian combat *à la Mazza* (what we may call the 'hedgerow' or cross-country duel), was an understood thing.

It was another matter when—after a formal agreement that there should be no seconds, and, in fact, no one present but 'the grooms who held the horses'—one champion disguised a friend as *palefrenier*, relying upon his treacherous assistance in the conflict. This nefarious scheme was defeated partly by the promptitude of the enemy, who knocked his artful antagonist out of time at the first shock, and mounting the horse of his own groom (whose suspicions had been aroused) gave the quasi-second something else to think about. But even if the groom in attendance were a genuine 'lackey,' it was as likely as not that, if you killed his master—Brantôme gives us a case in point—he would assassinate you as soon as your back was turned.

On another occasion one noble cavalier was being worsted by his opponent, who had him on the ground, when a fortunate diversion was caused by the fall of a block of seats and the injury of a number of spectators. Taking advantage of this exciting incident (when people positively did not know—we read—whether to see out the duel or go and rescue the ladies who were screaming for assistance), some of the friends of the losing party cried out to him to 'throw some gravel in the eyes and mouth' of his opponent. But for the disturbance, it is true, they would never have ventured to do this, since bystanders, Brantôme specially tells us, had no earthly business to open their mouths—'non pas parler, tousser, cracher, moucher, n'y faire aucun signe qui pût porter ou paroistre'—any more than the spectators round a 'putting-green.' As it was, their suggestion was put in practice, and the apparent victor reduced to a helpless surrender. His supporters, we read without surprise, were dissatisfied. This, again, to parody a modern adage, was 'not duelling but monkey-tricks' or worse; but it showed what you might expect—when the judges were not looking. An equally significant incident is recorded of the combat between one Millaud and Brantôme's particular friend the Baron de Vitaux—a couple of black-

hearted cut-throats, we may observe in passing, as ever swung on tree.

It was a part, and no unnecessary part, of the business of a 'second' to examine (*taster*) the weapons and person of his champion's opponent, in particular to see that he had no secret arms, offensive or defensive, no rolls of paper or other protective substance concealed (after a fashion not unknown to schoolboys) under his clothes, and lastly no magical charms, relics, mottoes, or talismans nor even prayers 'inscribed on his body.' Brantôme had known these superstitious devices succeed in their object; also, for that matter, had known them fail. Speaking generally, it was not worth while objecting to a mere 'shirt of our Lady of Chartres,' a few relics from Jerusalem, or even a few pious orisons (which, 'as you could not get them off,' it was advisable to leave on). This, however, might raise a question, 'si l'un s'en trouvoit chargé et l'autre non,' seeing that the champions ought to be equally matched in all respects.

The ingenuous Millaud, on the approach of his friend's 'parrain,' threw open the front of his shirt, as who should say (like some traveller at a *douane*), 'Nothing there, you see'; and by this engaging frankness avoided a closer examination. It afterwards appeared, however, that he was wearing a fine steel cuirass of peculiar make painted the colour of human flesh! So people said, at any rate, and so his opponent thought. Our author had the whole story from a professional *escrimeur*—Millaud's instructor—who watched the contest from the top of a walnut tree: but no man could be less censorious than Brantôme, or more reluctant to judge an erring or embarrassed fellow-being. He would like, he tells us, to have the opinion of a first-rate artist as to whether a cuirass could be so painted. Having got that, he would probably refer us, once more, to those learned 'authorities on duelling' who seem, alas! to have discoursed so much and decided so little. It was the sort of incident that would crop up now and again even in a duel involving 'the best families'; and if an indignant adversary, finding his sword 'blunted at the point,' cried out, 'You scoundrel, you've got armour on, or I should have killed you then,' it did not follow that the contest would be stopped. In fine, the sharpest of police-court attorneys would have been usefully em-

ployed in safeguarding the interests of an inexperienced chevalier of those days against a veteran and *rust* opponent.

The wording of the original contract—so to speak—accepting the challenge could not be too carefully scrutinised. It was simple madness, for example, to allow the other party (in case he had the choice of arms) to include in the category *any* sort of weapons that he pleased. The family solicitor would in such a case draw his pen through the clause in the draft ‘cartel,’ and substitute ‘such as are used by gentlemen,’ or ‘such as are approved by competent and impartial judges.’ To fight with no defensive armour at all was uncivilised, worthy only of a ‘brute beast,’ but there was a golden mean in the matter, also various ‘supercheries,’ or confidence tricks. One artful duellist included in his list ‘defensive armour to cover the body from head to foot, with a small hole—about twice the size of the palm of your hand—just over the region of the heart.’ One can see the warrior’s representative suggesting this little provision—after the manner of Shylock—as a mere playful and harmless formality. The fact was that his client had been practising for a whole year past the one feat of hitting this particular spot on the body, so as to make a practical certainty of spitting his man at the first or second lunge.

The legal analogy seems even more obvious when we are reminded that the mere preliminaries of a duel, the ‘pourparlers,’ discussions, ‘chicanery,’ ‘supercheries,’ and consequent haggings, etc., had been known to occupy a year or two! If a duellist were not killed by the sword of some bully or assassin, he might be ruined by the mere expenses of the ‘process,’ as effectively as a Chancery suitor of the early nineteenth century. This is one of Brantôme’s great grievances in the matter of the celebrated duel that took place in 1547 between his uncle M. de la Chastaigneraye and the Sieur de Jarnac. Brantôme’s references, by the way, to ‘mon dict oncle,’ ‘feu mon oncle,’ would fill a chapter by themselves. Once or twice, when on the point of telling us the whole story of this famous contest in which his distinguished relative fell a victim to the dastardly *coup de Jarnac*, he breaks off because his emotions are too much for him. In fact, the story is never completely and consecutively told. We look

for it in the Biographies, where we should expect it—towards the end of the 'Capitaines François.' From the biography we are referred elsewhere, presumably to the 'Duels,' and left to pick up for ourselves details which the writer seems to assume would be familiar to everyone. The thing was a scandal and a nine days' wonder. So incredible on all grounds did it seem that the brave, the noble François Vivonne, the hero of so many fights, should have fallen in this unworthy fashion at the hands of his well-known comrade in arms, that two soldiers in a distant province actually fought another duel among themselves upon the question whether Chastaigneraye were alive or dead, which, as each party was put *hors de combat*, remained, by the duellistic law of evidence, undecided.

But, to avoid lengthy digressions (as Brantôme is so fond of observing), it is not so much the 'hamstringing' of his uncle which rouses his indignation, as the preposterous attempt of Jarnac to reduce his opponent and former friend to bankruptcy! In fact, Chastaigneraye would have been ruined had not King Henry the Second and various friends subscribed to assist him in his emergency. 'Jarnac,' protested the victim, 'veut combattre mon esprit et ma bourse.' He demanded, although the right of choice was only his through the courtesy of his opponent, more than thirty different kinds of 'arms' and equipments—both pedestrian and equestrian—including a large assortment of the most expensive varieties of 'mount,' coursers, Turks, barbs, hackneys, chargers, war-horses, and jennets, saddled in every known fashion. The contest ultimately took place on foot, and one of the arms selected, besides two pairs of swords (one being held in reserve by the judges), was a peculiarly long and stiff species of arm-guard (*brassard*), chosen with the view of preventing Chastaigneraye from exhibiting his well-known strength and address as a wrestler.

If you challenged a man, you would, of course, select the weapon or armament to which he was least accustomed. That was why Soto Mayor demanded that Bayart (who was a notoriously good horseman) should fight him on foot. He was rather taken aback when the Chevalier assented as a matter of course. In such matters, says Brantôme, he was ever ready to oblige anyone. And when

a tall bully of a Gascon was once challenged by a little man, the latter insisted, on the advice of a friendly expert, that the defensive armour should include a stiff spiked collar. The virtue of this was, that the wearer could not look down, though he could quite easily look up—an obvious advantage for a David opposed to a Goliath. An ingenious and imaginative taste for 'murder as a fine art' might clearly run riot in the invention of such novel monstrosities.

Burlesque pales before some of the tragi-comic absurdities gravely enumerated by Brantôme. To his contemporary eye no 'fun' is discernible in all the haggling and sharpening about these fantastic and childish details. For behind them stood a grim cold-blooded brutality.

In the orthodox old-fashioned duel (which was fought in a round 'champ clos' with barriers) the confident champion had a right to demand that a scaffold should be raised and a fire lighted by the side of the lists so that he might, if he pleased, first hang and then burn his defeated opponent. It was only by the courtesy and kind permission of the victor that the person of the vanquished could be removed from the arena, his wounds attended to, or his dead body buried. That was another distinctive grace about Bayart in his celebrated duel aforesaid, that having, with some art, killed his man, he gave up the body for burial, instead of burning it or dragging it about, as he was legally entitled to do, in a fashion which Brantôme believed to be copied from a celebrated Homeric hero. But Bayart was a paragon. Of this remarkable man, by the way, Brantôme has left us a valuable portrait, derived, of course, at second hand (for he died three years before our author was born), from the companions in arms who survived and remembered him. The famous chronicle of his prowess written by the anonymous 'Loyal Serviteur' (now seemingly identified as one Jacques de Mailles*) was well known to Brantôme, who is perhaps one of the first to refer to it. Pierre Terrail (not Du Terrail), Seigneur de Bayart, fell, mortally wounded by a stone from an arquebus, on the retreat from Italy in 1524. His famous 'last words' addressed to the Constable de Bourbon, when

* 'Histoire de Bayart, par le loyal serviteur,' ed. M. J. Roman (French Historical Society), 1878; and see Du Bellay, 'Mémoires,' fol. 1872, p. 58, from which authority one or two of the duelling stories are derived.

the latter came up with his victorious forces and found the hero dying alone under a tree, are recorded, not by the 'Serviteur,' but by Martin Du Bellay. 'No need that you should pity me,' he said, 'but rather that I should pity you, perjured traitor to your King and your country.'

This serious attitude towards your 'cause' and general conduct was not common amongst Brantôme's contemporaries. They might be disposed to imitate Bayart's courtesy in not pushing a victory to extremities on the grounds more than once urged by Brantôme. It was just as well to be *bien considéré* in these matters. If your antagonist were killed, you might stretch a point and let him be buried. The relations liked it. If he were so securely maimed—*estropié*—that there was no danger of his giving serious trouble in future, you might spare his life without even giving him a few gratuitous stabs about the face and nose—such is the hideous suggestion!—as a memento of the contest. But if he was ever likely to dispute the fact that you had had him at your mercy, or if he was an obstinate braggart who could not realise it, why, in such case it was better to finish him off then and there. On the other hand, one should not attempt to exact too humiliating a form of words from an honourable adversary. 'Demande-moi ta vie, ou je t'achèveray.' Fitz-James's,

'Now yield thee, or by Him who made

This world, thy heart-blood dyes my blade,'

might only provoke the spirited reply given by Roderick Dhu, and many a gentleman of his time, which might involve the mere needless destruction of a brave warrior. One of the innumerable unsettled questions thrown at us by Brantôme was whether one of a man's backers could, just to save his life, surrender for—a pig-headed principal. There were cases, of course, pointing this way and that; but of one thing he seems convinced, that it was nonsense to suppose a man was disgraced by accepting his life at an antagonist's hands, or, for that matter, by defeat in fair combat. Nor was there anything shameful in apologising when you were in the wrong, though that should be done in no grovelling terms and with a hand upon your sword. Brantôme himself thinks it a pity that

people should separate without fighting, when everyone had come to see a duel. As to surrendering, there were haughty spirits who could never bring themselves to admit in so many words what was palpably obvious to a whole gallery of spectators. Others said, 'Il n'y a que de vivre.' Survival had its charms even with the chance of being killed in some local broil next week.

Another point, in any case, seems clear. At formal public contests the victorious champion was lord paramount of the arena. Fair ladies might weep and pray, the spectators might murmur or expostulate (though the strictest order was generally maintained by the heralds' cry of 'Gare le ban'), but he could do what he pleased. He might be generous. He might say, after disarming his enemy, 'Pick up your sword again. I'm not going to fight you so.' And if the other replied, 'It's no good, my dear fellow, I couldn't hold it; my hand is simply cut to bits,' he might (and, we are glad to learn, did sometimes) answer, 'Very well, then the combat is over'; or, 'I'm not going to massacre an old friend like you.' Courtesy might even go further, as in the case where the friend replied, 'Oh, well, do the whole thing while you're about it. For goodness' sake, smear a little blood on your arm, and wear it in a sling for a bit, so as to look as if I had wounded you, and were not quite such a duffer as I am'; and the conqueror 'didn't mind if he did.' One can imagine that such combatants, especially if the 'difference' were formally accommodated before some marshal or prince (as it were by an order from the Horse Guards), would afterwards be better friends than ever.

There was no rule in these complex matters but discretion, and then discretion, and then more discretion. The veteran Matas, for example, fought some braggart boy in the woods of Vincennes, disarmed him by a turn of the wrist, and merely observing, 'You had better learn how to hold your sword before you fight again with a man like myself,' walked away. But the young man, in a frenzy of conceited passion, ran after Matas and stabbed him in the back. This, again, was not a chivalrous return, but it had to be reckoned with. In the first place, it was much wiser not to fight, for the mere pleasure of the thing, in woods or other such 'dark' places, where, if you did any deeds of prowess, no one would ever know

of them, and where, moreover, irregular or unorthodox practices might be resorted to, as in this particular case. A duel should not be a 'hole and corner affair.' Even if it were in public there was a certain danger (varying of course with the nature of the place) that the friends of the worsted party might jump over the barriers and attack his opponent—a thing not absolutely unknown in the rougher of our modern sports. Generally speaking, it would be a mistake to suppose that a second was much safer than is an unpopular football referee in the mining districts. A victorious champion, with a few minutes on his hands, might devote them to polishing off the 'parrains' of the defeated party, if his own seemed unequal to the task. Indeed, if he failed to do so, he showed an imprudence which might cost him his life.

In fact, to return, as Brantôme is for ever returning, to the great case of 'feu mon dict oncle,' it was partly through fear of the 'gallery,' which included many comrades of the unlucky Chastaigneraye, that Jarnac ('le Tartufe du champ clos,' as the modern duellist-editor, M. Henri de Pène, calls him) was deterred from actually finishing off his antagonist. Until he had executed the dastardly *coup de jarret*, his policy was to avoid close quarters; and when he had done it the mangled Chastaigneraye (so runs the ghastly tale) kept crying 'Tuez-moy! tuez-moy!' and, in fact, declined to accept his life or to have his wounds tended. The King, indeed, threw down his *bâton*, but, as Brantôme laments, too late. It was a triumph of *Tartufisme* over a somewhat Quixotic generosity—of which more anon. Two minor points may meanwhile be noted: first, that the presiding king or prince could, in spite of what has been said above, stop a contest, at any rate in cases where the combatants were obviously trifling with one another, or where, on other grounds, a satisfactory result seemed impossible; second, that this particular duel had been forbidden by Francis the Second, and so only came on, like a long-delayed suit, in the first year of his successor's reign. Whereby hangs, as readers will see, the whole philosophy of the *Deffense* or 'special prohibition' of the single combat, which may be briefly summarised as follows. Within the dominions and during the lifetime of any effective and recognised authority—king, prince, or general—his prohibition was a valid

answer to a challenge; though it would appear that few gentlemen availed themselves of the plea.

The pure old-world joy of fighting for its own sake (apart from family feuds and the personal interest in assassination) was certainly not extinct. How refreshing is the story of the noble lord at Naples (where Brantôme picked it up) who, having demolished his opponent, was leaving the ground when one of the 'appellants' (or seconds) muttered a word of indignation. Angered at the death of his champion, he feared some might reproach him that he had let it pass unavenged. 'Oh, if that's all,' answered the victor quietly, 'most happy, I'm sure' (*Ne tient-il qu'à cela? Vrayement je le veux*), and polished him off too. Then came up the third—who was quite as brave as the others—with, 'A fine victory truly, and but that you are spent with two conquests I would try to divide the honours with you; but as you are tired I challenge you for to-morrow.' 'Tired,' quoth the Neapolitan, 'not a bit of it . . . much rather fight now whilst I'm warm' (*pourquoy passons-en nos fantaisies, sans remettre à demain*); and a few minutes later resumed his way home safe and sound, leaving materials for a goodly funeral behind him.

Of the same flavour is the tale of the young Gascon who fought *two at once*, and when friends enquired into the method of such madness, only replied, 'Eh! Mort Dieu! Je me voulais faire mettre dans les chroniques.' Who can wonder at the interest attaching to 'the French Memoir' when such was the competition for a place in its pages!

And for the 'first-class fighting man' of the sixteenth century, what far greater variety of entertainment was provided than in our own days! 'Tis true there were limits. The 'harpoon and the Maxim gun'—to use a modern figure—might be barred as '*armes non usitées*.' The 'pistolet,' the 'arblast' and the 'arquebus' were in fact excluded by certain '*docteurs duellistes*,' on the ground that a combat should be decided by personal bravery, and not by the particular arms employed—an objection rather unreasonably scouted by Brantôme. But he discovers, no doubt rightly, a more obvious reason in the danger to the judges, seconds and spectators. Even without these more elaborate weapons, excellent enter-

tainment could be provided. A 'very pretty duel,' as Sir Lucius O'Trigger might have called it, could be got up with two combatants on horseback, each with a sword, a lance and (like Joab when he went to attend to Absalom) 'three darts in his hand.' But a Gascon warrior, having challenged an Italian, did insist, we are told, on fighting with an arblast, and carried his point. For when the antagonist objected that the weapon was not commonly used, he replied, 'Fiddlepin's end! nothing more so in our country!' Which was true enough; and, as Brantôme tells us, he had got two or three shots into the Italian before the wretched man had got his instrument strung! Some judges, again, would exclude the '*espée hasterde*'—a short and heavy sword. Others recognised it as commonly used by the Swiss.

A more curious variety of weapon (calculated to surprise an opponent and entertain the 'gallery') was the '*espée vitrine*'—a sword not made of glass, but of so brittle a temper that, unless you had been specially trained to use it, the thing flew to pieces in your hand at the first encounter. It was safer to insist on fighting with an ordinary sword of some well-known make. Though even then you should not 'draw' when hundreds of yards away from your adversary, for this did not look well. The prettier style was to whisk out your trusty blade at some twenty paces distance, and (if you knew how) send the sheath flying through the air. This was what Millaud did, in the contest above mentioned, to the admiration of beholders.

It will seem a thousand pities to many readers that Brantôme has no scientific interest in the numerous combats he describes. He tells us a good many miscellaneous details about weapons and armour, the laws of 'Honour'—of which a word presently—and the technicalities of the duel of his time. But he hardly says anything (though he mentions Tappe, Patenostrier, Jacques Ferron, D'Aymard and other fencing-masters of the time) of the particular skill by which the different victories were gained. It was recognised that a blade could be 'sword and shield' though it was hardly adequate as defensive armour. But of particular parries, 'coups' and 'bottes,' we hear nothing—merely general assurances of the peculiar strength or unrivalled courage of successful or defeated

champions. The science of fencing had, of course, not been fully elaborated. Besides, Brantôme's memory is sufficiently taxed to recall the mere names of the gentlemen killed in his time without rehearsing the details of each particular conflict. Here are no glowing lifelike pictures of sword play such as adorn the immortal 'Trois Mousquetaires' or Whyte Melville's 'Cerise.' Yet if there were not some masterly fencers about, one would like to know how it was—for example—that 'Count Claudio' polished off so adroitly the *four* soldiers whom he would not allow to fight each other in a sheep pen! Surely the Count must have 'kept the wrist going like a windmill?' Surely it must have been a case of 'Bah! one, two, a simple disengagement you would say, and I saw six inches of (somebody's) blade through (someone else's) back'? A common soldier, by the same token, could, after two years' creditable service, challenge and fight a superior officer, and even his own captain, provided he first quitted the company; and ranks and dignities generally could be waived at discretion by pugnacious or condescending grandees. Brantôme's interest in the matter is, as has been said, simply a social or 'sensational' one, which, however, makes his little book all the more valuable as a study of life and character.

Among the abstruser technical questions by which, as we have seen, he is perpetually finding himself mildly puzzled, is that of the justice—the religious sanction—of the whole duelling system, and the 'secrets de Dieu,' as he calls them, so obscurely revealed in its results. The fascinating simplicity of the 'Wager by Battle' (an institution of immemorial antiquity, and only abolished from our own law in the nineteenth century) was not all that mediæval fancy had painted it.

When Count Robert of Artois (Brantôme cites the story from Paulus Æmylius) brought into court some title-deeds concerning his right to Flanders, which everyone knew to be forged, the King (Philip of Valois) felt bound to expostulate with him 'en amy et parent.' It was really too much, he suggested, in fact discreditable, for a relative of the King to produce such documents. 'Forged!' said Count Robert without a blush—not a bit; on the contrary they were as genuine as possible (*très bons*), and he would fight the King himself on the point,

and 'lui maintiendrait leur vérité.' On which his Majesty retired hurt and indignant, you may guess, says Brantôme, that the Count was so little troubled about the justice of his quarrels. 'He was tolerably convinced that God would do much the same for him whether he were wrong or right.' Not every one was equally hardy. Thus we read of one warrior who, on entering the arena, was seized with qualms of conscience and ran away. 'Ha! coward, thou fliest!' cried his antagonist in the usual melodramatic form. 'You lie,' said the fugitive, turning suddenly upon him. 'Now I've got a good cause. Come on!'

Personal bravery, indeed personal skill (of the bravo type), reigned so supreme, that the hankering after religious approval or assistance strikes one at first sight as the merest cant. But Brantôme regrets with sincere bitterness the over-confidence of 'feu mon dict oncle' on the occasion we wot of. He despised his enemy too frankly; and it was absurd, reiterates the author, to trust too much in your own strong arm—at any rate, if you could, by any judicious hedging, get other support as well. For while Chastaigneraye erred in this direction, neglecting altogether to implore the help of Heaven, not even attending church on the day of the contest, the unscrupulous Jarnac, on the other hand, 'ne faisoit autre chose que hanter les églises,' engaged every monastery and convent in the place to pray for him, and attended mass himself most devoutly on the morning of the duel. Could one wonder at the result? Not that he continued these practices afterwards. On the contrary,

'Passato il ponte, gabbato il santo'

(over the bridge one laughs at the saint), and so did Jarnac after the battle, 'car il se fit Huguenot très ferme!'

If the *espée* in judicious hands made a legal title to real property, it was equally valid evidence of moral character, which was otherwise presumed on the slightest grounds to be bad. When a man, guilty of hideous crime, slaughtered his accuser with apparent ease, that was one of the unfathomable *secrets de Dieu*. In a story much resembling Browning's 'Count Gismond,' a certain Goutran traduces the character of a fair countess. Without any trial she is forthwith accounted *criminelle*, placed on a

scaffold and told to prepare for the worst. In vain the unfortunate lady goes round to her relatives, begging each of them in turn—*piteusement*—to take up her cause. All express themselves convinced of her innocence, *désolés* in fact, *but*—Goutran, like Robert of Artois, was a man of his hands, and none might stand against him. 'Mauvais et poltrons parens estoient,' says Brantôme, a little harshly one thinks. But, in fact, the world of his day was no place for non-combatants.

It need not be inferred that Brantôme had any romantic conception of the honour of women. The question reduced itself, like all others, to a cut-and-dried formula. Every man, he tells us, was bound to defend the character of the fair sex, whatever he might happen to think or know about it; for, after all, 'however bad she may be,' a woman does like to be thought honest and respectable. Manners, in fact, and appearances were practically everything: and one of the best things in Brantôme's book is his sketch of one or two 'persons of quality' like Busy and the Duc de Guise ('the one recently murdered'), taciturn, contemptuous and *haut en main*, past-masters of the 'grand manner' so useful for putting down common people, prototypes of all the Strathmores and Guy Livingstones known to romantic fiction, who could yet unbend now and then so far as to throw 'a silver candlestick' at your head or even run you through the body.

As to male honour, it is enough to read of the career of the author's particular friend, Baron Vitaux, and the long tale of treacherous murders connected with the name of this eminently successful duellist. 'It was said,' says Brantôme—what will not censorious people say?—'that he killed his men unfairly.' When such a man, the most indefatigable and remorseless of sleuth-hounds in the matter of revenge, as we are assured, could be represented as a shining light of chivalry in Germany, Spain, England, and Italy, and the 'paragon of France,' it is not surprising to learn that a few douce and timid gentlemen here and there took refuge from such a society where alone refuge could be found—in the bosom of Mother Church.

Art. VII.—THE SOUTH POLE.

1. *The Scientific Advantages of an Antarctic Expedition.* By Dr John Murray, the Duke of Argyll, Sir J. D. Hooker, Dr G. Neumayer and others. 'Proceedings of the Royal Society,' vol. lxii, 1898.
 2. *Plan und Aufgaben der Deutschen Südpolar-Expedition.* By Erich von Drygalski. Verhandlungen der Gesellschaft für Erdkunde, Berlin, bd. xxvi, 1899.
 3. *First on the Antarctic Continent.* By C. E. Borchgrevink. London: Newnes, 1901.
 4. *Relation sommaire du voyage de la Belgica.* Par Adrien de Gerlache. Bulletin de la Société Royale Belge de Géographie, tom. xxiv. Brussels, 1900.
 5. *Auf zum Südpol.* Von Dr Georg von Neumayer. Berlin, 1900.
 6. *The Antarctic Manual.* Edited by Dr George Murray. Royal Geographical Society. London, 1901.
- And other works.

DURING the past twenty years scientific men in this country and in Germany have been advocating a renewal of exploration within the Antarctic regions in steam-vessels fitted with all the instruments of modern research. The demand has at last been successful. Two expeditions, well equipped for such an exploration, set sail from Europe in August last: one a British expedition in the ship *Discovery*, under Commander Robert Scott, R.N., the other a German expedition in the ship *Gauss*, under the direction of Professor Erich von Drygalski. The departure of these important expeditions calls for a brief sketch of the progress of Antarctic exploration in the past, for a statement concerning the present condition of scientific knowledge regarding the South Polar regions, and for some details respecting the bold attempt now to be made to lift the veil of ignorance hanging over the most inhospitable and forbidding area on the surface of our planet.

The end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries were the golden age of geographical discovery. Until that time, men's knowledge of the world had been limited to a small part of the northern hemisphere; but within the space of about thirty years Vasco

da Gama had sailed round the Cape to India, and Portuguese pilots had mapped out the Indian and Chinese seas as far south and east as New Guinea; Columbus had discovered America; and one of Magellan's ships had circumnavigated the globe. These voyages, together with less celebrated feats within the same period, doubled the sum of human knowledge of the earth's surface and added a hemisphere to the chart of the world.

On the map of Leonardo da Vinci, which appeared about 1514, a large island is represented, mostly to the south of the equator, bearing the name America. A knowledge of this new world—this fourth part unknown to the ancients—with its wild and cannibal inhabitants, was first spread abroad in Europe through the letters of Vespucci. It was at once recognised that these lands in the south were quite different from the shores of Asia which Columbus was believed to have reached a few years previously. They were identified with the 'Antichthon' of ancient and mediæval philosophers, while the inhabitants were identified with the 'Antipodes' of the south—souls which had participated neither in the sin of Adam nor the redemption of Christ, the belief in whose existence had been condemned as a heresy by the fathers of the Church. Such discoveries and conjectures did much to fire the imagination and to bring about the intellectual and moral changes characteristic of the Renaissance, as well as to give a powerful impulse to geographical exploration south of the equator.

Long after it had been shown that the northern continental masses were cut off from land to the southward, the belief in a great southern continent persisted. This belief played a large part in geographical explorations and speculations. Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, South Georgia, the New Hebrides, were each in turn believed to be portions of the southern continent, which was represented by some geographers of the eighteenth century to be greater in extent than Asia, while the number of its inhabitants was estimated at fifty millions. Queiros, who at the beginning of the seventeenth century carried out explorations in the Southern Pacific, became the hero and apostle of this great southern continent: he pictured in glowing terms its richness and beauty, and even formed projects for its colonisation. An ardent champion of the

views of Queiros was Dalrymple, who was Hydrographer to the Admiralty when the celebrated voyages of James Cook began. He was designated, at the outset, as the leader of the first expedition to the Pacific; but, as he did not belong to the Royal Navy, trouble with the regular officers was feared, and he was replaced by Cook. He became the life-long opponent of Cook; and the bitter controversies which were carried on between Dalrymple and Cook's friends are among the most curious and interesting in geographical literature.

During his first voyage Cook proved that New Zealand was an island, and that no continent was situated in the South Pacific north of the fortieth parallel. The Fellows of the Royal Society, wishing to have this question of a southern continent settled once for all, induced the Government to send Cook on another expedition to the South Seas. Cook's second voyage commenced in the year 1772; and in its course he explored the whole southern ocean in such a manner as to leave no room for doubt that, if a continent did exist, it must be situated within the Antarctic Circle and is covered with eternal ice and snow.

There was no disputing the conclusions of this hardy and persevering navigator: henceforth the great southern continent disappeared from charts and from geographical controversy. It was, however, replaced by an Antarctic continent, parts of which Cook believed he might have seen, and in the existence of which he expressed a firm belief:—

'But,' he added, 'I can be bold enough to say that no man will venture further than I have done, and that the lands which lie to the south will never be explored.'

Cook's unfavourable report concerning the physical conditions prevailing in the neighbourhood of the South Pole effectually prevented further exploration in this direction for the next forty years. But in 1819 the English sailor Smith discovered the South Shetlands; and in 1820 the Russian Bellingshausen discovered Alexander Land. Both explorers reported great numbers of whales, fur-seals, and penguins to the south of Cape Horn. Almost immediately a brisk and profitable whale and fur-seal fishery sprang up among British and American sailors, who through their many voyages extended our knowledge

of Antarctic lands and seas. In 1823 Weddell reached a latitude of 74° South. Between 1831 and 1839, Biscoe discovered Enderby Land, Kemp discovered Kemp Land, and Balleny discovered the Balleny Islands.

A new and important direction was given to Antarctic exploration in the year 1838 through the publications of the great German mathematician, Gauss, concerning terrestrial magnetism. He showed theoretically how, from observations at a few well-distributed points, the magnetic force and the deviation of the compass from the true north could be calculated for the whole surface of the earth. The observations required for this calculation had been made for the northern hemisphere, where, indeed, the position of the magnetic pole had already been determined, but they were altogether wanting in high southern latitudes. Here, then, was a practical problem which at once appealed to the great commercial nations. Seamen must have magnetic charts in order to steer their ships aright: they must know the laws of magnetic action to be able properly to estimate the trustworthiness of their compasses. Three important expeditions were accordingly despatched about the same time to make magnetic observations in high southern latitudes: one French, under Dumont d'Urville, who discovered Louis Philippe Land, Joinville Land, and Adelie Land; one American, under Wilkes, who discovered Palmer Land and Wilkes Land, the latter of which he regarded as part of a great continent; and one British, under James Clark Ross.

In the years 1841 and 1842 Ross boldly worked his two sailing ships through the ice-pack and discovered Victoria Land, to the east of which, in both seasons, he found an open and navigable sea. He followed the mountainous coasts of the new land for five hundred miles to the south, where they terminated in Mounts Erebus and Terror, the former of which was vomiting forth flame and lava from a height of twelve thousand feet. He then sailed for three hundred miles to the eastward along the perpendicular face of an ice-barrier which rose from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet above sea level. He landed on two volcanic islands devoid of vegetation, and sailed within one hundred and sixty miles of the south magnetic pole; he had previously planted the flag of his country on the north magnetic pole. Not only did he

successfully carry out his magnetic survey, but he sounded and dredged in deep water, he studied the temperature of the ocean, and, with the assistance of Dr (now Sir Joseph) Hooker, he investigated the marine fauna and flora of the Antarctic. Till within a few years ago, his observations supplied the most trustworthy information concerning the South Polar regions; and he described in a vivid manner all the anxieties, dangers, sufferings, and joys which the explorer experiences in those magnificent realms of snow, ice, and volcanic fire, where hailstorms, fogs, and gales alternate with brilliant sunshine.

The time had at length arrived in the history of civilised nations when costly expeditions could be sent forth in search of knowledge for its own sake, without direct reference to any commercial or other material advantage. Such was the Challenger expedition which sailed from England in the year 1872. During her exploration of the great ocean basins, the Challenger made a short excursion to the south, and was the first steamship to cross the Antarctic Circle. As she was wholly unprotected, she could not penetrate the ice-pack, nor did she discover any new lands; but her accurate magnetic and meteorologic observations, her deep-sea soundings, her investigation of surface and deep-sea organisms, her observations on specific gravity and deep-water temperature threw a flood of light on Antarctic problems. Just as Cook's second expedition was brought about by the theories of Queiros and Dalrymple regarding a great southern continent; just as the expeditions of d'Urville, Wilkes and Ross were brought about by the researches of Gauss in terrestrial magnetism; so do the Antarctic expeditions of the last few years, the two expeditions that have just sailed, and those still contemplated from Scotland and Sweden, all owe their origin to the Challenger investigations and the advocacy of its naval and civilian staff—Nares, Tizard, Wyville-Thomson, Murray and Buchanan. It should not, however, be forgotten that Professor Georg von Neumayer, who founded the Magnetic Observatory at Melbourne, has long advocated a renewal of Antarctic exploration.

The Antarctic discoveries during the past six or seven years, have not been unimportant. While engaged in an unsuccessful search for whalebone-whales, Larsen, in 1892,

landed on Seymour Island, and picked up some tertiary fossils. The following year he steamed down the eastern side of Graham Land as far as 68° South, when high land was seen to the east and south, and an active volcano was discovered. In 1894 Kristensen steamed through the ice in the track of Ross with the whaler *Antarctic*, and effected the first landing on the Antarctic continent at Cape Adare. In 1898 the German deep-sea expedition carried out a splendid series of soundings from the Cape to Bouvet Island, thence along the pack-ice towards Enderby Land, and northward to Kerguelen, discovering a very deep ocean. In 1898 the small but well-equipped *Belgica* expedition made careful explorations on the west coast of Graham Land, and then, steaming south towards Alexander Land, became fixed in the pack-ice south of the seventieth parallel of latitude. The *Belgica* was thus the first ship to pass a winter within the Antarctic Circle. In 1899 Borchgrevink, who had been with Kristensen in 1894, again made his way to Victoria Land in the *Southern Cross*, and anchored in Robertson Bay off Cape Adare; this was the first time a ship had anchored within the Antarctic Circle. Borchgrevink and nine companions landed with houses, stores, sledges, and dogs at Cape Adare, where, for the first time in history, a winter was passed on the Antarctic continent. The *Southern Cross* meanwhile returned to Australia. She again reached Cape Adare the following season, and after embarking the whole party, explored the eastern coast of Victoria Land as far south as Mount Terror. The ice-barrier was then followed for three hundred miles to the eastward; and Borchgrevink was able to land at a point in east longitude $195^{\circ} 50'$, where a break was observed in the barrier with low ice. With two of his ship's company, dogs, and sledges, he travelled over the surface of the barrier to latitude $78^{\circ} 50'$ South, the most southerly point yet reached by man.

In passing to a consideration of the problems which await solution from systematic observations within the Antarctic Circle, it may be pointed out that all general conceptions concerning the distribution of terrestrial phenomena, and all attempts at constructing the past history of our planet, must remain more or less unsatis-

factory till we have a fuller knowledge of the phenomena surrounding the South Pole. In physical geography it is essential to know the form and nature of the relief of the earth's crust, for these very largely influence the distribution of all other natural phenomena. In temperate and tropical regions, we are slowly gaining an accurate idea of submarine topography from deep-sea soundings which are necessary for cable purposes; but cables are not likely to be required across the Antarctic Ocean. At the Berlin Geographical Congress Sir John Murray stated that, were science, national and international, properly organised, then the first task of Antarctic expeditions would be to sound the great Southern and Antarctic Oceans in all accessible areas, so that their depths and the position of the Antarctic lands might be laid down, and the best line of attack on the unknown regions be indicated.

We know that a very deep ocean runs round the world at about the 60th degree of south latitude. To the south of the Cape, the Valdivia obtained depths exceeding three geographical miles (3134 fathoms); and further to the west Ross paid out 4000 fathoms of line without reaching bottom. To the south of Kerguelen, the Challenger recorded depths of one geographical mile and a half close to the Antarctic Circle, and depths of nearly three geographical miles to the south of Australia. The open sea to the east of Victoria Land lies over a submarine projection of the Antarctic continent, Ross's soundings showing the average depth to be less than 500 fathoms. Wilkes obtained a few shallow soundings along the shores of Wilkes Land. The Belgica drifted through 20 degrees of longitude over a continental shelf to the north of Alexander Land, where the depths were sometimes only 75 fathoms; but, a little to the northward, this submarine plateau plunged rapidly to the much greater depths of the Southern Pacific Ocean, just as is the case off many other continental coasts.

The large glaciated blocks and other rock-fragments which the Challenger and afterwards the Valdivia dredged from the floor of the Antarctic Ocean consist of gneisses, granites, mica schists, quartziferous diorites, grained quartzites, sandstones, limestones, and shales; these clearly indicate that the Antarctic ice moves over ancient

continental land situated somewhere within the Antarctic Circle. Again d'Urville found gneiss and granite at Adelie Land; near the same place Wilkes met with blocks of red sandstone; Dr Donald brought pebbles of radiolarian chert from Joinville Land; Bernacchi has described stratified rocks with a slaty structure and graphitic layers at Robertson Bay. Observers on the Belgica collected granite, serpentine, and unfossiliferous slates in Dauco Land; while fossil coniferous wood and fossil marine shells, which indicate a warmer climate, were picked up by Larsen on Seymour Island.

There is thus abundant evidence of a wide extent of continental land within the ice-bound regions of the Antarctic Circle. Only a very indefinite estimate of its extent can be made, but it is almost certain that the mountain ranges, varying from 3000 to 15,000 feet in height, in Victoria Land, Wilkes Land, Graham Land, and Alexander Land, all rise from the same continental plateau, which is flanked on one of its sides by volcanoes and great lava streams, in such a way as to suggest the continuation within the Antarctic of that great 'circle of fire' surrounding everywhere the vast basin of the Pacific Ocean.

At the South Pole, then, there is a continent completely cut off from the more northerly land masses by an ocean in which the soundings indicate that the shallowest water exceeds two geographical miles in depth. At the North Pole there is a deep sea almost completely cut off from the great oceans by a ring of continental land, the Arctic Sea being separated from the Pacific by a submarine barrier on which the depths are less than 100 fathoms, and from the Atlantic by a similar submarine barrier on which the depths are less than 400 fathoms. This contrast in the distribution of land and water towards the two polar regions helps to explain the distribution of many other terrestrial and oceanic phenomena within the two hemispheres.

Over the circumpolar ocean, to the north of the Antarctic Circle, there is a remarkably low atmospheric pressure at all seasons of the year. Into this area the north-westerly winds continually blow. The mean barometric pressure of this circumpolar region is apparently less than 29 inches, which is much lower than at similar latitudes in the northern hemisphere. It was at

one time supposed that this low barometric pressure continued right to the South Pole, but Buchan's discussion of the Challenger and other meteorologic observations gave excellent reasons for concluding that a great anticyclone rests permanently on the ice-covered Antarctic continent, and that cold dry winds blow from the South Pole to the north at all times of the year.

This view has been confirmed by the recent observations for two complete years. At the position where the Belgica was fixed in the pack-ice, the winds were in summer from the south and east; in the winter from the north and west. This indicates that the ship was not far from the southern edge of the great barometric depression, and also that in winter the centre of the Antarctic anticyclone shifts towards the Indian Ocean, in which direction the largest extent of continental land is probably situated. At Cape Adare the prevailing winds were from the south-east. For more than a quarter of the time spent at this station these south-east winds blew with a velocity of forty miles an hour; on two occasions the velocity was over ninety miles an hour. Nothing more appalling than these frightful winds with their tons of snow-drift can be imagined. In the northern hemisphere there is no circumpolar area of low barometric pressure, and no permanent anticyclone over the North Pole. The great northern land masses extending into temperate and tropical latitudes produce a much more complicated system, through being heated by solar radiation in summer and cooled by terrestrial radiation in winter.

It has long been known that in the southern hemisphere the summer temperature is very much lower, and the winter temperature much less severe, than in corresponding latitudes of the northern hemisphere. In the south the lines showing the mean temperature of the air and sea-water take a nearly concentric and parallel arrangement around the South Pole. In the north these lines show very marked deflections in a north and south direction under the combined influence of the great continents and great ocean currents like the Gulf Stream. The extremely favourable thermal conditions in the southern hemisphere are a consequence of the wide extent of open ocean, especially in latitudes 50° to 55° South. The recent winter observations within the Ant-

arctic Circle, which have excited so much scientific interest, show, however, that these favourable conditions are lost as we approach the South Pole.

At the Belgica position the mean temperature for the year was $14^{\circ}\cdot7$ Fahr.: the mean for the coldest month (August) was $-11^{\circ}\cdot7$; the mean for the warmest month (February) was $30^{\circ}\cdot2$, therefore nearly two degrees below the freezing-point. The observations at Cape Adare show similar results, but the mean temperature for the year was only $7^{\circ}\cdot05$. The maximum temperature recorded here was $48^{\circ}\cdot9$ in January, during a strong gale from the south-east, and the minimum temperature was $-43^{\circ}\cdot1$ in August, during perfectly calm and clear weather. The intense effect of solar radiation is indicated by the fact that a temperature above 80° was frequently recorded at Cape Adare by the black-bulb thermometer *in vacuo*, while at the same time the temperature in the shade remained several degrees below the freezing-point. The lowest temperature ever experienced by human beings, namely, -89° Fahr., was registered at a place in Central Siberia, just to the north of the Arctic Circle. Taken with the relatively high temperature in summer at the same place, this gives the greatest annual range of temperature known on the face of the earth. Nevertheless, it may fairly be expected that, owing to the very slight rise of temperature during the Antarctic summer, the absolutely lowest yearly temperature—the absolute pole of cold on the face of the earth—will be found on the Antarctic continent.

The winter temperature of the ocean water at Cape Adare was constant at about $27^{\circ}\cdot8$, while in December, January and February it rarely rose above the freezing-point, which agrees with previous observations in polar regions. The whole range of temperature met with in polar oceans is at most from $27^{\circ}\cdot8$ to 35° or 36° Fahr., so that small differences are of relatively great importance, for it is by these that the course of oceanic circulation can best be traced. The common distribution of temperature in the Antarctic Ocean is a thick warm layer between a cold layer at the surface and a cold layer at the bottom. This warm intermediate layer has not been traced southward to its disappearance, nor has the cold bottom layer been traced northward to ascertain its connection with the cold water which the Challenger found, so far north as the

equator, at the bottom of the ocean off the Brazilian coasts of South America, where the temperature was $32^{\circ}\cdot5$. Off the River Plate the Challenger again found this cold water at the bottom; but, at a depth of about 1600 fathoms near the coast, and 2200 fathoms far out at sea, there was a steep temperature gradient between 35° and 33° , which indicates a renewal of water, and therefore a current at very great depths. The density of the cold bottom water was found to be very high. By tracing this cold bottom water to its origin at the surface of the Antarctic Ocean, much insight might be gained into the causes of oceanic circulation in general. Unfortunately, the Valdivia's temperature observations are not sufficiently near enough to each other to show the position of the temperature gradient to the south of the Cape.

Ice is the most important feature of polar oceans. In the northern hemisphere, with the exception of Greenland, there are no gathering grounds for glaciers comparable in extent with those of the Antarctic continent. Consequently no great tabular icebergs like those of the Antarctic are to be found in the North Polar area. The Arctic Ocean being almost completely surrounded by land, there is but a very limited outlet for ice-floes to the south, so that the pack-ice becomes much heavier and more compact than within the Antarctic Circle, where, owing to the surrounding ocean, it is easily carried northward by winds. On the other hand, large icebergs and hard fragments of land-ice are more numerous in the southern pack than in the Arctic, where soft, plastic, yielding sea-ice is the rule.

The more ice is studied, the more there seems to be learned about it. It is often forgotten, especially by geographical writers, that ordinary sea-water freezes at about 28° or 29° Fahr.—the salter the water the lower the freezing-point; that the maximum-density point of sea-water is below its freezing-point, not above it, as is the case with fresh water; and, further, that pure ice-crystals melt in sea-water at the temperature at which the sea-water in which they are immersed begins to freeze, i.e. at a temperature much below 32° Fahr. or 0° C. In freezing, sea-water separates into pure ice-crystals and brine, which in part adheres to them; the process of freezing, like that of evaporation, leaves the sea-water salter than before.

When sea-ice has acquired a certain thickness, the formation of ice at the lower surface takes place very slowly, and the ice last formed is much freer from salt than that first formed, while most of the salt disseminates itself in the surrounding sea: from this it follows that every lump of ice in the pack has a different composition. Weyprecht, Nordenskiöld and others tell us that even at a temperature of -40° there is liquid brine in the surface layers of sea-ice. At this low temperature, on walking over such ice, every footstep is impressed on the white surface, which looks like snow in a state of thaw.

From these considerations it is evident that a careful study of the mutual interaction of ice, salt and water is necessary for a right understanding of the distribution of salinity, density and temperature in the Antarctic Ocean, and a just appreciation of their effect on general oceanic circulation. Cook held that the flat-topped icebergs could not be formed at sea away from the support of land. This view was not accepted by his companions, the two Forsters; they did not think the presence of land was necessary to explain their formation; and, in support of this opinion, J. G. Forster cited the celebrated experiments of Nairne on the freezing of sea-water, published in the *Philosophical Transactions* in 1776. The writers of the article on 'Ice Observations' in the '*Antarctic Manual*', regard this question as still open, but most scientific men and polar navigators regard the question as definitely settled against the 'floe theory' of Antarctic icebergs, i.e. against the Forsters' views.

Ice is an even more characteristic feature of Antarctic land than of the Antarctic Ocean. All explorers represent the land as being covered by a thick white mantle of snow and ice except on the face of bold and steep cliffs and on low points projecting into the sea, apparently swept by gales and oceanic currents. While minor details of the landscape are obliterated, the outlines of the mountain ranges stand forth in bold relief. At some places many peaks have been seen to rise, one behind the other, towards the interior. Some geologists compare these climatic conditions with the last phase of glaciation in the northern hemisphere; for there is abundant evidence of a more extensive glaciation throughout high southern latitudes in past times.

Only about seven or eight landings have been effected within the Antarctic Circle, one by d'Urville at Adelie Land, and the others by Ross, Kristensen and Borchgrevink on or in the neighbourhood of Victoria Land. The east coast of Victoria Land is the best known. The Admiralty and Prince Albert ranges of mountains run along the coast; and, although the seaward faces do not form a very extensive gathering ground, the glaciers which fill the valleys are pushed out to sea from one to thirty miles. Bernacchi believes that Wood's Bay, at the base of Mount Melbourne, is the only place in South Victoria Land where a ship could winter with perfect security; and he says that from near this place a party could reach the foot of Mount Terror—one hundred and seventy miles distant—in eight days by travelling along the ice-foot with dogs and sledges.

No feature of the Antarctic world has attracted so much attention and aroused so much interest and discussion among scientific men as the great ice-barrier discovered by Ross, running for three hundred miles eastwards from the base of the great volcanoes, Erebus and Terror, in latitude 78° South. This solid wall of ice, from one hundred to two hundred feet above the sea, probably rests on the sea floor, where the average depth is about one thousand four hundred feet. Ross saw no break in it. It has probably changed since his time, for Borchgrevink was able to land on the barrier and travel over its surface, which is represented as an immense white unbroken flat with a scarcely noticeable rise towards the south.

Bernacchi thinks that if the Southern Cross party had continued their journey for some fifty miles to the south they would have come to an open sea. This is most improbable. The balance of evidence is altogether in favour of the accepted view—that this ice-barrier is the seaward face of a great glacier or ice-sheet, descending from immense gathering grounds towards the interior of the continent, which is just in the condition to throw off the table-shaped icebergs some miles in length and about 1400 feet in thickness. This is not, however, the only place where these tabular bergs are shot forth into the Antarctic Ocean. Similar barriers have been seen at many other points. There is much to suggest that the rate of motion in Antarctic glaciers is very rapid. Arctowski says the thunder of falling ice is continuous on the rugged coasts of Graham

Land; Buchanan reports the same thing on Heard Island; and Borchgrevink and his captain nearly lost their lives through a glacier giving birth to an iceberg during their brief visit to a pebbly beach at the foot of Mount Terror. Drygalski found that some Greenland glaciers moved at the extraordinary rate of sixty feet in twenty-four hours, and that the rate was not affected by change of season. If, as he supposes, the rate of motion is due to the mass of the glacier, then there is little wonder that the supply of tabular icebergs is so abundant in the Antarctic.

Drygalski found that the inland ice forming the reservoir of Greenland glaciers had little or no appreciable motion, and he believes that the low temperature of the surface penetrates the bottom of the ice-field. In the moving glacier the temperature was found to rise rapidly from the surface downwards; and at the bottom, where rock and ice meet, the temperature, even at the coldest time of the year, is probably the ordinary temperature of melting ice. The heat necessary to produce this condition of things is believed to be derived from the friction of the grains of ice against each other during the motion of the glacier. These grains of ice are irregular in shape and of various sizes: they fit into each other like the pieces of a puzzle, and are said to be surrounded by slightly impure water in which they, as it were, float. At very low temperatures this water becomes a thin film of brine by the process to which we have just referred in speaking of the formation of salt-water ice. With rising temperatures the grains in a glacier begin to melt at the temperature at which they ceased to freeze, the surrounding brine becomes diluted, and the melting-point of the grains of ice is raised. The difference between land-ice and sea-ice is, as Buchanan says, one of degree and not of kind; sea-ice is mixed with much brine and flows easily; land-ice contains little brine and flows with difficulty. Motion in a glacier is due to the effect of fusion and regelation under conditions of very slight variations of pressure brought about by gravity.

The dazzling whiteness of the surface of a glacier is not so much caused by snow as by the disintegration of the compact blue glacier-ice into its constituent grains through the influence of solar radiation. On the other hand, the deep blue-green colour of caves and grottoes and

the heavenly blue of overturned bergs in the Antarctic pack is due to the presence of deep-seated layers of ice which have not yet been sunburnt. The gigantic icicles which Ross describes as hanging from the ice-barrier, the streams, seen by Buchanan, cascading down a large flat iceberg, and the two small lakes, with an issuing stream, noticed by Borchgrevink on the John Murray glacier, all point to much surface-melting under the insolation of the long polar day. Drygalski's views concerning glacier motion have not yet been universally accepted, but it is a matter of great satisfaction to the whole scientific world that an observer so experienced in glacier work has been appointed leader of the German Antarctic expedition.

The southern limit of terrestrial plants and animals is reached in Victoria Land. Five species of lichen, including the ordinary reindeer moss, have been collected at Cape Adare and at the foot of Mount Terror, even on rocks at a height of 3000 feet. Among the tufts of lichen three species of insects were captured. This is the total record of the Southern Cross expedition. The Belgian observers were not much more successful on the west coast of Graham Land. One single flowering plant (*Aria antarctica*)—a dwarf grass—was found among the tufts of moss which filled up cracks and moist corners, while grey, orange and yellow lichens clung to vertical rock faces. The mosses produce no fruit: they multiply by budding: the severe climate does not permit the reproductive organs to function. Hopping about among the mosses and lichens was a blue-black snow flea (*Podurella*). A dipterous fly (*Belgica antarctica*) was also found; it had only rudimentary wings, all individuals attempting flight being carried to sea by the gales and drowned! Lastly, two or three mites (*acarina*) led a precarious existence on the scanty vegetation. In little ponds of fresh-water a few microscopic infusorians, rotifers, water-bears and nematodes were observed, together with the diatoms and other minute algæ on which they feed. At one time these ponds are wholly frozen, at another wholly evaporated by the sun's rays; and, in consequence, all these organisms have the power of encysting so as to be able to live through long periods of dryness and congelation.

Many much larger animals are met with on the ice

and dry land, which cannot, however, be, properly speaking, called terrestrial. Penguins in vast numbers, and of several species, occupy in summer every available spot near the seashore; their eggs and flesh furnish fresh food to the explorer, while their skins, loaded with fat, supply him with fuel. Petrels, skuas, terns, gulls and sheath-bills are numerous; and some of the species nest as far south as Mount Terror. Four species of seals are more or less abundant on the pack-ice, while sea-lions and sea-elephants are met with further to the north. Troops of humpbacks, rorquals and other whales are to be constantly seen feeding in the holes and lanes of the southern ice-pack, especially where the submarine continental platform extends far seawards. Some of the species are definitely known, but of many our information is still defective. No whale similar in form and habits to the great Greenland "right" whale has been found, although expeditions have been sent south to search for it. The southern whalebone whale is a much smaller animal, and lives north of the ice-region.

It is well known that all animals are ultimately dependent for their food on plants, i.e. on organic substances elaborated in the presence of sunlight and chlorophyl. Where is the requisite natural laboratory of vegetable compounds in the Antarctic? Not on the land, but in the sea. At some places on the shore, well protected from the grinding ice, a few species of attached algæ have been discovered; but the real source of the food for whales, seals, birds, fishes and all other animals is found in the vast meadows of diatoms and other minute algæ floating near the surface of the sea: they flourish even under the pack-ice, through which some sunlight filters. The small herbivorous pelagic animals browse in these floating meadows; in turn they serve as food for the microscopic carnivora of the surface waters. The *dejecta* and dead bodies of these pelagic organisms then fall down through the waters of the ocean and form a rich pasture for the millions of animals which live on and crawl over the floor of the ocean. Recent expeditions have collected fish, starfish, molluscs, crustaceans, sponges, medusæ, bryozoans and gorgonids in the shallow waters of the Antarctic. Detailed descriptions of these collections, as well of those to be made by the new expeditions, are

awaited with the greatest interest by naturalists; for it has been alleged that many marine organisms from the Antarctic are identical with or most closely allied to species in Arctic seas, while they are wholly absent from the intervening tropical oceans. We are asked, in fact, to believe that the fauna and flora of the Arctic and Antarctic regions, although as far asunder as the poles, are more closely related to each other than to those of any intermediate region.

Geographical zoologists and botanists, geologists and paleontologists, are ever prone to put forth far-reaching generalisations. Some of these may be referred to. To account for the sub-tropical fossil flora of Greenland and Spitzbergen in the north, and for the fossils of Seymour Island, Kerguelen and Patagonia in the south, a nearly uniform warm climate is supposed to have prevailed over the whole earth in early tertiary times. When cooling commenced at the poles, many marine forms were killed out or forced to migrate to the deep sea. To explain the distribution of some living and fossil forms, a great southern continent is supposed to have existed in late geological ages, uniting Africa, South America, Australia and New Zealand with the Antarctic continent.

The last glacial period in the northern hemisphere is sometimes referred to cosmic agencies, sometimes to local telluric agencies, such as a deflection of the Gulf Stream. The period of glaciation is regarded by some as having been simultaneous in the two hemispheres: by others the periods of glaciation are held to have alternated in the north and south, the great oceans flooding at one time the northern and at another the southern hemisphere. If this be so, evidence of interglacial periods should be found in the Antarctic. The presence of glacial deposits in lower *Dyas* layers over wide areas is supposed to point to great glaciation in the southern hemisphere in later palæozoic ages, at which time, it is held, the South Pole was situated somewhere near the centre of the Indian Ocean. The absence of deposits of the same character and age in Arctic regions is held to confirm this supposed shifting of the earth's axis. In order to explain the circumpolar distribution of the northern carboniferous and southern *Dyas* (*Glossopteris*) floras, which are held to be independent of each other, and to have been developed from

different centres, an equatorial ocean is supposed to have run right round the whole globe between a great continent at the North Pole and another great continent at the South Pole. A study of the Antarctic rocks and the geological age of their faults, together with the possible discovery of limestones, coal and fossils, will, it is believed, have a very important bearing on these various theories.

The work of Ross, Moore, d'Urville and Wilkes enabled physicists to draw the curves of the magnetic elements with much greater accuracy than before. The magnetic pole, which is an area and not a point, is, however, constantly changing its position; and since Ross's time the science of magnetism has made great progress. A recent calculation from the latest data has proved most unsatisfactory. The Challenger observations have thrown doubt on the idea that the magnetic pole moves round the geographical pole. Deductions cannot be made from a few observations in a limited area: trustworthy observations must be carried right round the South Pole before results, adequate to the immense labour involved in the calculations, can be expected. It is these observations that the Gauss and the Discovery will endeavour to obtain; and it is expected that they will, in the near future, result in a supply of more correct magnetic charts for the navigator and lead to an advance in the physical theory of magnetism.

The distribution of magnetic action in the two polar regions is entirely different. In the south there are two foci of total intensity both situated on the same meridian to the south of the Australian continent. In this region magnetic storms and disturbances are more frequent than elsewhere. So also are the auroral displays, owing to the proximity of the magnetic pole. Borchgrevink observed these displays nearly every night in winter in all their beauty. They were much less frequent and intense in the locality where the Belgica wintered; and on the opposite side of the geographical pole they are rare phenomena, no display having been seen in the year 1882-83 in South Georgia or near Cape Horn. It is thought that careful observations on atmospheric electricity in the Antarctic region may show some connexion between the above-mentioned phenomena and electric action.

Not less important than a magnetic survey will be a gravitation survey in high southern latitudes, for no measurements of the gravitation-constant have as yet been made within the Antarctic Circle. Such a survey will, it is hoped, increase our knowledge concerning the figure of the earth, render more definite our views as to those physical and terrestrial constants depending on the radius of the earth, and show some connexion between gravity and terrestrial magnetism. In 1895, the Permanent International Geodetic Commission expressed its conviction that a gravitation survey within the Antarctic area would be of the greatest benefit for higher geodetic theory. It may, in short, be said that almost every natural science requires more observations within the Antarctic Circle as a necessary condition of further advance.

Within the past twenty years the British Government have several times been urged to renew exploration in the Antarctic regions by means of a naval expedition similar in character to the great expeditions of Cook, Ross, and the Challenger, of which all Englishmen are so justly proud. The reply on each occasion has been that, for urgent reasons of state, neither ships, officers, men, nor money could be spared for such a purely scientific undertaking. An appeal made by the Royal Geographical Society to the general public for funds to fit out a private expedition met with a very unsatisfactory response, till a subscription of 25,000*l.* was received from Mr W. L. Longstaff. The fact that early in the year 1899 the German Reichstag unanimously voted the money necessary for an Antarctic expedition appears to have produced a change of opinion in British official circles; for, in June of that year, Mr Balfour gave a favourable reception to a deputation from the Royal and Royal Geographical Societies, and promised Government assistance. A letter was soon after received by the Royal Society to the effect that a sum of 45,000*l.* would be granted, provided that an equal amount were forthcoming from other sources. To secure this grant, the Royal Geographical Society increased its subscription to 8000*l.* The available funds thus amounted to 90,000*l.*

No Government department undertook to direct the organisation of the expedition. This was left in the hands of the two learned societies, which were wholly without

experience in executive work of the kind. Various committees and sub-committees were formed, the component elements of which underwent continual change. Eventually a committee of four, consisting of the two presidents and another official from each society, had to be entrusted with full powers. In these circumstances it was no wonder that serious disagreements arose, and that the final arrangements were not altogether satisfactory to the scientific men of this country.

The Discovery is a very strong wooden ship, specially built for this voyage by a Dundee firm from the designs of Mr W. E. Smith, one of the naval constructors. She is about the size and type of the largest modern whaling vessels—178 feet in length, 34 feet in width, and 20 feet in depth, with a displacement of 1570 tons. She is barque-rigged, with auxiliary engines of 450 horse-power and a coal capacity of 240 tons. All the internal fittings have been arranged for work and comfort. Amidships is a magnetic observatory, within 30 feet of which all the fastenings are of brass, copper, or gun-metal, so as to ensure immunity from magnetic influence. The ship carries out dogs for sledging purposes, and has been carefully provisioned for three years. The outfit for the winter station and the supply of scientific instruments have received the direct attention of experts, so that in these respects the expedition is nearly all that could be desired. The vessel is commanded by Captain Robert Scott, a young and energetic naval officer, who has five other officers under his command. The crew consists chiefly of bluejackets, with some Dundee whalers, the total complement, including the civilian scientific staff, being about forty-eight men, most of whom are under thirty years of age.

The expedition is now on its way to the base magnetic station at Christchurch, New Zealand. The latest reports are to the effect that Commander Scott is in every way delighted with his ship, and that all the scientific work is going on to his entire satisfaction. About the middle of December the expedition will proceed directly south to Victoria Land. Ross with sailing ships pushed his way through the pack in two different years to these coasts; and the whalers Antarctic and Southern Cross have since successfully followed the same route in

three separate years. There is therefore a good prospect of the Discovery reaching the scene of her chief operations before the end of January 1902. In all probability the ship will winter in Wood's Bay, at the foot of Mount Melbourne. Here magnetic, seismological, electric, and gravitation observatories will be established, and tidal gauges set up on shore, while experiments with meteorologic kites and the balloon will be attempted. It is evidently the intention, in the spring of 1902, to concentrate the whole energy of the expedition on an advance over the inland ice by means of sledging and depôts. An effort will be made to reach the magnetic pole, distant about 200 miles to the west, or the geographical pole 750 miles to the south. The President of the Geographical Society says :—

'In this sledge-travelling I look hopefully forward to great results. No one yet has ever equalled or even approached the achievements of British naval officers in polar travelling. It is their own especial work.'

A few years ago an attempt was made in Germany to raise, by public subscription, funds sufficient for the outfit of an Antarctic expedition, but it soon became evident that the necessary amount of money could not be obtained in this way. The German Emperor, however, became interested in the project. The question was brought up in the Reichstag in January 1899, and in March of the same year the money for a national Antarctic expedition was unanimously voted, after enthusiastic speeches by the leaders of the several parties in the Reichstag, all of which exhibited a keen appreciation of the objects and the importance of Antarctic exploration, both from the scientific and the national point of view. A government department undertook to direct the organisation of the expedition, and its first step was to call together a committee of advice consisting of about twenty specially qualified scientific men from all parts of the German Empire. The first meeting of this committee was presided over by the Minister of State, Graf von Posadowsky-Wehner. The relations that should subsist between the leader of the expedition and the naval officers of the ship were discussed and settled, as well as the number and qualifications of the scientific staff, the size of the ship, and the

nature of the explorations to be undertaken. The work connected with the expedition proceeded methodically and smoothly. Professor Erich von Drygalski was from the outset appointed leader of the expedition; and his colleagues have, during the past two, three, or more years been engaged in the practical study of Antarctic problems and methods of observation. No Antarctic manual has been considered necessary for the use of this staff.

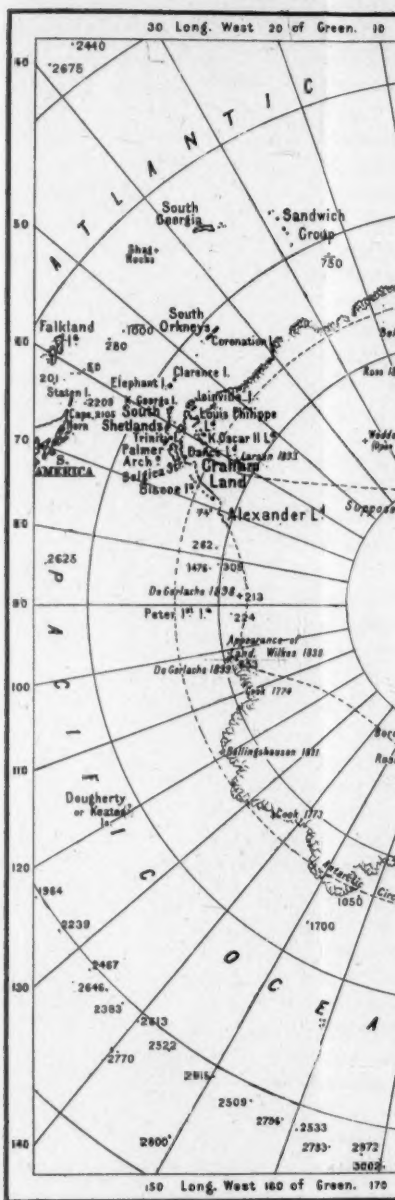
The German ship—named Gauss after the great mathematician—is of the same type as the *Discovery*, but somewhat smaller. She was specially built by a Kiel firm from plans supplied by the Admiralty department. She is schooner-rigged—151 feet in length, 35 feet in width, and 20 feet in depth. Although about 27 feet shorter than the *Discovery*, she is thus a foot wider; and this build will, it is said, cause her to rise in ice-pressure when the British ship would not do so. She can steam about seven knots. The internal arrangements are similar to those of the *Discovery*, but the laboratory accommodation is more commodious and better situated. The commander of the Gauss, which flies the German Imperial flag, is Captain Hans Ruser, of the Hamburg American Line, who has had much experience in sailing-ships and ice-navigation. There are four other naval officers, and the total complement is about thirty-two men.

The Gauss is now on her way to Kerguelen Island, in the Southern Indian Ocean, where a magnetic and meteorologic observatory will be erected, at which observations will be regularly carried on by three scientific men and three assistants during the absence of the Gauss in higher latitudes. On the conclusion of the explorations these observers will be brought home by another ship. The Gauss will leave Kerguelen about the same time as the *Discovery* leaves New Zealand, but, unlike the British ship, she will endeavour to penetrate a wholly unknown part of the Antarctic—the west coast of Victoria Land. The rocks dredged by the *Challenger* and *Valdivia* indicate palæozoic land at no great distance towards Termination and Enderby Land, but the many tabular icebergs observed thereabouts suggest that in this direction the coasts are faced by great ice-cliffs. The Gauss may experience great difficulty in finding a safe winter harbour. Should she find one, observatories will be established on

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shore, and journeys will be undertaken towards the magnetic and geographical poles.

In their recent addresses to the Geographical Society and to the British Association, both Sir C. Markham and Dr H. R. Mill assure us that it is no exaggeration to say that the *Discovery* is the best-found and most completely arranged vessel which has ever left these shores on a voyage of discovery. Similar remarks have been made in Germany with respect to the *Gauss*. These statements must be taken with a grain of salt. Even for Antarctic exploration, the Russian Admiral Makaroff regards both these vessels as at least half a century behind the times. He reminds us that this is the age of steel, and he urged that the Antarctic expeditions should be provided with ships like the great icebreaker *Ermack*, built at Newcastle-on-Tyne, in which he has been smashing his way through Arctic floes during the past two seasons. All who have inspected the *Ermack*, or have made a voyage in her, will probably admit that she is the most powerful and efficient vessel afloat for exploration, and the best-equipped and most convenient for scientific observation and research. Should the Tzar send this splendid ship to the Antarctic seas next season, her operations would most certainly result in large additions to knowledge in directions which cannot be attempted by the *Discovery* and the *Gauss*.

Nevertheless, with such ships and men, we may hope for a considerable measure of success. There will be cordial co-operation between the two expeditions in the use of instruments, in the methods of observation, and in other matters, so that very valuable scientific results may be expected from these simultaneous investigations. The characteristics of the two peoples are stamped on the ships, on the methods of organisation, and on the naval and scientific staffs. There will consequently be keen national interest in the relative successes of each in the several departments of polar research and exploration. The best wishes of all the civilised nations go forth with the *Discovery* and the *Gauss*, and the scientific world cannot be too grateful to the many learned men in England and Germany to whose long-continued efforts and advocacy the dispatch of these important expeditions is to be attributed.

Art. VIII.—THE MODERN TROUBADOURS.

1. *Li Margarideto; Li Sounjarello*, &c. By Joseph Roumanille (1818–1891).
 2. *La Miougrano Entro-Duberto; Li Fiho d'Avignoun*, &c. By Théodore Aubanel (1829–1886).
 3. *Mirèio; Calendau; Lis Isclo d'Or; Lou Pouemo dou Rose; Lou Tresor dou Felibrige*, &c. By Frédéric Mistral (1830–).
 4. *Amour e Plour*. By Alphonse Tavan (1833–).
 5. *La Farandoulo*. By Anselme Mathieu (1833–1895).
 6. *Lis Aupiho; La Crau*. By Marius Girard (1838–).
 7. *Li Carbounié; Lou Roumancero Prouvençau; Li Rouge dou Miejour*, &c. By Félix Gras (1844–1901).
 8. *The Troubadours at Home*. Two vols. By Justin H. Smith. New York and London: Putnam, 1899.
 9. *Jasmin; Une Étude*. Par Paul Mariéton. Avignon: Roumanille, 1900.
 10. *Histoire du Félibrige*. Par G. Jourdanne. Avignon: Roumanille, 1897.
- And other works.

IF there is one region of Europe of which it can be said that it has been continually the home of poetry, that region is 'the sunny corner of France,' as Paul Arène calls Provence—'the empire of the Sun,' as Mistral styles his native land—'the Midi,' as the old Roman province is universally designated. Every literature in Europe has drawn light and warmth from this source; and to-day Provençal literature is still the only national literature whose salient characteristics are youth, hope, and joy. In one of the admirable letters of La Comtesse Sophie de L——, the 'Mignon' of Aubanel's charming posthumous volume of correspondence, occurs the phrase 'la Provence, entre toutes les nations, est restée jeune'; and to the student of Provençal history, of Provençal life and literature, the phrase carries conviction. In the days of the Troubadours, Provence was not only the one country where poetry was nourished as a beautiful art, where it was the actual breath of the finer spirits of the time; it was also the one inheritor of the gladness that had been the gladness of Greece, the gladness that died out of Europe with Julian the Apostate, and that only once or

twice during many generations revealed itself as a living force, now in the Italy of the Renaissance, now in the England of Shakespeare and Raleigh. To-day, in the work of every Provençal poet of note—as Mistral says of a book by one of his friends, the Aixois poet, Jean-Baptiste Gaut—‘un petit vent de Grèce agite son habit.’ The song of the delight of life was the song of every *trouvère* from the banks of the rushing Arc, the brown Durance, or the azure Rhône, to the sandy Loire, the willowed Marne, and the ‘grey-eyed’ Seine. To-day the rural poets by the Loire are silent, and those of an urban Seine sing of despair and sorrow, of loss and regret and longing. Pessimistic and disillusioned, they have re-named love, desire; hate, bitterness; beauty, illusion; nobility, vanity; gladness, regret; hope, despair. But in the South, in that Midi so passionately loved and so passionately sung, life is more than ever life, love more than ever love, beauty and joy and gladness more than ever gladness and joy and beauty. It is almost impossible not to find this note of joy in the writings of every Provençal poet—and now, Provençals and Languedociens, from Toulouse to Antibes, from Briançon to Barcelona, and above all in Provence proper, the singers are legion. Even with the saddest—and there is no Provençal poet whose song is all of sadness—there is a *joie de vivre* which is as an inextinguishable fount.

Perhaps the most sombre, as well as certainly one of the most powerful and intense, of the Provençal poets is the Protestant Languedocien, Auguste Fourès; but no reader of ‘Cants del Soulelh,’ ‘La Muso Sylvestro,’ ‘Lou Troumbeto’—to mention his three most characteristic works—can fail to note therein the deep delight in life, as well as the ardent heart and impassioned soul of a poet the secret of whose genius was a continual grave ecstasy. Perhaps the most ‘divinely melancholic’ of the new Troubadours is Alphonse Tavan; yet the melancholy and sadness of some of the poems in his winsome ‘Amour e Plour’ (‘Love and Tears’) will seem, to the northern reader, but April weather, brief sallies of rainbow-lit rain, soft showers among lilacs at dawn or sundown. There is, in the Provençal literature of to-day, nothing of the poignant bitterness of Heine, or of the weariness of De Musset; nothing resembling either the evil beauty of the ‘Fleurs du Mal’ or the morose despair of ‘The City of

Dreadful Night'; nothing of the lamentation of the Irish or Scottish Gael over 'that which has gone away upon the wind.' Even in the work of the delicate and ill-fated Jules Boissière, whose recent tragic end in the French Orient closed a career of rare promise, we find the note of joy as marked as in the lyric serenity of Mistral, or the joyous abandon and sunny paganism of Aubanel. In his beautiful ode, 'Of the Sky, of the Waters, of the Earth' ('Dou Cèu, de l'Aigo, e de la Terro'), in 'Li Gabian,' he cries: 'Adieu, l'enuei e l'escor!' ('Farewell, weariness and distaste!') Every Provençal poet can say, with him,

'L'amour vanego à l'asard
Per gravo, colo, e carriero;
Dins li poutoun dóu vent Larg,
Te beve coume un neitar,
Festo dóu Cèu, de la Mar,
De la Terro entiero.*'

If one wish to understand Provence, or to approach its contemporary literature with adequate knowledge of that wonderful Provence of old which for generations enthralled and inspired Europe with its romance, its poetry, its codes of love and chivalry, with all its lovely and dignified traditions, his best preparation, by a strange contrast, will be through the wide and erudite labours of an American enthusiast. In his two beautiful volumes, 'The Troubadours at Home,' Mr Justin H. Smith has elucidated his vast subject-matter with a fulness, a thoroughness, and a vivifying sympathy which render his labour of love a truly valuable production.

It is with some self-denial that one turns from a period—a period of two hundred years, from its dawn with Duke Guihem of Aquitaine, Marcabru, and the famous Rudel, to its sunset with Guiraut Riquier at the close of the thirteenth century—so attractive to any reader, but above all to the student of the origins of modern literatures. Again, and particularly in connexion with the hidden growth and immediate origins of modern Provençal literature, one would gladly dwell on the fascinating and complex problem of the making of Provençal, in all its

* 'Love wanders at hazard through the streets, by the hillsides, in the valleys. In the kisses of the wave-born wind I drink to thee as a nectar, Festival of the Sky, the Sea, and the whole Earth.'

many dialects, and on the still more complex ethnological problem of the fundamental constituents of the Provençal nature, mind, and genius. As Mistral says at the outset of his great philological work, 'Lou Tresor dou Felibrige'—the outcome of triumphant scholarship and the continuous labour of ten years—'quau tén la lengo tén la clau' ('who holds the language holds the key'). But that is apart from the subject-matter of the present article, nor would it be alluded to but for the obvious, if not direct or unbroken, connexion between the Provence of old and the Provence of to-day.

Gaston Paris and other scholars have written much on the ethnological foundations of the Provençal peoples; there is a whole library of books on *Langue d'Oc* and *Langue d'Oil*; and there is no lack of learned treatises, scholarly dissertations, and more or less valuable and voluminous studies, summaries, and enquiries on everything connected with Provence. Perhaps much learning can be conveyed in a few words. Gaston Paris himself has summed up the career of the old Provençal literature by saying that from its original seat in or near Limousin, it spread over Poitou and Languedoc, aroused in France an imitative poetry, inspired the Minnesingers of Germany, created the poetry of Spain and Portugal, and in Italy fertilised the soil that was to produce a Dante and a Petrarch. Through Dante and Petrarch, all modern lyric poetry may reasonably be said to descend from the troubadours of Provence.

This efflorescence of poetic genius died away before English had become the uniform speech of a united nation. Consideration of it may therefore seem superfluous to a study of the Provençal literature which with Jasmin lifted up its head anew, and with Roumanille and Mistral became a living and beautiful creature—'a divine figure,' as one of the Felibres has it, 'with a Greek soul and a Latin spirit, with Celt and Visigoth as ancestors, with all the nations of the world as blood-relations, and with Paradise, renamed Provence, as her Promised Land.' But it is not superfluous. In whatever direction the intelligent and sympathetic student may turn, he will find himself on surer ground, will more fully understand and appreciate, in proportion as he is well informed on the history of all that once made the fame of Provence—that Provence

which Keats has immortalised for us in a single line. With this knowledge—and no more accessible or safer guide exists than these two scholarly and entertaining volumes by Mr Justin Smith—he will discover a continuity that is not readily to be discerned otherwise. When, in our day, Teodor Aubanèu (Aubanel) sings his famous ‘Quau canto soun mau, encanto’—‘Who sings his own sorrow, enchants’—he is but saying, out of the same Provençal heart, in the same Provençal tongue (a tongue of many dialects, but a single language, as a trailing wild-rose has many blooms), and in the same Provençal land, what Duke Guihem the Crusader sang in 1100, ‘A song I’ll fashion from my grief’; and it might be either Gaucelm Faidit of Malemort, the twelfth-century Joglar, or Théodore Aubanel of Avignon, the nineteenth-century Catullus of Provence, who writes—

‘L’amour es la vido,
La vido es l’amour :
L’amour nous convoïdo
A cuiè la flour.’

Both groups of poets, old and new—the Rudels and Marcabrus, the Arnauts de Maruelh and Bernarts de Ventadorn, the Gaucelms and Guihems of to-day, and the Jasmins and Roumanilles, the Mistral and Aubanels of that dim, remote, golden age of song—to reverse the mere accident of nomenclature—have a common inspiration, a manner in common, a heart and soul alike. ‘La cigalo di piboulo, La bouscarlo di bouissoun, Lou grihet di ferigoulo, Tout canto sa cansoun.’*

Modern Provençal literature, as we know it, may be said to begin with Jasmin, though his home was in remote Agen, outside of Provence proper. He had precursors and contemporaries but his was the first master-voice to save the *lengue roman* from disappearing in a hundred channels and sands of dialect, the first to lure the cultured ear of France and the world beyond. Jasmin was not a great genius like Frédéric Mistral, but in his hour and place he was a great pioneer, the proudly isolated captain of what seemed a forlorn hope.

* ‘The tree-locust in the poplar, the thrush in the wayside bush, the grasshopper in the wild thyme, each sings its own song.’

It is an error, frequently iterated, that Provençal literature absolutely lapsed during some four or five hundred years, and that the wonderful revival which took place well on in the nineteenth century knew no immediate precursors. In each successive age there occur at least one or two eminent names, as, for example, Grassois de La Belauidière in the sixteenth century, the Roumanille or the Mistral of his time; and Pierre Goudelin, the Toulousian Aubanel of the seventeenth century. One name, indeed, from the latter epoch is as fresh to-day as two hundred years ago, and perhaps is better known in Provence than that of any other singer of the past—the beloved *Noëlliste*, Saboly, whose charming Noëls, or Christmas carols, may still be heard throughout the Midi at mid-winter. There were others, in each generation, whom we need not mention here. They were, however, few and isolated, and spoke no common Provençal speech, but used each his own regional dialect. Above all, none wrote from out of the people, as one of the people, for the people. Despourrins was a poetic Watteau, not a Burns; the Abbé Favre, the Herrick of the Midi, was the joyous Prior of Celleneuve who tuned his lyre for Languedocien dames and gentry, not for humbler folk, then unlettered and indifferent. Even when Jasmin came upon the scene, early in the nineteenth century, there were Provençal singers of note, though none was for Provence, but for his own province only. The now celebrated modern Provençal anthology, made by Roumanille and his colleagues, had its immediate predecessor in 1823, when the brothers Achard of Marseilles and seven other *felibres* (they called themselves *troubaires* then) published a successful contemporary 'Treasury.' The famous 'Felibrige' itself was the outcome rather than the progenitor of the new life which became unified in the Provençal Renaissance. That league was not definitely established till 1854; but before its formation there was a great outburst of patois minstrelsy, many books appeared in this or that dialect, and numerous periodicals in Provençal and French circulated from Marseilles, Avignon, and Aix. Roumanille himself, indeed, had already raised the Rhône-side patois to a language, for in 1847 and 1851 had appeared 'Li Margarideto' and 'Li Sounjarello.'

To-day Jasmin is not much read in France. He is

beloved in seminaries and orphanages, and his books are among the 'specially recommended volumes of eminent authors'; but even with the Languedociens of Agen and Toulouse his fame is a kindly tradition rather than a living power. Yet every one is supposed to know all he has written, and to admire it, or at least the 'Françouneto.' He is to the Midi what Longfellow is to America; and, as Longfellow was once overrated but is now unjustly underrated, so is it with Jasmin. At the same time it must be admitted that in lyric faculty, in human range, in universal interest there is no just comparison of the Provençal with the American poet. Jasmin is eminently provincial, in every sense of the word. Nor has his poetry that finish of art which alone (save perhaps in one or two national songs) enables verse to endure. His faculty of rhythmic utterance was as spontaneous and inevitable as that of Béranger, Burns, or Heine; but he lacks the real culture and intuitive knowledge of men and of men's thoughts in the outer world, which for those poets was the soil whence many of their fairest flowers grew.

Although in later life Jasmin produced works of signal merit and beauty, notably 'Maltro l'Innoucènto' and 'Mous Noubels Soubenis' ('Martha the Innocent' and 'New Recollections') his *chef-d'œuvre* was the ever-charming and delightful work of his maturity, 'Françouneto,'* completed, after seven years' labour, when the poet was forty-two. This graceful idyll of Provençal life is the flower of modern Gascon literature and one of the treasures of French poetry. Its significance as a Provençal masterpiece lies in the fact that it preceded not only the now world-famous 'Mirèio' of Mistral and the first works of Roumanille, but also the first definite attempt to organise 'the Provençal Renaissance.' Neither Roumanille nor Mistral, nor even Aubanel, the love-lyrist of Provence *par excellence*, has produced a more winsome 'Tanagra d'Amour,' to use Gasquet's phrase, than 'Françouneto'—Françouneto 'damb soun cap de luzèr e soun ped d'Espagnolo e sa taio de fissaïou,' 'with her lizard-head and her Spanish dancer's feet and her waist like a wasp's.' She is the idol of the poet, and is idolised by all his readers.

* Françouneto herself is a reflection of Magnounet, Jasmin's beautiful and charming young wife, the life-long inspirer of his muse.

It is not yet half a century since the Félibrige*—'association régionaliste d'écrivains et d'artistes du Midi de la France'—was formally founded. In these forty-seven years the great wave which, on its ascent, uplifted Roumanille and Mistral to its crest, and on whose crest Mistral still rests supreme, has covered the Midi in one vast triumphant sweep. Provence has become a nation re-created by genius. The shadow lies in this already paralysing apprehension, that with the death of Mistral (when that veritable disaster for Provence comes at last) the great wave will be crestless, will be seen to have spent its force, to be swinging indolently or feebly lapsing along these shores of old romance. Mistral himself, though he has given all his genius to the Provençal national movement and has nourished and sustained it for half a century with indomitable power, resource, and influence, is not blind to the bitter facts that the language is being more and more relinquished by the people as the unique and proud expression of themselves and their nation; that the league itself is now rather a forlorn hope than an eager vanguard or militant army; and that among all its able and sometimes truly notable lieutenants there is not one, now that the veteran Félix Gras has just passed away, with authority and power to command, to guide, and to lead. Mistral's grief is that the great philological work of his life, 'Lou Tresor dou Felibrige,' is destined to be not the dictionary of the enduring speech of a people, but the cenotaph of the language, the genius, and the romance of Provence. His hope, and the hope now of many of the most eager and far-seeing of the younger men, impassioned with the idea of nationality and the southern spirit, is in the already potent and significant Latin League, a league whose end is to unite the ardent spirits of the Latin race. It is a splendid, an inspiring ideal; and who dare say it is impossible? Recently, the present writer heard Mistral's superb *sirvente*, 'A la Raço Latino'—that wonderful 'Ode to the Latin Race' which has been translated into every Latin tongue and dialect, and is in a sense the 'Marseillaise' of a new confederation—read by a beautiful young Provençale, the daughter of Marius Girard and

* This Provençal equivalent for 'League of Poets' carries an accent only when used as a French term in a French context.

wife of the brilliant Aixois, Joachim Gasquet; and he can never forget the electrical effect of their stirring clarion-call, in the mellifluous and virile tongue of Provence, as given by a 'Queen of the Felibrige,' herself the devoted friend and impassioned disciple of the great poet.

'Aubouro-te, raço latino . . .

'Emè toun pèu que se desnouso

A l'auro santo dou tabor,

Tu siès la raço lumenouso

Que vièn de joio e d'estrambord;

Tu siès la raço apoustoulico

Que sono li campano à brand:

Tu siès la troumpo que publico

E siès la man que trais lou gran.

'Aubouro-te, raço latino!'

'There,' exclaimed a member of the little company (one of the most notable of the younger writers of the Midi), 'there is our hope, our faith, and our flag. The Latin genius with the Provençal spirit—that is our literary ideal, as the Latin genius with the French spirit is our political ideal—as, across the Alps, with our racial kin, it is the Latin genius with the Italian spirit, or, across the Pyrenees, the Latin genius with the Spanish spirit. But, triumphantly, from Palermo to Paris, from Cadiz to Cherbourg, the Latin genius, the Latin spirit, the Latin League!'[†]

Whether by accident of poetical and technical congruity, or because of a deeper intent, this 'Ode to the Latin Race' follows (among the *Sirventes* or Odes in Mistral's most varied and charming volume, 'Lis Iselo d'Or,' 'The Golden Isles') that terrible outburst of rage and passionate refusal to despair, written in September 1871, 'Lou Roucas de Sisife' ('The Rock of Sisyphus')—with its

* 'Latin race, arouse thyself! With thy hair loosened To the holy air of the tabor, Thou art the race of light, Who live in enthusiasm and joy: Thou art the apostolic race That sets the bells a-chiming; Thou art the trumpet that proclaims; Thou art the hand that sows the seed. O Latin race, arise!'

† This contemplated League of the Latin races cannot be dealt with here at this moment, but it may be added that already the movement is active and far-reaching, with its recognised chiefs and leaders, its magazines and journals, and even an international organ.

bitter cry, 'Erian, a passa téms, un pople' ('Of old we were a people!'), and its fierce final anathema on the Emperor who had sold France by his selfish pride and ambition, 'Siegues maudi, maudi, maudi!' ('Be thou accurst, accurst, accurst!').

It is as the 'Trumpet of the South,' however, even more than as the chief prophet of the Latin Union, that Mistral is revered in Provence. To-day, we fear, his heart beats less high when he recalls some of the stanzas in his beautiful book 'Calendau'—that masterpiece somewhat overshadowed by the overwhelming popularity of 'Mirèio' and the lyric variety of the composite 'Lis Isclo d'Or'—as, for example, the invocation in 'Cant Proumiè' (i.e. Canto I).

'Amo de moun país . . .

Amo de-longo renadivo,

Amo jouiouso e fièro e vivo,

Qu'endibes dins lou brut dou Rose e dou Rousau!

Amo di seavo armouniouso

E di calanco souleiouso,

De la patrio amo piouso,

Tapelle! encarno-te dins mi vers prouvençau!*

So much curiosity has been excited by the titles *Felibre* and *Felibrige* that a word should be said on the subject. The designation 'Felibre,' equivalent, in common parlance, to troubadour, minstrel, poet, but originally signifying rather a bard in the Celtic sense, a singer and poet but also a priest and a doctor of the divine law and the history of men, was found by Mistral in an old Provençal canticle (a song in a mystery play or Christmas pastoral), where Mary is alluded to as meeting Christ in the temple 'among the seven *felibres* of the law' ('li set felibre de la lei'). As later versions gave either 'doctors,' 'bards,' 'poets,' or 'wise men,' Mistral at once recognised the comprehensive value of the recovered ancient word. Neither he nor other philologists, however, have yet definitively settled its derivation, though, among other

* 'Soul of my country . . . Soul eternally reborn, Joyous and proud and alive, Who [as a war-horse] neighs against the sound of the Rhône and the Rhône-wind [idiomatically, 'lou Rousau' means the wind from the further side of the Rhône, i.e. the west wind]; Soul of our musical woods and our sun-lit havens, Pious soul of my Fatherland, I call thee! May'st thou become incarnate in my Song of Provence!'

specialists, Mistral himself thinks it possible, and Gaston Paris and d'Arbois de Jubainville are convinced, that the word is one of the many Celtic survivals in the Provençal language, composed of the ancient Erse *filea* and *ber*, and equivalent to chief-singer or arch-poet. As for the contemporary meaning of the word and its derivatives, *Felibre* is a poet who is a native of Provence and composes in Provençal—a recognised term, certainly preferable to the outworn 'troubadour' or 'trouvère'; *Felibrée*, a bardic gathering, the *Eistedfodd* or *Môd* of the Provençals; *Felibresque*, *Felibrique*, are two French terms for that which pertains to the Felibres or their works, but the first is used rarely now and the second is obsolete, the adjective *Felibréen* having replaced them. The *Felibrige* is the organised fellowship of the Felibres.

In recording the great work done by Roumanille and Mistral, the chiefs, and Aubanel and other masters of the Provençal Renaissance, one should not forget, as is commonly the case in France and even in Provence, the pioneer work accomplished by immediate predecessors, men who at least cleared the ground, tilled and sowed, and made ready for the great cultivators, the masters of the olive and the vine, who were to come. Allusion has already been made to the brothers Achard of Marseilles and seven comrades, *troubaires* as they called themselves, who in 1823 published in one volume their collective Provençal verse. At Béziers in 1839 the learned Provençal, J. Azais, presided over an influential gathering of philologists and archaeologists to discuss the origin and composition of the Langue d'Oc. About 1840 two popular and prolific patois-singers, Bellot of Marseilles and Désanat of Tarascon, decided to publish a special 'organ' for the social and literary life and interests of Provence; but, as one wished that the periodical should be bi-lingual and the other that it should be solely in Provençal, the outcome was that Bellot, with Louis Mery, produced 'Lou Tambourinaire et le Ménestrel,' while Désanat inaugurated the longer-lived, more virile, and more national 'Lou Bouil-Abaisso.' Not only did most of the scattered patois-singers contribute to these 'organs,' but the earliest lyrics and poems of Roumanille, Anselme Mathieu, Mistral, and others less known, also appeared in them.

A year after the decease of 'Lou Bouil-Abaisso,' which,

with one long break, had lasted six years, the first high note of the Midi was heard. Hitherto only in distant Gascony had the Provençal Muse caught the ear of the outside world. Now from the little town of St Rémy, the ancient Roman *Glanum*, 'the town of gardens, poets, and beautiful women,' came the clear and strong voice of Joseph Roumanille, afterwards to be known as the Father of the Felibrige. By 1847 Roumanille had published his beautiful idyllic poem 'Li Margarideto,' and had written his still finer 'Li Sounjarello' ('The Dreamers') when, at the seminary in Avignon, where he was a young teacher, he met Frédéric Mistral, then a lad, who, on his neighbouring ancestral farm of Maillane (Maïano), had already begun his life-long dream of the poetry and romance, of the past and present and future of Provence, of the conservation and purification and definite restoration of its beautiful language. The lad and the young man at once became intimate friends. Mistral had already a sympathiser, one Anselme Mathieu: and, just as at Oxford two young men, William Morris and Edward Burne-Jones, became intimate friends through reading together one spring day by the water-side a poem by another not much older than themselves, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, so was it with Mistral, Mathieu, and Roumanille.

The first public outcome of this union of three enthusiasts was the publication, early in 1852, of 'Li Prouvençalo,' an anthology from the scattered writings of the living poets of the Midi. In August of the same year a Congress of Provençal Poets was held at Arles under the presidency of Roumanille. The following year a still more influential gathering was held at Aix, the old Troubadour capital. From the several regions of Provence came representatives, sixty-five in all (only Jasmin refrained, piqued at this extraordinary invasion into what he considered his own territory); and, as a result, another and greater anthology was published, 'Lou Roumavàgi deis Troubaïres' (1854).

But the 'Centre,' the not yet named Felibrige, held itself independent, with its more concentrated and impassioned ideals. On the 21st of May 1854, seven young Provençal poets—known as the Avignon group—met in the little château Font-Ségugne (Vaucluse), the ancestral home of one of them, Paul Giéra, and solemnly bound them-

selves to purify and restore their native speech, and to devote their lives to this end, to poetry, and to Provence. As our Pre-Raphaelites were all men of individual power but were profoundly influenced by one dominating and inspiring genius, so was it with this Avignon group. Roumanille, Mistral, Aubanel, Paul Giéra, Jean Brunet, Alphonse Tavan, Anselme Mathieu—all were men of rare and beautiful powers; but the greatest were the two youngest, Aubanel and Mistral; and the Rossetti of these Pre-Raphaelites was Mistral. Here, however, it may be well to add, with this accident of analogy, all likeness ends. Thus was formed the Felibrige, afterwards to become a league so great and comprehensive: but Provence has not known any more truly characteristic singers than the first seven Felibres, or any poets so great as Mistral—the Emperor of the Midi,' as the people proudly call him, perhaps the greatest poet whom France has produced—and Théodore Aubanel, 'the southern nightingale.'

Of the work of one or two of those early Felibres it is not easy now to find more than a few scattered poems. These must be sought in anthologies, in the Provençal periodicals, in the annual 'Almanack of the Midi' (now approaching its fiftieth volume, and a continual source of interest and pleasuresince its first appearance as 'L'Armana Prouvençau per lou bel an de Diéu, 1855'). Neither Paul Giéra nor Jean Brunet published any collection of their poetry; while Tavan and Mathieu have been content to remain, respectively, the authors of 'Amour e Plour' and 'La Farandoulo,' beautiful indeed, but a strangely meagre output for men of brilliant promise who began thus and have since given us no more than fragments. Jean Brunet published nothing in book-form in his lifetime but a pamphlet entitled 'Bachiquello sus La Luno' ('Bagatelles on the Moon'); but his poems in the 'Armana' and elsewhere are much admired. There is more individuality, with a stronger national accent, in the poetry of Paul Giéra, who died comparatively young. Students interested in Provençal should consult an interesting but now somewhat rare volume, edited by Roumanille and Mistral, and published by the former at Avignon, entitled 'Un Liame de Rasin.' It comprises, besides biographical notices and representative verses of Jean Reboul (an excellent poet of Nîmes), Castil-Blaze, Adolphe Dumas, and Toussaint

Poussel, the fifteen pieces left by the Felibre Paul Giéra, collectively entitled 'Li Galejado' ('Facetiæ').

We have seen it frequently stated in Parisian chronicles that two other eminent French men of letters, Provençal by birth and upbringing, were associated with Mistral in the inauguration of the Felibrige, viz., Alphonse Daudet and Paul Arène. There is, however, no basis for this statement. These two masters of French prose, perhaps the most supple and delicate prose in French literature, owed much to the Provençal genius which they inherited as a birthright, and to the Provençal background of life and nature which was an inspiration to both: but neither wrote in his native dialect except experimentally, and not even thus till after the Felibrige had become an influential league. Daudet, indeed, is not known to have written more than a single set of verses in Provençal—'La Cabano,' the little cabin or moor-cot, which appeared in 1880, in the April number of the periodical 'La Farandole'; for he did not really himself write, as commonly averred, the Provençal version of the 'Contes de mon Moulin.' The 'Moor-Cabin' is a charming and graceful poem, and its few lines breathe the desiderated atmosphere of a vast wind-filled solitude; but they have the suggestion of a *tour de force*, of a literary achievement. The same may be said of much of the work, both in verse and prose, of Jean Aicard, who is now probably in Paris, and in France generally, the most widely read of all living Provençal writers, partly because of the immense success of his powerful and picturesque romance, 'Le Roi de Camargue,' and partly because he writes solely in French. It is significant that, though a Languedocien—for the great novelist of the Midi was born at Nîmes—Daudet's 'Cabano' is written in the pure Provençal of Arles and the Rhône. Paul Arène, who was born at Sisteron, one of the least known but not least fascinating and picturesque of the smaller Provençal towns, never collected his scattered Provençal verses; but these may be found in the 'Armana' and other annuals or periodicals of the Midi, and have invariably the same freshness, charm, distinction, and beauty as characterise the French writings of this exquisite prosaist, the author of 'Jean des Figues,' 'La Gueuse Parfumée,' 'La Vraie Tentation de Saint Antoine,' and other masterpieces in the *genre* of the short story.

Of Tavan and Anselme Mathieu a further word must be said, for though so little known beyond the somewhat indefinite frontiers of Provence, their names are fixed stars in the galaxy of the Felibrige. Tavan is still alive, though he has long ceased to write, or at least to publish. Born in 1833 at Château-Neuf-de-Gadagne, a beautiful region of Vaucluse, he was—what he always remained—a true son of the soil, one of those peasant-aristocrats who have been the pride and glory of Provence. He lived the sane and arduous life of a man of the fields and olive-orchards till he was about twenty, by which time his remarkable poetic talent had proved itself. Drafted into the army, fortune took him to Rome during the days of the French occupation; but a serious mischance overtook him, for he fell a victim to malaria. Thus rendered unfit for military service and for field-labour, he obtained a clerical post in connexion with the railway, and has been a railway-employé ever since, that is for the greater part of his life. Alphonse Tavan is none the less a peasant in nature, thought, and expression: and it is as a beautiful and refined poet of the people that he is loved. The shortness of his allotted spell of happiness saddened but did not embitter him: when he lost his dearly loved wife and little girl, he held them near to him in an exquisite lyric memory. In his preface to his one published collection, 'Love and Tears,' he writes:

'Commonly, the life of the poet is reflected in his poetry, and in my case it is but right frankly to admit that all my life is mirrored in these verses. I am but a peasant, and have seen little, have little learning, few acquirements, but I could not do otherwise than sing what I have so deeply felt, my own joys and sorrows, that is to say my life. Thus it is that these rustic airs are not idle carols of the wind, but true songs from a human heart.'

And therein is the secret of their compelling charm, the reason why to this day 'Love and Tears' is a beloved book in many a Provençal *mas*, or valley cottage, or hillside *cabano*. That it is so little known elsewhere in France is because no French translation was made by the author, nor by any admirer of his poetical work. Of Tavan's less intimately personal poems some are now classic, as, for example, his early lyrical piece entitled 'Li Frisoun de

Marieto' ('Mariette's Curls'), than which Béranger never wrote anything more gay and dainty, with its delightful idolatry of two coquettish curls on a pretty girl's brow :

'Pichot frisoun descaussane,
Merviho de noste vilage,'*

and which begins so characteristically with an allusion to this village beauty as '*fresco e lisqueto coume un iòu*' ('as fresh and shiny as an egg'). Another, of a fine nature, that evokes the strong national note, is the *sirvente* (or species of ode) called 'Prouvenço e Troubadour' ('Provence and her Singers'), a kind of symphony on the chord struck in Mistral's 'Calendau' :

'O flour, erias trop proumierenco!
Nacioun en flour, l'espaso trenco
Toun espandido! . . . †

Here the poet recalls how the Provençal singers carried the art of poetry and the *fine fleur* of life into other countries, and how all Europe listened with rapt delight to this honey-sweet voice: 'L'Europe s'estasio a vosto melicouso e siavo pouèsio.' And this joy, everywhere audible in the old Provençal poetry, was, says the poet, and truly, the first glad modern expression of the romance and beauty and fidelity of love: 'for their poetry is all love.'

'L'amour! aquelo flour poulido
Aquelo flour dóu mes de mai,
Ateno l'avié pas culido
Li Mouro e li Latin nimai;
Vous-áutri sias vengu: la floureto óudourouso,
Embaumo vosto amo amourouso,
L'amour vous alargo si doun:
Escampant vòsti cor, courrès tóuti li terro:
Bernat de Ventadour enébrio l'Anglo-terro,
Giraud de Bournélh, l'Aragoun.

'Ves l'Italio e l'Alemagno,
Coume se souvènon de vous!
Vosto flour crèis, vosto flour gagno
Li serre li mai auturous:

* 'Dear little lawless curls, the marvel of our village!'

† 'O flower of Provence, too soon was thy blossoming: O nation in flower, the sword cut thee off in thine early beauty.'

Beatris la divino e Lauro l'estelado,
 Sus l'aubo rosó encimelado,
 S'emplanon amount dins l'azur,
 Car Petrarco e lou Dante an senti vosto flamo,
 An beisa vosto flour, an coumprés vòtis amo,
 An respira voste amour pur !

'Erias trop bèn . . . mais la tempésto
 Agouloupo nosto nacioun !' *

Another beautiful and stirring ode, the *sirvente* entitled 'Ma Mestresso,' is universally known in Provence, and is even in some degree an accepted national chant. The 'mistress' whom the poet sings is no beautiful woman; she is not even Provence, but Liberty. The poem appeals to all who can cry with the author: 'Ai la fe que trasporto, ai l'espéro qu'esbriho,' 'I have the faith that uplifts, and hope unquenchable.' It is a passion, not a deep devotion only that he sings, and a passion that grows stronger with the passing years:—

'Siéu amoureux bèn mai, O bèn mai ! Ma mestresso
 Es divo. En béuta passo e Minervo e Venus :
 D'elo raive, e'n pantai . . . ma mestresso es divesso.' †

It is, however, as much a Christian as a Pagan cry:—

'Lou Crist, noste grand priéu, soun plus caud calignaire,
 Vougué la prouclama . . . ' ‡

* 'Love, this beautiful flower, this flower of life's springtide, neither the Moor nor the Roman, nor Athens herself has truly culled it: but you, Provençal singers of old, come . . . and in its fragrant beauty embalm your very soul, and Love dowers you with every gift he has to give. With hearts uplifted you wander now to the ends of the earth. Bernard de Ventadour intoxicates England with his song, and all Spain listens entranced to Giraud de Borniel.

'And Italy and Germany, can they ever forget you? The Flower of Song grows, and may be gathered, on their proudest heights! The divine Beatrice, the starry Laura, shine from on high, twin-planets over the rose and azure of Dawn—for Dante and Petrarch lit their hearts at your flame, have kissed your sacred flower and breathed its spiritual fragrance, and known that pure and perfect love.

'You were too beautiful . . . the tempest broke—and our nation was no more !'

† 'More and more I love her. My mistress is godlike. In beauty she excels Minerva and Venus. I dream of her, and in my dreams . . . my mistress is a goddess.'

‡ 'Christ, our great chief and her most ardent votary, wished to proclaim her . . .'

The poem ends :—

‘Siéu dóu pople e moun cor i’a douna ma tendresso,
E vous dise lou noum de ma bello mestresso :
Ma mestresso es la Liberta!’

The late Anselme Mathieu, one of the leading members of the Felibrige, and famous on account of his unique achievement, ‘La Farandoulo,’ was also a Vauclusien, and born also at a ‘Château-Neuf,’ though the birthplace of the ‘Felibre di poutoun’ (‘the poet of kisses’) was the lovely Château-Neuf-du-Pape, between Orange and Avignon. Like Mistral, Mathieu came of good Provençal stock, and of parents who spoke only the native tongue of the Midi; he was Mistral’s schoolfellow at Avignon, and his fellow-student for three years at Aix, whose literary associations and beautiful surroundings inspired both poets. Anselme Mathieu, Mistral, and Aubanel are the ‘aristocrats’ of the Provençal group; and the note of distinction revealed itself early in the young singer from Vaucluse in his admirable translations into pure Provençal of some of the finest odes and lyrics of Virgil and Catullus. Those who would know more of the man and his life and life-work should consult Mistral’s intimate and generous preface to ‘La Farandoulo,’ wherein he alludes to his friend’s work as one of the fairest fruits, as a perfect fruit, from the tree of Provençal genius; and adds that for the turn of the phrase, the lovely suggestiveness of the thought, and for metrical variety and suppleness, the poetry of Mathieu, more than that of any other contemporary, resembles the *fine fleur* of troubadour song. This preface is well worth perusal for its own sake. Mistral invariably writes beautiful prose, at once virile and delicate; and in the mass of his miscellaneous sketches, studies, reminiscences, introductions, &c., there are few better examples of his charm as *prosateur* than this preface to ‘La Farandoulo.’*

What he says of ‘La Farandoulo’ may be summed up in a Provençal phrase now become classical in the Midi: ‘You will find here young girls, flowers, and kisses, and if you love kisses, flowers, and young girls, “The Farandole” will content you.’ The book consists of some forty-five poems,

* ‘La Farandoulo,’ par Anselme Mathieu (2nd edition, with French translation). ‘Avans-Prepaus’ (Introduction) par Frédéric Mistral. (Avignon: Roumanille, 1868.)

grouped in three sections, 'Lis Aubado' ('The Aubades,' or 'Songs at Sunrise'), 'Li Souleiado' ('Songs of the Noontide'), and 'Li Serenado' ('Serenades' . . . by implication, 'Songs of Dusk and Love'). Many of these are in light joyous measures, with a Burns- or Béranger-like lilt, as the song of one Gatouno, who was ill with love :

'Gatouno,
Malautouno,
Malautouno d'amour,
Paureto!
I floureto
Countaro si doulour.'

But perhaps Mathieu is most successful in the quatrain, to which he gave a new swift and deft movement, as in the altogether delightful 'Coy Maid' ('La Paurouso') or 'The Old Vineyard' ('Lo Vignasso'), the finest vine-chant of the Midi :

'L'agoulenço de ti bouqueto,
Just n'ai beisa l'espino, Agueto,
Just l'espino! . . . E pièi, que ié fai?
Un poutoun encaro! . . . Ai! Ai! Ai!'

or—

'Ai uno vigno à Castéu-Nou,
Dins un valoun di Coumbo-Masco,
Sus lo revès d'un degoulou :
Clafis ma tino, emplis mi flasco.'†

The wine of the Enchanted Valley, from the old vineyard planted two hundred years or more ago among the broom and thyme in the honey-pale moonshine, amid fairy laughter, has intoxicated many a poetic brain beside that of Anselme Mathieu. One thinks of 'lou vin

* 'From the wild-rose of thy mouth, I have but kissed a little thorn away—just a little thorn—no more, and what is that? Now, one real kiss! . . . Ah! ah! ah!'

† 'I have a vine at Château-Neuf,
In an enchanted valley,
Lone in a rocky ravine :
Ah, but my cellar and flasks remember it!'

The writer first heard 'Lo Vignasso' recited in a little arbour, over 'old wine of Crau,' in the wild highlands of Vauvenargues, and on enquiring what was the actual meaning of 'Coumbo-Masco' was told that 'li Coumbo-Masco' were 'enchanted valleys,' or 'valleys of the bewitched.'

don valoun di Coumbo-Masco' as no less symbolical than that fay in Mistral's 'L'Amiradou':

'Au castén de Tarascoun
I'a 'no rèino, i'a 'no fado,
Au castén de Tarascoun
I'a 'no fado que s'escound.' *

It is perhaps difficult now to understand aright the far-reaching influence as well as the vogue of Joseph Roumanille; much of it, no doubt, was personal. Roumanille had a dominant individuality as remarkable as that of Victor Hugo, with a passionate enthusiasm for Provence and Provençal literature equalled only by that of Frédéric Mistral. Of these two great influences—one the influence of a remarkable mind and of a true, if not a great poet, the other the influence of a master-mind and of the greatest living poet of the Latin races—it would be superfluous to write here in detail. French, German, Italian, Spanish, Scandinavian studies on Roumanille and Mistral have appeared in plenty; and, if these writers are less known and less appreciated among ourselves than among other nations, it is by no means wholly from lack of interpreters, from the first faithful if not very flexible translation of Mistral's 'Mirèio' (by an American, Miss Preston) to the charming 'Embassy to Provence' of Mr Thomas A. Janvier. In France a hundred writers have dealt with Mistral and the Felibres, in books, treatises, studies, articles, anthologies and individual translations—perhaps none so authoritatively and ably as M. Paul Mariéton.† So great, indeed, is the library of books dealing with modern Provence that only a few enthusiasts could possibly cope with it.

But, to-day, when we take up the (still untranslated) 'Li Margarideto,' or the more widely known 'Li Sounja-rello' of Roumanille, it is to read with no little wonder what one has so often heard praised as masterpieces. For these poems, masterly as in a sense they are, have the

* 'In the Château of Tarascon
Is a queen, is a fay,
In the Château of Tarascon
Is a fay who hideth.'

† E.g. in the long and important articles on the Felibres, and on Mistral, Aubanel, &c., in the 'Grande Encyclopédie,' and in books, notably 'La Terre Provençale.'

beauty of *genre* rather than the final and universal beauty. They differ in kind from 'The Rhône' or 'Calendau' or even the 'Mirèio' of Mistral, bearing somewhat of the same relation to these as the poetry of Tannahill or Fergusson does to the 'central' poetry of Burns: or, let us say, as the essentially parochial stories of John Galt do to the universal romances of Walter Scott.

It is regrettable that 'Li Margarideto' has not been translated into French, for in France justice has not been done to this pioneer-work of the Provençal revival. This idyllic poem is in four sections: 'Quan Li-Z-Agrema Flourissien,' 'Quan Li Bla se Maduravon,' 'Quan Li Feuio Toumbavon,' 'Ou cantoun dou Fiò,' which may be rendered, 'When the Blossoms whiten,' 'When the Grain ripens,' 'When the Leaves fall,' and 'By the Winter-Hearth.' Popular as 'Li Margarideto' ('The Daisies') was and still is, Roumanille's fame was far more widely extended by the lovely lyrical narrative-poem 'Li Sounjarello' ('The Dreamers'), published five years later (1852): and was perhaps more permanently deepened by his beautiful 'Li Nouvè' ('Noëls'), some forty in all, published first in magazines and journals or 'fascicules' between 1845 and 1859. The vogue of 'Li Sounjarello,' as a poetic love-tale, resembled that enjoyed, with us, in the mid-Victorian period, by the 'The Gardener's Daughter.' The poem has considerable metrical diversity, apart from the little lyrics which it enshrines; but here is a representative divisional section:—

'Dindouletto, parla me d'èu:

En travessant la mar, avès pas vis moun bèu?

Dessu si mas bessai avès fu la pausetto.

Es que vous a rèn di se ma mio Leleto? . . .

Acò se m'èro pas fidèu! . . .

Pamen, plouravo tan quand me laissè souletto,

Que me dounè la croux de sa maire, e l'anèu . . .

Mai que dise? sièu folo! . . . Ana léu, dindouletto,

Ana-ié piénta moun bonjour;

Pourta-ie su vosti-z-aletto

Moun lánqui, mi poutoun e mi souspir d'amour . . .

Diga-il que l'espère, ô bravi dindouletto!''*

* 'Swallows, tell me of him! In crossing the seas, have you not seen my beloved? Mayhap you rested on the masts of his ship. Did he whisper nothing to you of his dear Leleto? Oh! if he has not remained true to

Besides 'Li Margarideto,' 'Li Sounjarello,' 'Li Nouvè,' and his share in 'Prouvençalo' ('The Provençals') and in that delightful and invaluable annual 'L'Armana Prouvençau' (inaugurated in 1854 and still flourishing), Roumanille published notable minor works in verse, such as 'La Part de Dieu' and 'Li Flour de Sauvi' ('Flowers o' the Sage'), and the longer and more masterly 'La Campano Mountado,' a mock-heroic poem in seven cantos, which so capable a critic as M. de Pontmartin regarded as Roumanille's most original production. His complete poetical productions may be had in one volume, modestly entitled 'Lis Oubreto' ('Minor Works').

In Provence there is nothing of his so loved among the poor hill-folk and vintagers as his 'Noëls.' Saboly himself, the prince of 'the Singers of Bethlehem,' never wrote anything lovelier, more exquisitely tender, than 'Li Crècho,' with its plea of the Seraph to God, that when the little Jesus first knew mortal cold in the manger at Bethlehem—

'Es moun rire que l'assoulavo,

Es moun alo que l'acatavo ;

L'escaufave emé moun alen.'*

Last Yuletide, the present writer heard sung one midnight in the streets of Aix—'Aïs, la antico vilo di Troubadours'—another lovely 'Noël' of Roumanille's, 'La Chato Avuglo,' 'The Blind Girl,' of which the first stanza runs thus:—

'Èro lou jour tant bèu qu'uno Vierge enfantavo

A Betelen ;

E soun fru benesi de la fre tremoulavo

Su'n pau de fen ;

me! . . . and yet, how he wept the day he left me all alone, and gave me the little cross that had been his mother's, and the ring. . . . But what am I saying? I am mad! . . . Quick, quick, little swallows, breathe on him my morning greeting: carry to him on your little wings my impatience, my kisses, my sighs of longing. Whisper that I await him, that I await him, O good little swallows!

This quotation is from the original edition. It was after the publication of 'Li Sounjarello' that the Provençal language was given its classic uniformity, mainly by or through the influence of Mistral. Later versions of 'Li Sounjarello' have a revised text.

* 'It was my smile that consoled Him, my wings that sheltered Him, my breath that warmed Him.'

Lis ange, eilamoundant, tout-bèu-just acabaron
Soun "Gloria,"

E, de tout caire, au jas pastre e pastresso anavon
S'ageinouia.*

Roumanille, the son of a gardener, and of a mother 'of the old race of the gardeners of St Rémy, the town of gardens,' was born among the beautiful gardens he so often lovingly described, on the 8th August, 1818. Even in his long and keenly enthusiastic as well as arduous life, he was acknowledged as the 'chef de départ'; and, since his death a few years ago, his fame has grown as that of the most potent and victorious lieutenant in the great movement of which Mistral is the commander-in-chief.

It is but right to add a word on Madame Roumanille, wife of one famous Felibre, and, as Rose-Anaïs Gras, sister of another, herself a fine poet and a woman who, as friend and publisher of so many of the poets of the Midi, has had a very real influence on the development of contemporary Provençal literature. A little poem of hers in sonnet form suggests comparison with 'The Toys' of Coventry Patmore, and is no less pathetic and dignified. Called 'Lou Chambroun,' 'The Little Room,' it may be thus rendered, perforce baldly, in prose:—

'Here, in a corner, are her little cart, her doll, her rattle, lying abandoned on the floor beside her pretty baby-skirt; yonder on the wall of the silent room hangs the little one's amber necklace: dust, like a shroud, covers the desolate cradle. Here, midway, are her tiny blue slippers, so lively ever, so restless. . . O dear God, the music of those little pattering feet only so brief a while ago. . . Hist! some one comes. . . I hear steps. Of this little room say nothing, not a word. Never again will the mother enter it.'

There is no need to dwell in detail on the work and achievement of Frédéric Mistral. His fame is in all lands. Translations of his chief works exist in French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese—and not in the Latin tongues only, but in German, Dutch, Scandinavian, Russian. Into

* 'It was on the wondrous day when a Virgin bore a Child at Bethlehem. This blessed fruit of the Divine Love trembled in the mortal cold of the manger: but the thronging angels rejoicingly burst into song, singing the "Gloria," there on high, as the shepherd folk here on earth, bending their knees before the new-born Son.'

English 'Mirèio' has been at least twice translated. The greatest poet of Provence, he is also by far the greatest living poet of France—having indeed, within the definitely narrower limits of lyrical excellence, no rival in any of the Latin races save, perhaps, Carducci. As scholar, as poet, as man of letters, as the pioneer of the intellect of the South and the captain of its soul, as a Provençal of the Provençals, with the greatness and nobility of his nature and the unequalled charm of his personality, Mistral is, in truth, worthy of his popular designation, 'the Emperor of the Midi.' 'Mirèio,' 'Calendau,' 'Lis Iselo d'Or,' 'Lou Rose,' are already classics. Lamartine's prophecy about 'this new-risen genius at Avignon' has been justified to the full. The worship of Mistral in Provence is unequalled; such a triumph as his, when ten thousand people in the vast amphitheatre at Orange simultaneously arose on his unexpected entrance, has no parallel in modern times.

Scattered through the many published addresses and prefaces of Mistral are scores of characteristic sayings which reveal the man, but few perhaps better than words such as these: 'I believe in the audacity which accomplishes miracles; and I believe that the higher one aspires the higher one attains.' For Mistral, as for Mirabeau on a famous occasion, 'impossible' is a stupid word. For, in truth, he has achieved the seeming impossible. In that extraordinary dialect-revival, so noticeable in several countries at this moment,* no one man has had so potent an influence as Mistral. He has done three wonderful

* In France, chiefly with Breton and Provençal; in Spain, with Basque, Catalanian, Andalusian; in Italy, with Sicilian, Neapolitan, Romagnese, Venetian; in Scandinavia, Germany, Russia, each with marked lingual revivals, national (as in Norway) or regional (as in Lithuania); while among ourselves we know with what ardour and eagerness Gaelic and Welsh are now being advocated for the native populations of Ireland, the Highlands, and Wales. German Poland, Russian Poland, and Austrian Poland are growing weary of the Teutonic and Russian tongues, and are more and more (particularly since the world-wide fame and immense influence of Henryk Sienkiewicz) returning to Polish, though at Berlin, Vienna, and St Petersburg the national language is called a dialect only. German is losing, not gaining ground in Hungary; and Moravia, Moldavia, and all the Southern States, principalities and kingdoms are following the deep instinct for the hereditary speech. The Flemish genius has never been so strong in Belgium as just now, and the effort to give the Swiss one national tongue is at last recognised as hopeless.

things, remarked an eminent Felibre to the present writer—

'he put a soul into a revived language; he has himself used that language as Dante and Petrarch used Italian, as Heine used German; and, lest its mortal body should perish, he has embalmed it for all time in that marvellous triumph of philological science, "Lou Tresor dou Felibrige" !'

Frédéric Mistral, 'Arch-Capouliédou Felibrige,' was born in 1830 at Maillane, an ancestral property near the small village of the same name in the arrondissement of Arles and within a few miles of St Rémy—'St Remy, with its gardens, its gentle folk and pretty girls, its lovely and picturesque neighbourhood, its ancient ruined temples and arches, its poetic tradition, the St Rémy so closely associated with Roumanille and Félix Gras and Marius Girard.' He has lived in the same place ever since, a peasant, a prince, and a poet. In the history of modern Provençal literature there are no landmarks more familiar than 'Mirèio' (1859), 'Calendau' (1867), 'Lis Isclo d'Or' (1875), 'Nerto' (1880), 'La Rèino Jano' (1890), and 'Lou Rose' ('The Rhône,' 1894). These six works also—to change the metaphor—are milestones on the road followed by the minor developments in the last half century. Not even the fame of Jasmin equalled that which came to Mistral when the beautiful idyllic romance of 'Mirèio' took Provence and all France by storm—at first in great part, no doubt, because of that literary bombshell, the famous pronouncement of the then all-powerful Lamartine, to the effect that—

'in Mistral a great epic poet is born, a true Homeric poet in this day, a primitive poet in this age of decadence, a poet who has given a new sensation and a new scope to modern literature, a poet who has created a language out of a dialect, as Petrarch created Italian.'

Though that superb epical achievement, 'Calendau,' did not have the vogue of its predecessor, it is now, perhaps, still more widely admired. The earlier poem may be said to embody the Provence of the plains and pastoral valleys, the Provence of the Crau, the Camargue, and of the Rhône; the other, to embody the Provence of mountain and sea. But of all Mistral's books none is now

so familiar, so loved and admired, as his collection of dramatic lyrics, ballads, odes, and other poems, collectively entitled 'Lis Isclo d'Or' ('The Golden Isles'). Here all his most famous lyrical triumphs—from the 'Ode to the Latin Race' to the delightful and so often quoted 'Lou Prègo-Diéu' (a kind of grasshopper)—are to be found. 'Lis Isclo d'Or,' in technical mastery, ranks with the finest work of Hugo, Banville, Leconte de Lisle, and Baudelaire, and has more of the pulse of universal humanity. 'Nerto,' an epical poem in the style of the chivalrous romances and of Ariosto, is a Provençal chronicle of the popes in Avignon. Though hailed with welcome, and crowned by the French Academy, it remains the least widely known, and in Provence the least read, of Mistral's works. The fine tragic drama, 'La Rèino Jano,' was more impressive to witness on the stage (especially at Orange) than to read; and perhaps only to Provençals is there compelling magic in the name of the famous princess round whose memory so many native legends, romances, songs, and ballads have gathered. In 'The Poem of the Rhône' Mistral has produced his epical *chef-d'œuvre*. Here, unquestionably, he justifies that supreme praise of Lamartine's which so profoundly impressed the whole European world of culture.

Of two of his most valued colleagues and literary contemporaries, Félix Gras and Marius Girard, though not members of the original 'league of poets, much might be written here, were there space to spare. Certainly no student of contemporary Provençal literature can afford to overlook M. Girard's 'Lis Aupiho' ('The Lesser Alps,' behind St Rémy), published in 1888, and the larger and finer collection, with its often valuable and always interesting notes, 'La Crau' (the great stony plain of the Bouches du Rhône, contiguous to, but distinct from, the vaster Camargue, the 'Maremma' of Provence). Marius Girard is one of the most distinguished of the Felibres of to-day; and, as he is still vigorous in mind and body, we may look for further works or fresh collections from his fertile pen. His contemporary, Félix Gras, is much more widely known, and within the last five years, indeed, has, as a romancist, won also a wide circle of readers in the United States and Great Britain through the admirable translation by Mrs Catherine Janvier of his trilogy of 'The Terror' ('The Reds of the Midi,' 'The Terror,' 'The

White Terror'). Four years younger than Marius Girard, Félix Gras was, till the other day, the Capoulié or Head of the Felibrige, and after Mistral the greatest of living Provençals.* While still a young man (i.e. in his thirty-second year) he published 'Li Carboundié' ('The Charcoal-Burners'), and at once became famous. The note struck was a new one, intensely virile, robust, sonorous. This 'épopée' in twelve cantos has no real rival in Provençal literature after Mistral's 'Calendau' or 'Nerto': indeed few works of the kind can even be compared with it, except perhaps the splendidly picturesque 'Chanson Lemouzina' of the Abbé Roux, the great poet of the Limousin. In later life Gras achieved another success in this *genre*, with 'Toloza,' a *geste provençale* in twelve cantos dealing with the famous crusade of Simon de Montfort. In 1887 he published, through Savine of Paris (one of the few instances where a Provençal book has been printed beyond the unofficial frontier of the Midi), his *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Lou Roumancero Prouvençau.' The book consists of a score or so of romantic ballads or ballad-romances, and in metrical strength, poetic virility, and compelling charm recalls no contemporary poetry so much as Browning's 'Dramatic Lyrics and Romances.' Perhaps the finest is the fifth, the barbaric 'Roumanso de Damo Guiraud.' Others hardly less notable are 'Lou Rèi Reinié' ('King René'), 'La Roumanso de la Rèino Jano,' 'Guihen de Cabestang,' the pathetic 'Blanche de Simiane,' and the savage 'La Dama Tibor'—all, and 'The Lady Tibor' in particular, strongly suggestive of our own wild north-country ballads, 'Glasgerion,' 'Burd Helen,' and the like. In all his poetry, epical or lyrical or episodic, sonorous lines continually recur, with a sound in them as of the sea or the mountain-wind:

'Es-ti la grando mar? Es-ti la grand mountagno?
Sarié-ti lou mistrau que bramo e coumbouris?'†

* Since this article was written, Félix Gras has succumbed, after a brief illness following a feverish chill. His death was deeply lamented throughout Provence, and indeed all France. His successor as Capoulié (periodical chief or president) is a young Provençal, Pierre Dévoluy, who was elected largely through the wish and influence of Mistral.

† 'Is it the great sea? or the voice of the hills?
Or the wild tumult of the mountain-wind?'

and lovely lines, full of aerial light and sound, such as—

'Lou long salut que fan soute vènt li piboulo.'*

In connexion with the success of his romances of 'The Terror,' it may be added that though the prose literature of the Provençal revival cannot vie with that in verse, it is still very remarkable and fascinating. We need allude only to the most outstanding works, such as the 'Contes Prouvençau' of Roumanille, the brilliant, vivacious, and highly flavoured as well as highly coloured 'Li Papalino' ('Tales of Papal Avignon') of Félix Gras, the fine and austere simple 'Memòri d'un Gnarro' ('Reminiscences of a Farm Hand') of Baptiste Bonnet, the vivid 'Scenes of Provençal Life' of the Toulonaise Charles Senès, and those strange, bewilderingly erudite, flame-coloured, but inartistically wrought antique 'classical' romances of the poor peasant Jean Lombard (whose early death in 1891 was practically due to privation bordering on starvation), 'L'Agonie' and 'Byzance.'

As for the larger 'world' which cannot read Provençal, and has no time or thought to look for the less eminent men, it can well rest content with the work of the delicate genius who gave to all countries 'Tartarin,' 'Numa Roumestan,' and the 'Lettres de mon Moulin,' with that of the refined and exquisite artist, Paul Arène, whose work is the very essence, the very fragrance, of Provence; and with that of picturesque and vivid romancists such as Jean Aicard. One of the most notable prose works by any Provençal writer, though dealing with alien life and conditions, is the strangely impressive 'Fumeurs d'Opium' of the late Jules Boissière: another, more recent, more powerful, if less rare in quality, less subtle in style, is Louis Bertrand's 'Le Sang des Races.' Doubtless all the Provençal novelists will henceforth write in French, for they are in the same case as native Welsh or Irish novelists, who might prefer to write, but who cannot get published, tales in Welsh or Irish. Among these younger men the most promising are Emmanuel Delbousquet, Louis Bertrand, and Joachim Gasquet, the latter a young Aixois who, besides having already won high distinction

* 'The long swaying of a poplar to the wind.'

by his beautiful verse and the range and distinction of his prose, is achieving a continually growing influence through his able editing of 'Le Pays de France,' one of the most interesting of French monthly magazines.

Another writer of whom something should be said, the more so as he is in danger of being overlooked by the younger generation of Provençal students, is the late Jean-Baptiste Gaut, one of the most distinguished sons of Aix, and an influential member of the Felibréen league. His prose writings—notably his 'Résumé de l'Histoire du Roi René' and his now rare 'Poètes et la Poésie de Provence'—are as interesting as they are erudite. His lyrical drama, 'Uno Court d'Amour,' was crowned at the Floral Fêtes at Montpellier; and his 'Lou Mau d'Amour' ('Love-sickness'), produced in 1881, has the distinction of being the first and still the best comic opera on the Provençal stage. A more noteworthy dramatic achievement was his earlier drama in three acts, with many songs, called 'Lei Mouros' ('The Moors'), published about 1875.

Although Mistral, Aubanel, Gras, and other Provençal poets have written sonnets, the sonnet has never taken a prominent place in the poetic literature of the Midi, and is never a 'popular,' always a 'literary,' form. But Gaut has the distinction of being the Provençal sonneteer *par excellence*. His 'Lei Sèt Pecat Capitaï' ('The Seven Deadly Sins') is a notable group of poems; and the literary enthusiast may consider himself lucky who obtains that fantastically delightful collection, 'Sounet, Souneto, e Sounaïo' ('Sonnets, Tinkles, and Idle Rhymes'), published in 1874, with a 'Sounadisso' or *avertissement* by Mistral, wherein the great poet half playfully appreciates his friend's singular qualities—saying 'Qu'il joue aux osselets, ou qu'il chasse aux perdreaux, ou que dans la rivière il fasse mordre quelque anguille, un petit vent de Grèce agite son habit.'

We have left to the last one of the greatest of the Felibres, and, as we believe, one of the finest lyric poets whom France has produced, Théodore Aubanel. Aubanel is the poet whose name above all others in Provence causes the chord of love to thrill in the hearts of the young. He is, supremely, the poet of youth and love and beauty. Throughout his writings we may hear the refrain of his lyric, 'La Glòri de Vau-Cluso'—

'L'Amour es la vido,

La vido es l'amour,'

as throughout all his own days he heard the self-same song—

'L'amour nous convido

A cuie li flour.'

This, for the greater part, sufficed him—this instinct of life, this passion for beauty, for love, for the sunshine and the blithe delight of spring and summer in his beloved Provence, where 'La cigalo di piboulo, La bousearlodi bouissoun, Lou grihet di ferigoulo, Tout canto sa cansoun.' In his glad content with the beauty of the world, the world of youth and love and songs, he struck a note which endeared him to his compatriots—

'Tout auceloun amo sou nis :

Noste ceu blu, noste terraïre

Soun pèr nous-autre un paradis,'*

His posthumous collection, 'Lou Rèire dou Soulèu' (literally, 'From Behind the Sun,' or poetically, 'From Beyond the Grave'), is as full as his *chef-d'œuvre*, 'Li Fiho d'Avignoun' ('The Girls of Avignon'), of that inspiration of the country districts, *di bastido*, of which he sang in a little canticle for the Festo Felibrenço at Nîmes in 1859—

'O muso di bastido

De siedo noun vestido

E pamens tant poulido,

Muso di Prouvençau !†

Aubanel's printed writings are slight in quantity. 'La Miougrano Entre-Duberto' ('The Half-Open Pomegranate'), first privately printed about 1880 (though written many years earlier), and published in a complete form in 1888; 'Li Fiho d'Avignoun,' published in the year of his death, 1886; and 'Lou Rèire du Soulèu,' published in 1900, represent his achievement in lyrical poetry. Besides these books he wrote three dramas in Provençal verse. One of these, the powerful and sombre 'Lou Pan dou Pecat' ('The

* 'Every little bird loves its nest. Our blue sky, our little country, are Paradise for us.'

† 'O muse of the country places (*lit.* of the farmsteads), Not clad in silk art thou, Yet O most fair to see, Muse of the Provençals!'

Bread of Sin') has been published, and, in Paul Arène's somewhat unsatisfactory French version in alexandrines, was acted in Paris. Of another no trace has been found. The third and most powerful, 'Lou Pastre' ('The Herdsman'), though known to exist at the time of his death, is apparently destroyed or lost also. From the little publicly known of it, and some fragments remembered by friends, it is certain that 'The Herdsman' was one of the most terrible of modern tragedies, too savagely terrible perhaps for publication to-day. Some idea of it, though even here modified, may be gained from the note about 'Lou Pastre' in the appendix to 'Lou Rèire dou Soulèu.' The only other book of Aubanel's is the posthumous collection of his letters to a friend, the 'Mignon' of his idealising and romantic love for 'a dear unknown.'

There is perhaps no single book of contemporary poetry so full of the atmosphere, as well as the sound and colour, of beauty, as 'Li Fiho d'Avignoun.' In it is one supreme masterpiece: 'the apple on the topmost bough' of modern Pagan poetry. 'The Venus of Arles' is, in contemporary poetry, what the Venus of Milo is among all the other treasures of the Louvre. Aubanel's work is all of music, beauty, emotion. His lyrical poems are as full of light and rippling sound as an aspen. One could quote scores of lines such as this quatrain from the pathetically beautiful 'Li Piboulo' ('The Poplars')—

'Bello lèio de grand pibo
Enfioucado dóu tremount,
Que veses sus l'autro ribo?
Que veses d'aperamount?' *

New cadences, too, come into this Latin poetry, vaguely suggestive of those of Celtic music—

'De-la-man-d'eila de la mar,
Dins mis ouro de pantaiaje,
Souventi-fes iéu fau un viage,
Iéu fau souvent un viage amar,
De-la-man-d'eila de la mar.' †

* 'Stately alley of great poplars, All aflame with the fires of sunset—What see you, in the valley, From your swaying tops, what see you?'

† 'To a far land across the sea, oftentimes in my dreaming hours I voyage alone, a bitter voyage of longing oftentimes I make, to a far land across the sea.'

The whole of this poem (No. XI in 'The Book of Love') is beautiful with its 'Eilalins' and 'De-la-man-d'eilas,' and other melancholy recurrent cadences, as, for example—

'D'erso en erso, sus l'aigo amaro,
Coume un cadabre i mar jita,
En pantai me laisse empourta
I pèd d'acuelo que mèi caro,
D'erso en erso, sus l'aigo amaro.' *

Aubanel spoke for all Provence as well as for himself when he wrote 'la pouèsio es lou soulèu, lou soulèu di jouine e di fort e di bèu'—'poetry is the sun, the sun of the young and the strong and the beautiful.' He sang for all poets when he shaped in music his own device, 'Quau canto soun mau, encanto.' For him, as for many another beautiful singer of human love and loss, an earlier writer long ago said 'the deep word'—

'Quia sine dolore non vivitur in amore.'

Let us take leave of Aubanel, and with him of the singers of modern Provence, in fitting words of his own, uttered in one of his poems to his 'Laura,' his 'Beatrice'—

'Dins lou vaste camin dis astre barrulant canto dins la joio.' †

If there be that immortality also for the poet, there is none worthier than Théodore Aubanel to enter upon it. 'We are two comrade stars,' said Mistral prophetically. And truly both are of the company of 'Adonais,' 'e chi lo scrisse.'

* 'From hollow to hollow, on the salt wave, as a body thrown upon the waters, in dreams I let myself be carried to the feet of her I love: From hollow to hollow, on the salt wave.'

† 'On the vast road of the wandering stars he sings in joy.'

Art. IX.—A RELIGION OF MURDER.

1. *Ramaseeana, or a Vocabulary of the peculiar Language used by the Thugs.* [By W. H. Sleeman.] Two vols. Calcutta: Bengal Military Orphan Press, 1836.
2. *The Thugs or Phansigars of India.* Compiled from original documents published by Captain W. H. Sleeman. Two vols. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1839.
3. *Report on the Depredations committed by the Thug Gangs of Upper and Central India.* By Major Sleeman. Calcutta: Bengal Military Orphan Press, 1840.
4. *Reports on the working of the Thagi and Dakaiti Department of the Indian Government, 1860-1898.*

FROM India there comes every year a thin pale-blue book called the 'Report of the Thagi and Dakaiti Department,' which is duly received, docketed and forgotten; it contains, however, one truth worth remembering, namely, that Thagi (or Thuggee), the only religion that preaches murder, is not yet extinct. It appears, in fact, of late years, to have been actually on the increase. In the Punjab we find two cases of murders by Thugs as late as 1896; while in Rajputana, Central India and Hyderabad the increase in the last three or four years is startling. In 1895 there were only three persons concerned in Thuggee poisoning; in 1896 there were ten, of whom two were convicted; while in 1897 there were no less than twenty-five Thugs concerned, though there was only one conviction. In 1898 there was a slight falling-off. Five cases were reported. Eight persons were poisoned, of whom one died. Nine persons were concerned in these cases, of whom seven were caught, but none were convicted. The report for 1899 is not yet available.

These wretches are but a miserable remnant of an ancient and powerful religion; yet they inherit an undoubted sense of continuity from it; and it is, after all, only some seventy years since two young English officials agreed that the day of retribution was come for the followers of the great goddess Kali. There were, at that time, at least ten thousand Thugs, wandering unmolested over the surface of India, who earned a livelihood by murdering their fellow-men; they lived in this way partly because it was their religion, and partly because they

preferred murdering to either working or begging. It may seem to us inconceivable that the people themselves should have tolerated such a state of things, but we never hear of a village rising to hunt down the murderer; the innocent villagers died of strangling then, as they now die of cholera or the plague, in a silent, hopeless belief that it is wrong to struggle against the visitation of the gods. Thus the murders were never traced or heard of. As each Thug killed, on an average, three men per annum, we get the unexampled fact of some thirty thousand people, mostly under British rule or protection, vanishing into the earth every year without any enquiry whatsoever being made, or any notice taken of their disappearance. Such figures seem incredible, and yet we are told by officials of the time that they are probably under the mark.

In the midst of this reign of terror and utter lawlessness, a saviour suddenly appeared in the person of Captain (afterwards Sir William) Sleeman, who was then a comparatively junior official in the service of the East India Company, and held a civil appointment in the Sagar district. He was already well spoken of for his energy and acuteness; but such a reputation was not entirely in his favour, for the Directors of the East India Company showed no desire that their officers should be either energetic or acute in bringing to light the plague-spots for whose cure they were responsible. They were a commercial, rather than a governing, corporation, and dreaded the expense of putting down so powerful an organisation as Thuggee; besides which, they had for so many years represented India to the British public as a paradise of law and order under their benevolent government, that the idea of armed bands of fifty or a hundred professional murderers going about the country unchallenged was not even to be whispered in their presence. Knowing that the breath of truth may blow a chartered company to atoms, they had refused to recognise the existence of the evil; and so bold had the Thugs at last become that in some parts of India they fearlessly left the bodies of their victims lying unburied on the high-road. To apprehend a gang of stranglers was a grave mistake for a young official, and was met by a prompt reprimand. The case of Pringle is perhaps the best known.

This energetic officer had arrested a band of Thugs who had murdered two men in the district of Chupra. The evidence against them, both direct and circumstantial, was overwhelming, while their defence was a mere denial which they could not sustain by any lucid account of their daily employment, or of the plunder in their possession; but the judgment given will remain a monument of company government for all time. The prisoners were released; the witnesses were punished for perjury and the police for oppression; while Mr Pringle, who had reported the case, was severely reprimanded for his action.

Such wilful blindness, however, could not possibly last for ever. In 1823 the first glaring fact was brought to light by Mr Molony, an Irishman, at that time agent to the Governor-general, who succeeded in capturing a roving band of 115 Thugs. In 1826 another considerable gang was apprehended; and in 1830 young Sleeman, working energetically in conjunction with a fellow official, Mr F. C. Smith, began to supply his chiefs with facts which they could no longer overlook. The result was that Lord William Bentinck, who was then at the head of affairs, created a new post called 'The General Superintendent of Operations against Thuggee,' which title he conferred on Sleeman, refusing, however, to relieve him of any of his ordinary civil duties or to make any increase in his pay. Such was our early government in India.

It is from this time (1830) onwards that we begin to learn the extraordinary facts about Thuggee which have since surprised the world. At first Sleeman and his friend Smith stood practically alone.

'In 1830,' he says, 'Mr George Swinton, who was then Chief Secretary to the Supreme Government of India, and our best support in the cause which Mr F. C. Smith and I had undertaken, wrote to him (Smith) to say that he feared success must be considered as altogether unattainable; for he had been given to understand by those who appeared well informed upon the subject that the evil had taken deep root in all parts of India, and extended itself to almost every village community. There were certainly at that time very few districts in India without their resident gangs of Thugs . . . while there was not one district free from their depredations.'

In view of these contemporary opinions, the estimate of ten thousand Thugs does not seem at all too high; and

subsequent disclosures showed that their *beyls*, or chosen murdering and burying grounds, were thickly dotted along every highroad in the country. In one well-known place near Lucknow there were no less than fifteen *beyls* on a stretch of road twenty-five miles long, at each of which parties of travellers, numbering from one to twenty people, had been strangled and buried.

It was to unravel this secret network and lay hands on the assassins that Sleeman now set himself during his spare moments. He found few weapons to his hand, and no allies. The Government was apathetic; the people, partly from fear and partly from superstition, refused to give evidence against the murderers; and so perfect was the Thug system that they were practically never caught red-handed. Yet in the next five years Sleeman had broken the back of his self-imposed task; he had arrested over two thousand murderers, and had proved his charges against them so successfully that only twenty-one were acquitted; while all who read the evidence will agree with a contemporary writer that 'there was no crime on which a man could decide with so safe a conscience.' The fact was that he had, half accidentally, laid his hand on the weak spot of their system, namely, the growing unbelief and irreligion which was so loudly bewailed by the older Thugs; they no longer dreaded the wrath of the goddess Kali nor obeyed her wise rules; they believed neither in her nor in each other, and were ready to betray their leaders shamelessly.

At the very beginning of his career, Sleeman had the good fortune to capture the great Thug leader, Feringeea, who was betrayed to him for a reward of five hundred rupees. He gives the following account of his dealings with this extraordinary criminal:—

'He told me that if his life were spared he could secure the arrest of several large gangs. . . . Seeing me disposed to doubt his authority upon a point of so much importance, he requested me to put him to the proof—to take him through the village of Selohda . . . and he would show me his ability and inclination to give me correct information. I did so, and my tents were pitched, where tents usually are, in a small mango grove. . . . When I got up in the morning he pointed out three places in which he and his gang had deposited, at different intervals, the bodies of three parties of travellers. A

Pundit and six attendants, murdered in 1818, lay among the ropes of my sleeping tent; a Havildar and four Sipahs, murdered in 1824, lay under my horses; and four carriers of Ganges water, and a woman murdered soon after the Pundit, lay within my sleeping tent. The sword had grown over the whole, and not the slightest sign of its ever having been broken was to be seen. The thing seemed to me incredible; but . . . he declared himself prepared to stake his life on the accuracy of his information. My wife was still sleeping over the grave of the water-carriers, unconscious of what was doing or to be done. I assembled the people of the surrounding villages and the Thanadar and his police, and put the people to work over the grave of the Havildar. They dug down five feet without perceiving the slightest signs of the bodies or of a grave, . . . but there was a calm and quiet confidence about him (Feringeea) that made me insist on their going on; and at last we came upon the bodies of the whole five laid out precisely as he had described.'

Sleeman afterwards tells us how the other two graves were also found to be genuine, and how Feringeea offered to point out others in the neighbouring groves; but 'I was sick of the horrid work'; so they dug up no more. His wife, who had slept over the dead water-carriers, often afterwards declared that she never had a night of such horrid dreams, which seemed to prove that, while asleep, 'her soul had become conscious of the dreadful crimes that had been perpetrated.' It is easy to imagine the feelings of man and wife who have slept over no less than seventeen murdered travellers; but Feringeea was now proved to be trustworthy, and with his help the work soon increased to such an extent that, in 1835, Sleeman was finally relieved of his routine civil duties, and was enabled to devote his whole energies to crushing out Thuggee.

What he was attacking was not merely an organised gang of man-killers; it was a religion, a profession, a hereditary custom. The Thug was simply a practical God-fearing man; he would set out on his business with the quiet earnestness of one who is merely doing his duty and bringing up his son to a good professional connexion; he would brutally murder twenty to thirty victims, not only with an easy conscience, but with the calm self-approval of a successful practitioner; and if, after years

of business-like activity, he fell into the meddling grasp of British law, he would go to his death with the cheerful smile of a religious man who had lived well and entertained no doubts of being munificently rewarded hereafter. Nor was he at all grasping in his dealings. The celebrated Thug Shumsherah deposed that 'eight annas (a shilling) is a very good remuneration for murdering a man. We often strangle a victim who is suspected of having two pice (three farthings).' Their motto was evidently small profits and quick returns.

There is more to be said about Thuggee as a religion—for a very genuine religion it was. Sleeman says that 'no one of them doubts the divine origin of Thuggee; they consider the persons murdered precisely in the light of victims offered up to their goddess.' This lady, Kali (or Deve or Bhowanee, as she was indifferently called), the patroness of Thuggee, was originally the goddess of small-pox. She had not only instituted the religion, but even undertaken to hide the bodies of the slain, on condition that no man looked at her while she was doing so. For a long time this condition was kept; but one day a neophyte glanced over his shoulder and saw the goddess, entirely destitute of clothing, in the act of swallowing a corpse. Being naturally overcome with modesty, and incensed at such a breach of faith, Kali refused any longer actively to assist the Thugs. She still continued to watch over them and direct them by means of omens; but the change was always regretted by the Thugs, the more so perhaps because the features of the goddess, so hideous that no one durst gaze upon them, appeared to render her modesty superfluous.

Be this as it may, there are certain rules of hers that no Thug will break. For instance, before starting on an expedition there must be a meeting of all the Thugs to consecrate the sacred pick-axe (originally one of Kali's teeth), to evoke her aid, and to eat the sacred *goor* (coarse sugar). If a Thug swears by the sacred pick-axe he will keep his oath, even though he were a man to perjure himself on the Koran. When two Thugs, named Sahib and Nasir, were questioned by Captain Sleeman on this point, they said:—

"If any man swears to a falsehood upon a pick-axe properly consecrated, we will consent to be hung if he survives the time

appointed. Appoint one, two or three days when he swears, and we pledge ourselves that he does not live a moment beyond the time. He will die a horrid death; his head will turn round, his face towards the back, and he will writhe in tortures till he dies."

"And all this you have seen?"

"Yes, we have all seen it."

From the rest of their evidence, there is no doubt that these men believed what they said. One is puzzled to know whether they had seen a man in some kind of fit, or whether some poor deluded creature had actually hypnotised himself into the death that he feared.

The system of Thuggee was found in India, by an adventurous European traveller, so early as the seventeenth century; but its previous history is unknown. Some believe that it dates back to the days of Alexander or even Xerxes; but more probably it originated with the wild camp-followers and plunderers who followed the Mohammedan armies of conquest. Whatever the true source may be, it is beyond all doubt the work of a man of genius; no ordinary brain could have fenced and regulated it by so elaborate a code of rules—rules which the Thugs deem to be of divine origin, but in each of which we can trace a shrewd, practical purpose.

Their organisation was perfect in every detail; each gang was under the command of a *jemadar*, whose orders they seem to have obeyed with a wonderful sense of discipline. Their mode of procedure was as follows. They would divide their band into several contingents, which moved along the road at a short distance from one another, with scouts thrown out in front and behind to secure them; they thus presented the appearance of small parties of travellers, each of which kept up the pretence of being entirely unknown to the others. On meeting a suitable quarry the *jemadar* would decide if he was worth attacking. If this seemed to be the case, he would send forward a skilled specialist to choose the place of attack; meanwhile he would give orders to the inveigler—also a specialist in his line—who would accost the victim in the most friendly manner, either asking a favour or doing some small civility in order to ingratiate himself. So skilful were these inveiglers that they seldom failed to find out the destination of the unfortunate traveller, with

all other necessary details; and then the gang would follow him patiently, sometimes for days or even weeks, often journeying with him on the most friendly terms, until their opportunity occurred. If, however, as occasionally happened, the inveigler were not successful, and saw he had aroused suspicion, he would communicate in the secret Thug language with his friends, and presently two or three more of the band would approach with a fresh inveigler. On seeing these, the first accomplice would at once feign uneasiness, make some excuse, and decamp hastily; while the second inveigler, dressed perhaps as a sepoy, or in some other clever disguise, would come up and, after enquiring about the appearance of the man who had just left them, would declare that he had long known him for a bad character, and heartily congratulate the traveller on his escape. The victim having thus been thrown off his guard, things usually went without a hitch. On reaching the chosen spot, the word of command was given, and each man went to his post; then, at a secret signal, one of the band, who had completed his course of education under a *gooroo*, or professor of strangling, would slip the fatal noose round the victim's throat, while an accomplice held his hands and kicked him as brutally as possible to put a stop to his struggles. As soon as he fell to the ground, another accomplice would pull his legs, and death, of course, was a matter of a very few moments. If any of the victims escaped, they were met by an outer cordon of Thugs, who cut them down with swords or shot them; if they made a noise, the Thugs would drown it by loud shouts, as if they were driving horses or singing or playing some game.

So well-conceived a system, backed by a comprehensive secret language, and by all the force of religion, made murder the safest of sports; but there were, in addition to these precautions, a good many wise rules handed down from father to son for generations. The principal one—founded presumably on the theory that dead men tell no tales—was never to rob without murdering. Another shrewd maxim was never to let anyone of a party escape. 'Kill one, kill all,' was the rule, even to a traveller's dog, lest some faithful beast should scent out its master's grave. Above all things, there were to be at least two men to every victim; though we are told that if a man, in a case

of emergency, was so skilled as to pull a traveller from his horse and strangle him single-handed, his family was honoured for several generations. For further safety there were strict regulations as to the disposal of bodies; and it was a golden rule never to murder near home. So far, the object of each command is easily detected; but in several of their maxims it is more difficult to see the underlying purpose. By one of these it was declared unlucky to kill men of certain classes and trades, as, for instance, an oil-vendor. Whether these occupations were those originally practised by the Thug tribes, or whether they had been considered the most convenient disguises to assume, we do not know. By another rule it was forbidden to kill maimed persons or women; but this regulation was frequently broken. As regards women, there was often a difficulty; if they were with a party, it was difficult to separate them, but, on the other hand, it was dangerous to kill the men in their presence and let the women go free. It was, however, one of the most established rules of Kali that women were not to be killed, and it was to her anger at breaches of this law that many of the older Thugs attributed their downfall; whence it is obvious that in this profession, as in many others, women were often in the way.

Thuggee, as we have said, was a religion; its most extraordinary characteristic was the genuine faith of its votaries, and the fact that it was held by good men. Sleeman gives page upon page of remarkable evidence proving both these points. One man actually told him that, if a Thug committed a murder, he would never be blessed any more. 'What do you account a murder?' asked Sleeman. 'Murdering another Thug, or killing any man outside Thuggee,' was the reply. This seems to us a novel and somewhat restricted definition of the crime; but Sleeman's informers considered its validity proved up to the hilt when they pointed out to him 'that, if a man commits a murder, we know well that he and his family will die out; while, as for the Thugs, we see them flourishing generation after generation.' On another occasion, having asked an informer whether he thought the Company's officials would be able to annihilate Thuggee, he received the scornful reply, 'How can the hand of man do away with the work of God?' He describes a still

more striking instance as follows. A Thug leader of most polished manners and great eloquence, being asked one day whether he felt compunction in murdering innocent people, replied with a smile, 'Does any man feel compunction in following his trade? And are not all our trades assigned to us by Providence?' On being asked how many people he had killed, he replied, 'I have killed none. Is any man killed from man's killing? Is it not the hand of God that kills him? Are we not mere instruments in the hands of God?'

So these calm fatalists kept up their average of three murders a year per man; yet they were good fathers and husbands; they included even men of position, merchants or tax collectors, men like Ramzan, who held an official position and was waited on by two sepoys, a scribe, and a village guard; or like Feringeea the Subadar. The inherited belief was too strong for them. Feringeea allowed that they sometimes felt pity; but—

'the *goor* of the Tuponee changes our nature. . . . Let any man once taste of that *goor* and he will be a Thug, though he know all the trades and have all the wealth in the world. . . . I have been high in office . . . yet I was miserable while absent from my gang. . . . My father made me taste of that fatal *goor* when I was yet a mere boy, and if I were to live a thousand years I should never be able to follow any other trade.'

These men, when questioned by British officers, would describe the murder of 'a weak, lonely old man' with all the glee of a sportsman over his first stag; but, on the other hand, they were never known to insult a woman, even when they captured the most beautiful of the sex. Mr McLeod writes in 1833 of a family of Thugs: 'I feel interested, too, for the whole of Laek's family, among whom I do not think there is naturally any vice, shocking as their proceedings would appear at home.' Mr Wilson, in 1835, writes of another Thug, 'He is one of the best men I have ever known.' It is obvious therefore that, when men of such position and character became Thugs, it was not from depravity but from misguided belief.

Sleeman's report is largely composed of evidence taken from prisoners who were willing to turn approver. Now in England there are many people who revel in the story of a murder or a highway robbery, but if any one of these

persons wishes to be cured of his somewhat morbid taste he has only to plod steadily through the Thug records. He will find himself wading, so to speak, knee-deep in murder, toiling through page after page, chapter after chapter, of the most matter-of-fact and business-like accounts, each of which is totalled up at the end with the number of people strangled. 'A total of five men murdered in this expedition,' 'A total of two men murdered in this expedition'—such is the invariable ending of the tale.

There is a great sameness about these reports; they are merely business statements; but, as an example of Thug methods of action and thought, we may quote in full one story from Captain Sleeman's book. It is descriptive of the murder of a party of eighteen men, seven women and two boys. A Thug named Inaent, after telling us how his party, numbering 125, had sent on two men to choose the right place for the deed, continues thus:—

'We contrived to make the party move off about midnight, persuading them that it was near morning; on reaching the place appointed, they were advised to sit down and rest themselves. All our parties pretended to be as much deceived as themselves with regard to the time; but not more than half of the travellers could be prevailed upon to sit down and rest in such a solitude. The signal was given, and all, except the two boys, were seized and strangled by the people who had been appointed for the purpose, and were now at their posts ready for action. The boys were taken by Jowahir and Kehree, who intended to adopt them as their sons; and the bodies of the twenty-five persons were all thrown into a ditch and covered with earth and bushes. On seeing the bodies thrown into the ditch, Jowahir's boy began to cry bitterly; and finding it impossible to pacify him or to keep him quiet, Jowahir took him by the legs and dashed out his brains against a stone, and left him lying on the ground, while the rest were busily occupied in collecting the booty. Going on to Powae, we purchased five rupees' worth of sugar to celebrate this event.'

We need quote no more such narratives; but it would be undesirable to close our account of this strange profession or religion without making some personal mention of its leading men. In the year 1838 Captain James Paton, first Assistant Resident at Lucknow, drew a map which he

enclosed in the report—one of the most extraordinary maps in the world. It is a chart of the *beyls*, or chosen murdering spots in Oude, and is drawn up from the information of twenty chief Thugs, who corroborated each other in a remarkable manner, leaving no doubt of the truth of their evidence. It shows, amongst other details, that there were 274 *beyls* in Oude, or one for every five or six square miles; almost every *beyl* was proved by the confession of one of the twenty witnesses; and, as each confession was independently supported by outside evidence, there is no doubt that they are genuine. Thus, by adding up the recorded murders at each spot, Captain Paton was able to get the total record of each of his Thug leaders; we can give, therefore, in full, his list of the twenty leading men in Thuggee.

Futty Khan	has been concerned in 508 cases of murder.				
Buhram	"	"	931	"	"
Dhoosoo	"	"	350	"	"
Alayar	"	"	377	"	"
Ramzan	"	"	604	"	"
Sheeodeen	"	"	119	"	"
Sirdar	"	"	42	"	"
Teja	"	"	103	"	"
Muckdoomee	"	"	204	"	"
Salar	"	"	203	"	"
Danial	"	"	195	"	"
Bukthour	"	"	294	"	"
Khunjun	"	"	117	"	"
Hyder	"	"	322	"	"
Imambux the Black	"	"	340	"	"
Rambux	"	"	28	"	"
Imambux the Tall	"	"	65	"	"
Bught	"	"	81	"	"
Adhar	"	"	153	"	"
Ungnoo	"	"	24	"	"

The total amounts to 5120 murders, divided amongst twenty men, giving an average of 256 to each individual. Futty Khan is rightly at the head of the list, as he spent only twenty years in murdering 508 people, whereas Buhram had been for forty years a strangler. Futty was undoubtedly the most successful murderer of whom we have any knowledge in all time. Probably Buhram, as a young man, was quite his equal, but he spoilt his record by continuing too long in the profession; however they average about two men a month during their working life—the difference is unimportant. It was no wonder

that the British officers looked on them as little better than tigers; and, curiously enough, the Thugs themselves had a kind of fraternal feeling for the tiger. They would never on any pretence kill one, and they believed that no tiger would attack them. If any of their number were mauled by a tiger, they always excused this breach of comradeship on the grounds that the man was not yet initiated, or else was a breaker of their rules.

Such was the system which pervaded every district of India and every class of society, Hindoo or Mohammedan, only sixty years ago. All members of the organisation had full powers to initiate new associates; and yet to-day there is scarcely a tangible relic of it in existence. By 1840 there had been no less than 3655 trials, of which only 97 resulted in acquittals, and the followers of Kali had been terrorised all over India. The Thugs of our time are only a miserable remnant, whose very name is almost a misnomer; they are known merely by a few attempts at poisoning for the sake of plunder; the fatal noose is practically unheard of, and the power of their religion has passed away.

In 1860 it was estimated by Major Hervey that there were probably 910 Phansigar or strangling Thugs in India, but, as he explains, few of these were professionals; they were for the most part simply common malefactors, such as might be found in other parts of the world, who observed none of the ancient rules about burying bodies, etc., worked on no regular system, and received no professional training. In 1877, according to a good authority, there were some 148 Punjabi and 138 Hindustani Phansigars at large, who were guilty of murder by strangling, and would consequently have been treated as Thugs if captured; but the rise of the modern Whatooora, a poisoning class of Thugs, shows how far they had departed from the original customs of Kali. Thuggee has now practically died out; but, owing to its hereditary character, the Government are still afraid of it, and before allowing a Thug to return, after his twenty years on the Andaman Islands, make many enquiries as to whether they can safely permit him to settle down again in his old haunts.

Sir William Sleeman has been practically forgotten, but he ought surely to be reckoned amongst the great

men of the Empire. How many of the best administrators of this century have accomplished anything like his work in so short a time? What other man has so quickly and decisively put his heel on a religion of crime and crushed it into insignificance? Our admiration and sympathy should be given to this lonely Englishman, surrounded by forms of treachery and deception almost inconceivable to us, baffled by subsidised rajahs and discouraged by the apathy of his own government, but nevertheless voluntarily focussing on himself the hatred of thousands of secret murderers. The policeman under his orders, the sepoy who assisted him, the village official, or even the very cook who prepared his food, might, any of them, be a Thug. He willingly gave up long days and weeks to be rewarded only by the results of his toil; and he was content with this reward. He has described to us how he saw in his court old men, with tears running down their cheeks, as they identified the clothes or ornaments of a son or grandson who had gone into a far-off town to win bread for the family, whose home-coming had been anxiously looked forward to for months, but who had never returned. In 1836 he writes: 'The blood of hundreds of miserable victims, shed where no pitying eye or succouring hand was nigh to rescue, calls out of the ground for retribution.' And when, in an incredibly short space of time, he had earned a success beyond his most sanguine dreams, so far from assuming a tone of exultation or of ambitious demand, he simply says:—

'No man could have calculated upon those many extraordinary combinations of circumstances upon which our success has chiefly depended, combinations which it behoves us gratefully to acknowledge as providential interpositions for the benefit of the people entrusted to our rule—interpositions which these people themselves firmly believe will never be wanting to rulers whose measures are honestly intended, and wisely designed, for the good of their subjects.'

Art. X.—CHARLOTTE MARY YONGE.

1. *The Novels and Tales of Charlotte M. Yonge.* London: Macmillan.
2. *Scenes and Characters; or eighteen months at Beechcroft.* By the author of 'Abbeychurch; or Self-control and Self-conceit.' London: Burns, 1847.
3. *Modern Broods; or Developments unlooked for.* By Charlotte Mary Yonge. London: Macmillan, 1900.

ABOUT the middle of the last century a demand sprang up for a class of fiction of which, before that date, few examples were to be found in the language. Until a short time previous to the date we have in mind, what may be called 'week-day religion' was confined—among the laity at all events almost exclusively, and to some extent among the clergy—to members of the Low Church or Evangelical school. At Cambridge, in the thirties, any religious man was called a 'sim,' i.e. a disciple of Mr Simeon. To these all fiction was an object of suspicion, save, perhaps, as the merest vehicle for obvious and avowed religious teaching; the true novel ranked with the ball-room and the theatre as a snare for souls.

Not the least of the services rendered by the Tractarian movement was the emancipation of many pious consciences from this rigid subjection to self-imposed restrictions, and its recognition of the difference between use and abuse. The religion which that movement encouraged was, in the words used by Lord Blachford when speaking of his Oriel days—

'religion with a discouragement of anything like gushing profession; . . . also a religion which was fervent and reforming in essentials, with a due reverence for existing authorities and habits and traditions; . . . a religion which did not reject, but aspired to embody in itself any form of art and literature, poetry, philosophy, and even science, which could be pressed into the service of Christianity.'

This is not the place to trace the history of the movement on its domestic side—its influence, that is, on family life in country parsonages and other quiet homes—otherwise than as it affected the literature of recreation. Of this there was, as has been said, a certain dearth, especially

for girls and young women. Great novelists were of course not lacking. Dickens and Bulwer, to name no others, were in their prime; but Dickens has never possessed much attraction for women, nor Bulwer for any persons of cultivated taste in literature. Nor was either precisely 'churchy.' Besides, the feeling that novels, by that name, were not quite fit reading for those who took a serious view of life and its responsibilities, still lingered in some quarters—even in quarters where conduct was based on a less sombre form of piety. We can well remember the annoyance which was caused to some of Miss Yonge's friends, about the time when her position as a writer was becoming established, by an article in some review, headed, in all innocence, 'Miss Yonge's Novels.' She herself, though by no means averse to novels as such, advised against indiscriminate novel-reading.

Scott, of course, there always was; some indeed have, with justice, traced to his influence a good deal of the revived interest in mediævalism which undoubtedly helped to popularise the revival in the Church. Newman, we know from his own statement, 'had a devotion to Walter Scott.' But after all, Scott, though a host in himself, could hardly be expected to supply all requirements in the way of light literature. De la Motte Fouqué was pressed into the service, and several of his romantic tales were translated by a group of ladies in full sympathy with the movement. We do not think that Miss Yonge took any part in this work, but she was the intimate friend of several who did; and many allusions to Fouqué will be found in her earlier books. His romances, with the possible exceptions of 'Sintram' and 'Undine,' are pretty much forgotten now; at best they were an attempt, and a not very well-informed attempt, to read the emotions of a self-conscious age into the ways of a highly matter-of-fact one. Albert Dürer's robber knight would have been not a little surprised could he have foreseen the halo of religious sentiment which was destined to adorn him in the character of the Norse hero, Sintram. Nevertheless, Fouqué's stories in their English form were not unpopular with young people fifty years ago.

But the field was still open for native talent; and the talent was maturing in a quiet Hampshire village. In 1822 Mr William Yonge, a retired officer of the 52nd Regi-

ment, *post bella quietus*, married the daughter of a lady living at Otterbourne, near Winchester, and settled there. Their daughter, Charlotte Mary, was born on August 11th, 1823. She died on the 24th of March, 1901. Of her early education we know very little. Both her parents were cultivated and intelligent people; and in those days the standard of girls' education was higher than some of our modern lights are perhaps aware. Of 'accomplishments' in the ordinary acceptation of the term, she possessed few. She never, we think, drew a line; and, if she learnt any music in her youth, she soon gave up the practice of it. Her voice, indeed, was curiously unmusical; and this quality was heightened by the absence of anything like shyness or nervousness, so that strangers often carried away an exaggerated impression of it. On the other hand her features, in early womanhood somewhat too keen—one might almost say hawk-like—for beauty, became strikingly handsome as she approached middle age, and the early-silvering hair gave distinction to the face. A photograph of her at the age of about forty-five is before us as we write. The forehead is broad and high, the eyes open and alert, the brows well-shaped, the lips rather full, with a pleasant suggestion of a smile about their corners, the jaw strong, the head well set on the strong, well-turned throat.

When she was twelve years old the author of the 'Christian Year' became incumbent of Hursley and Otterbourne. Charlotte Yonge grew up under his influence, and from him acquired the cast of thought in matters of conduct and religion which gives its tone to her work. When she began to write is not recorded; probably as soon as she had acquired the art of penmanship. The preface to the reprint (1886) of her early work, 'Scenes and Characters,' gives some information on this point:—

'It was my second actual publication, and I believe I was of age before it appeared. . . . An almost solitary child'—she had, in fact, only one brother, seven years younger than herself—'with periodical visits to the elysium of a large family, it was natural to dream of other children and their ways and sports till they became almost realities. They took shape when my French master set me to write letters for him. The letters gradually became conversation and narrative, and the adventures of the family sweetened the toils of French com-

position. . . . The tale was actually printed for private sale, as a link between translations of short stories.'

The reference here seems to be to what she elsewhere calls her 'first book, "The Château de Melville," which people were good enough to buy, though it only consisted of French exercises and translations.' This was sold, the author being then a girl of fifteen, to raise funds for the enlargement of Otterbourne school—an earnest of the munificent uses to which in after years the fruit of her talents was to be devoted. She continues—we make no scruple about quoting freely from this preface, for it is one of her few bits of autobiography:—

'This process only stifled the family in my imagination for a time. They awoke once more with new names, but substantially the same, and were my companions in many a solitary walk, the results of which were scribbled down in leisure moments to be poured into my mother's ever patient and sympathetic ears. . . . The skill of a Jane Austen or a Mrs Gaskell is required to produce a perfect plot without doing violence to the ordinary events of an every-day life. It is all a matter of arrangement; . . . and of arranging my materials, so as to build up a story, I was quite incapable. It is still my great deficiency; but in those days I did not even understand that the attempt was desirable. . . . Yet with all its faults, the children, who had been real to me, caught, by the youthful sense of fun and enjoyment, the attention of other children; and the curious semi-belief one has in the phantoms of one's own brain made me dwell on their after-life and share my discoveries with my friends.'

There is good criticism here, and good self-criticism. Several points occur to be noted in connexion with it. In the first place, Miss Yonge's people are real creations of her own brain—types, not transcripts. In her stories, as in Scott's, as in Miss Austen's, as in those of all novelists worth the name, you will find no trace of that crude and inert method of composition, dear to vulgar curiosity, which takes portraits, more or less accurate, of actual persons, and plants them amid the circumstances of a fictitious narrative. She had opportunities enough for doing this; many men who made a mark on their time were known to her; but we defy the reader to detect any of them among her characters. Another point is the pro-

minent part which children play in Miss Yonge's imaginary world. Except Miss Edgeworth, we can recall no writer before that time who had made any study whatever of child-character; and Miss Edgeworth usually has her moral lesson too obviously in view to do justice to its finer shades. As Miss Yonge says, her stories, though 'gems in their own line,' are apt to be 'illustrations of various truths worked out upon the same personages.' Miss Austen's children are of even less account than those of Medea in the play. Miss Sewell, an older contemporary of Miss Yonge, who is still among us, an honoured veteran, wrote, indeed, of children for children; but with her, again, the moral purpose is somewhat too apparent; and besides, as a reader of her books once put it to us, 'Miss Sewell's good children die; Miss Yonge's don't.'

'Good children,' in the ordinary acceptance of the term, youthful prodigies, that is, of 'misunderstood' sensitiveness and precocious piety, are as little to be found in Miss Yonge's school-rooms as the vulgar and ill-bred little monsters who seem to represent child-life for some lady novelists. If we were to select the two of her little girls whom she herself regarded with especial affection, we should probably not be far wrong in fixing upon Phyllis Mohun and 'Countess Kate.' She was the last to undervalue maidenly refinement and modesty, qualities which she thought ran some risk of being impaired by the 'free and easy' manners of the present day. She has some wise words on the subject in her book, 'Womankind,' which all girls would do well to read and perpend. But the one doctrine which she sets herself to teach above all others is the supreme importance of absolute sincerity in thought and word, as the only foundation upon which a sound and wholesome character could be formed; and she knew that the healthy, high-spirited 'tomboy,' though she might be at times a trouble to nurses or an anxiety to parents and guardians, was in less danger of erring in the opposite direction than the pattern 'good child' of the conventional type. Want of straightforwardness is especially difficult to deal with when it springs from self-conceit; those who have read that excellent study of child-life, 'The Stokesley Secret,' will remember the case of Henry Merrifield. On the other hand, Tom May is an example of what bracing treatment will do to

effect a cure, when the fault is due to timidity, a physical rather than a moral weakness. It is true that in these cases, even when the disease has been extirpated, a certain reserve, not always easily distinguishable from priggishness, is apt to remain.

These last two instances remind us that Miss Yonge did not confine her study of child-nature to her own sex. No woman probably will ever quite enter into the mind of the boy, or, perhaps we should say, appreciate his way of expressing it. To say that Miss Yonge has succeeded better than Miss Edgeworth is not indeed high praise, for, next to Disraeli's, Miss Edgeworth's are perhaps the most hopelessly impossible public-school boys in fiction. The main fault of Miss Yonge's boys is that they are one and all too apt to take life seriously, or rather, perhaps, to let their female relatives know that they do so. Their conduct is usually natural enough; their motives, so far as we can divine them, not unlike those which in old days actuated ourselves and our friends; but a good deal of their conversation is impossible to accept. There have been plenty of schoolboys as intelligent and as high-principled as Norman May; but we do not believe that any of them ever talked, even to the most sympathetic and like-minded of sisters, as Norman talks at times to Ethel. Whether it would be better if they did, we cannot say; but, as a matter of fact, they do not.

'Scenes and Characters,' though not actually the first of Miss Yonge's books—it was preceded by one named 'Abbeychurch,' published in 1844—is the earliest of those which she thought fit to preserve, and we have for that reason coupled its name with that of her last book. She need not have apologised for allowing it to be reprinted some forty years after its first appearance. Apart from its intrinsic merits as a clever picture of family life, drawn with an eye for character and an accuracy of touch rare in so young an author, it has also an interest as showing the school in which she had learned the technique of her art. The opening sentence is enough to show where she found her model:—

'Eleanor Mohun was the eldest child of a gentleman of old family and good property, who had married the sister of his friend and neighbour, the Marquis of Rotherwood. The first years of her life were marked by few events. She was a

quiet, steady, useful girl, finding her chief pleasure in nursing and teaching her brothers and sisters, and her chief annoyance in her mamma's attempts to make her a fine lady; but before she had reached her nineteenth year she had learnt to know real anxiety and sorrow.'

Readers of 'Emma,' of 'Mansfield Park,' of 'Northanger Abbey,' will have no difficulty in recognising the pedigree of this opening, with its abrupt introduction of a chief personage in the story. Miss Yonge had, as we have seen, a profound admiration for the genius of her predecessor; and stray allusions here and there show how thoroughly familiar she was with her writings. Curiously enough, these allusions are chiefly found where she is speaking in her own person. We do not at this moment recollect an instance in which one of her characters betrays any knowledge of Miss Austen; though as a rule it is pretty easy to make out who were their favourite authors. May not this have been due to her perception of the fact that young people were not reading Miss Austen much in the fifties and sixties? That such was the case we are fairly certain, at any rate in families where the influence of the revived activity in Church matters prevailed. Perhaps there was a feeling that, as Newman in a letter of 1837 rather priggishly puts it, 'she [Jane Austen] has not a dream of the high Catholic $\eta\theta\epsilon\sigma$ '; and certainly the Eltons and Collinses are a little shocking to a young person who has been brought up to take a high and solemn view of the priestly office; but we suspect that it had more to do with the lack of romance in her stories. Her heroines are romantic enough. Think of Anne Elliot. 'Her early impressions were incurable. She prized the frank, the open-hearted, the eager character beyond all others. Warmth and enthusiasm did captivate her still.' Was the romantic nature ever better touched off? But Jane Austen herself was the detached, critical observer of her own creations. We cannot conceive them as being her 'life-long companions,' or herself as 'dwelling on their after-life.' In her letters to her sister there is no allusion to any of them. To be sure, she had flesh-and-blood kinsfolk enough to make these imaginary companions unnecessary. She had, no doubt, clear ideas of her people's appearance; but every capable author, we presume, has that. She does once express a liking for Elizabeth

Bennet; but the context leaves it possible to understand this rather as the craftsman's delight in a good piece of work than as a quasi-personal affection.

No one, it may safely be said, ever felt his eyes moisten over any page of Miss Austen. She is as much inferior to Miss Yonge in pathos as she excels her in satire. For satire indeed Miss Yonge had no gift; nor is it perhaps compatible with the active personal religion which looks upon misconduct as none the less sinful for being ridiculous, and considers the moral disorder more than its outward symptoms. She could draw an odious character well enough; witness Philip Morville. But Philip's self-righteous pedantries are based, unknown at first to himself, on envy and malice, deadly sins, and must be purged by contrition, not merely shown up with lambent sarcasm. A Sir Walter Elliot, a Lady Catherine de Burgh, are as much outside of Miss Yonge's range (though as a reader she could thoroughly enjoy them) as a Lancelot Underwood or a Christina Sorel would have been outside Miss Austen's. One method appeals to the emotions, the other to the intellect. We are not going to say that either is the more excellent way; the best taste is that which can enjoy both. But there can be no doubt which touches the romantic chord; and in the third quarter of the nineteenth century the girl of seventeen was, for better or worse, a more romantic—perhaps we should say sentimental—person than her hockey-playing, cycle-riding daughter or niece at Newnham or Holloway. Miss Yonge's books at once suited and stimulated the romantic mood.

Her great literary activity began in 1851. In that year, with the aid of some friends, she started the 'Monthly Packet of Evening Readings for Younger Members of the English Church'—to give its full title to the magazine which for half a century was the delight of many schoolrooms. She conducted it herself for over forty years; and much of her best work appeared originally in its pages. We need only name 'The Little Duke,' 'The Daisy Chain,' 'The Pillars of the House,' 'The Lances of Lynwood.' The student of culture and manners will one day find the volumes of this magazine a useful 'document,' especially as regards the phases of female education. Miss Yonge was too well educated herself to

feel any apprehension of the facilities now afforded to girls for getting as good teaching as their brothers. It will be remembered that Ethel May kept abreast of her clever brother in alcaics and algebra till she was called on to take up her work in life; and there is no hint that she did this any worse for the somewhat abnormal form that her early studies had taken. So long as a girl learnt thoroughly and in a scholarly fashion what she did learn, one line of study was as good as another. University examinations she welcomed as a test of sound attainments. All through her editorship of the 'Monthly Packet' she was trying to interest her readers in solid subjects of study, and to teach them to think for themselves; and it is curious to trace the advance from the very elementary lessons in history or science of the early fifties to the searching questions, chiefly in history and literature, set for the benefit of studious readers in more recent days.

The year 1853 saw the publication of 'The Heir of Redclyffe'; and with it Charlotte Yonge leapt into fame. Everybody has read the book. In eighteen years it went through as many editions, and it has been reprinted almost every year since. Even those who are least in sympathy with its line, or indeed any line, of religious thought, have been enthralled by it. How it struck one young man of exceptional attainments may be seen in a letter written by the late Professor Hort, scholar, theologian and man of science.

'One book,' he writes, 'I have lately read with the most thorough delight, the "Heir of Redclyffe." I don't think anything has so stirred me since I read "Yeast" in "Fraser." Yet the contrast is most singular. It is a most convincing sign of the thorough depth and geniality of the Catholic movement in England; its main deficiency (if so it may be called) is the absolute ignoring of all the perplexing questions in theology and morals which are now being stirred—in short, it is bread without yeast. But the perfectly Christian and noble *Théodicée*—the true poetical justice—is beyond all praise.'

In ignoring perplexing questions of theology and morals Miss Yonge's artistic instinct was probably not at fault. Since that time we have seen more than one attempt to deal with these in fiction, and remarkably poor novels have been the result. We do not say they have

not sold well. Popular theology, with a dash of the heterodox, will sell a book as well as the one other topic in which everybody is supposed to take an interest; and indeed there is nothing to hinder the offer of both attractions in the same book. But we do say that as novels, as studies of life and character, as representations of what Aristotle would call τὸ καθόλου, they altogether miss the mark. Miss Yonge studied life under certain conditions familiar to herself, one of which was the influence of a particular school of religious thought, with all the views on theology and morals adopted by that school. To enter into 'questions' respecting them would have been as much beside her purpose as a discussion of disputed points in the ethnology of France or Italy would be in a story dealing with life and manners in those countries. The only demand that the reader can fairly make upon the author is that, given certain motives for action and certain surroundings, the personages shall behave and the characters shall develop as, under the influence of those motives and those surroundings, a man of experience and common-sense would feel to be plausible. If, in addition to this, there is a fair proportion of striking incident well described, the conditions which Horace recognised as entitling a story to lasting popularity seem to be fulfilled—'Speciosa locis morataque recte Fabula.' Nor need we boggle at the rest of the line. If 'Venus' is to be understood as some continental novelists and their half-hearted English imitators understand it, the countrymen of Scott and Miss Austen, of the Brontës and Thackeray, of Dickens and George Eliot, can get on well enough without it; while as for 'pondus et ars,' they may safely be left, the first to the writers who treat 'questions of morals and theology' as suitable topics for novels, the second to our modern Osrics, who conceal their poverty of invention under ill-treatment of the language.

Absolute as was Miss Yonge's own religious conviction, and penetrated as are her books with the religious spirit, the 'goody-goody' tone is conspicuously absent from them. She delights in all that is manly and high-spirited. Guy leading his boat's crew to the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors—an admirable piece of description, by the way, especially for a woman; Leonard Ward climbing round the church tower to save the fallen child—these are no

namby-pamby young pietists. Guy would, we feel sure, except perhaps as a bruiser, have held his own at any manly sport with a namesake of his, who enjoyed a considerable vogue about the same time (does anybody now read 'Guy Livingstone'?), and would have behaved himself in all circumstances as a gentleman should. It is the same with her women. Healthy and active herself, Miss Yonge could be compassionate enough towards genuine infirmity—for many of the best years of her life she would hardly leave her home, where she was devoting herself to the care, amid all her work, of an invalid friend; but she had a wholesome distrust of anything like valetudinarianism or 'nerves.' 'It is a very suspicious circumstance,' she says somewhere, 'when an ailment makes a duty seem intolerable, but shrinks into nothing on the announcement of a pleasure.'

But in truth the *malade imaginaire* has as little chance in the bright and bracing atmosphere in which her people live as a bacillus in sunshine. Here too, as elsewhere, she is not good at depicting the meaner and more contemptible failings, at all events in persons above the age of childhood; nor indeed does she often attempt it. Possibly her kindly and optimistic nature made her somewhat under-rate the extent to which they exist in many people who are 'old enough to know better,' as the saying is; possibly she was aware that such faults are best treated with the weapon of irony, and recognised that, as we have remarked above, her strength did not lie in that direction. The only instance that we can recall in which she ventures to make one of her heroines a little ridiculous for any lengthened period, is in the case of Rachel, in 'The Clever Woman of the Family.' No one can say that this story, which earned the warm praise of no less a man than Whewell,* is not

* As several versions of what Whewell said about the book have been given, some of them palpably exaggerated, it may be as well to quote from Mrs Stair Douglas's 'Life' what he actually wrote to her a few weeks before his fatal accident. He says: 'I had your copy of Miss Yonge's "Clever Woman," and cannot rejoice sufficiently that you gave it me to read. The being engaged upon such a book gives one the feeling of being in good and interesting society day by day; so I do not gobble up the story, but protract the pleasure, and even yet have not finished. The story is charmingly told, and the characters revealed in the most natural and lively manner.' If he ever said, as was alleged, that it was the best novel in the English language, this can only have been one of his bluff, offhand remarks, not meant for a considered judgment.

full of ability, or that Rachel's character is anything but cleverly worked out; but the book stands somewhat apart from her other works, and she never returned to just the same *genre* again.

Miss Yonge has been charged with sacerdotalism, whatever precisely that term may denote. No doubt, as a devoted churchwoman, she accepted the view of the clerical office taken by the High Church school and supported, it may be said, by the Prayer-book. But it is remarkable that clergymen bear a very small part in her stories. For one parson among her *dramatis personæ* we shall certainly find two soldiers. It may be that some such respect for 'the cloth' as that which, until the last few years, forbade the introduction of a clergyman in modern clerical costume on the stage, made her shrink from putting one in a position where he would have to be criticised and appraised like any other character. She would not draw an incompetent or unsatisfactory parson, and she knew that readers could easily have too much of a flawless hero. It would puzzle many fairly attentive readers of 'The Heir of Redclyffe' to name the spiritual pastor of the Edmonstone family. Norman May almost disappears from the story from the moment of his taking orders; stray notices of an archdeacon and a bishop are all that the reader has to gratify his curiosity as to the future career of the brilliant schoolboy. Clement Underwood, in 'The Pillars of the House,' is the only clergyman in either of the two great family chronicles who can be said to play at all a prominent part, and he, it will be noted, is a case of the development of a weak character under stress of responsibility into a strong one. Nothing, one would say, is more remarkable in Miss Yonge than her wide sympathy with every form of religion, provided only that it be sincere and find its issue in conduct. Take a passage in which Clement Underwood is in some perplexity about a flighty sister who, at a moment of domestic trouble, has attached herself suddenly to some spinsters of extreme evangelical views. He is in consultation with an older clergyman who has had a good deal to do with both his and her religious training. The latter is speaking:—

"I don't say that I see what ought to have been done, if we could begin over again; but I do see that she has found out her unreality in the time of distress, and concludes

that the fault is in what we taught her. To use another metaphor, she thinks that because the Cross has been decked with flowers it has been no Cross at all; but I trust she is learning the way thither."

"By casting aside the means?" said Clement.

"Because to her they had not been means, but mirages. If I understand rightly, this is her first true awakening."

"But is it to be a regular case of conversion?"

"I hope so. I pray so."

"Is she to be left to these women, to learn contempt for the Sacraments and the Church?"

"Are they Churchwomen?"

"After a fashion! I don't believe they hold a single Catholic doctrine."

"They never say the Creed—eh?"

'Clement looked abashed.'

And so on, till the elder man sums up the situation:—

"It is exceedingly mortifying to see one's child going over to a rival battalion, which disesteems our ensigns and war-cries; but by your own account it is no worse—the army is all one."

Surely not very desperate 'sacerdotalism' this. For the later developments of what is called Ritualism, Miss Yonge had the distaste of all the early Tractarians, and she viewed with suspicion all notions of either religious duty or mental culture which conflicted with the primary parental claims or obligations of family affection. The plea of 'corban' was to her no justification for wilful or insubordinate action. On the other hand, no one had a clearer perception of the fact that in unessential matters the old order is bound to give place to the new; no one had a larger-hearted tolerance for changes that she saw to be inevitable. One is often astonished in reading her later stories to see how, in her secluded life, she contrived to keep abreast of the thoughts, the demeanour, even the colloquialisms, of the latest generation. Doubtless, like all people whose affections are strong and whose memory is retentive of bygone moods, she was at times disposed to think 'the old is better'; but she never lost hope or suffered any abatement of the genial interest in younger folk which was one of her most charming characteristics. There is a remarkable passage in one of her latest books,

'The Long Vacation,' which is plainly autobiographical, and throws so much light on her attitude towards questions of present interest, that we may be excused for quoting it at some length. The interlocutors are Lady Merrifield, the Lilius Mohun of 'Scenes and Characters,' and Geraldine Grinstead, *née* Underwood, whom we knew in 'The Pillars of the House'; standing respectively, one may take it, for the author's own generation and that which succeeded it. After some talk of modern amusements the conversation takes a more general turn. The elder woman has been speaking of the change in girls' ideals since her own younger days. The younger rejoins:—

"Please tell me. I see it a little, and I have been thinking about it."

"Well, perhaps you will laugh, but my ideal work was Sunday-schools."

"Are they not Miss Mohun's ideal still?"

"Oh, yes, infinitely developed. . . . But the young ones think them behind the times. I remember when every girl believed her children the prettiest and cleverest in nature, showed off her Sunday-school as her pride and treasure, and composed small pink books about them, where the catastrophe was either being killed by accident or going to live in the clergyman's nursery. Now those that teach do so simply as a duty and not a romance."

"And the difficulty is to find those who will teach," said Geraldine. "One thing is that the children really require better teaching."

"That is quite true. . . . But all the excitement of the matter has gone off."

"I know. . . . I suppose an enthusiasm cannot be expected to last above a generation and perhaps a half."

"Very likely. A more indifferent thing; you will laugh, but my enthusiasm was for chivalry, Christian chivalry, half symbolic. History was delightful to me for the search for true knights. I had lists of them, drawings if possible, but I could never indoctrinate anybody with my affection. Either history is only a lesson, or they know a great deal too much, and will prove to you that the Cid was a ruffian, and the Black Prince not much better."

"And are you allowed the 'Idylls of the King?'"

"Under protest. Now that the Mouse-trap has adopted Browning for weekly reading and discussion, Tennyson is

almost put on the same shelf with Scott, whom I love better than ever. Is it progress?"

"Well, I suppose it is, in a way."

"But is it the right way?"

"That's what I want to see."

"Now listen. When our young men, my brothers, . . . were at Oxford, they got raised into a higher atmosphere, and came home with beautiful plans and hopes for the Church, and drew us up with them; but now the University seems just an ordeal for faith to go through."

"I should think there was less of outward temptation, but more of subtle trial. And then the whole system has altered since the times you are speaking of, when the old rules prevailed, and the great giants of Church renewal were there," said Geraldine. . . .

'But is not each generation a *terra incognita* to the last? A question which those feel most decidedly who stand on the borderland of both, with love and sympathy divided between the old and the new, clinging to the one, and fearing to alienate the other.'

We do not know how far girls of the generation now growing up have inherited their mothers' admiration for Miss Yonge, though we have come across instances, in rather unexpected quarters, which seem to show that she still retains her power of enthralling the youthful mind; but we are sure that the words which we have quoted, and which represent the spirit that informs all her work, are worth the consideration alike of the most omniscient among them and of their elders. No writer ever more steadily inculcated the truth that 'charity never faileth.'

It would be out of place here to enumerate the list of Miss Yonge's works. For more than fifty years that amazingly industrious pen never rested. More than two hundred titles in the British Museum catalogue testify to its inexhaustible and varied fertility. The 'Heir of Redclyffe' was followed, in rapid succession, by 'Heart-ease,' 'Dynevor Terrace,' 'Hopes and Fears.' She had, we believe, at one time, an idea of treating this group as representative of the four 'seasons' of human life, with some reminiscence of Fouqué's four stories grouped under that name. But the idea, if it was ever entertained, can hardly be traced beyond the first two of the series. We have sometimes thought that if these four books, and

possibly one or two more, including the 'Clever Woman,' had represented the whole of Miss Yonge's 'literary baggage,' her reputation, as a novelist, would have stood higher. Admirable as her 'family chronicles,' the 'Daisy Chain' and the 'Pillars of the House,' with all their ramifications, are in the eyes of all who value clever and sympathetic studies of the small comedies and tragedies incidental to domestic life, acute insight into character and motive, and appreciation of all that is pure, honest, and of good report, it cannot be denied that they are not every man's affair, or that many readers, even among those who do not demand strong sensations in fiction, making their first acquaintance with Miss Yonge through one of these stories, might be disposed to set her down as a mere writer for school-girls.

The 'semi-belief one has in the phantoms of one's own brain' was one which Miss Yonge shared with such writers as Balzac and Thackeray; but except perhaps the former of these, we doubt if anyone ever possessed it of so vivid a quality. The changes on Mays, Underwoods, Merrifields, Mohuns, and their innumerable connexions by birth or marriage, are rung through a series of volumes with astounding consistency of characterisation and fidelity to previous history. We should be very sorry to see this series of stories used for the purposes of examinations, but it would serve such purposes extremely well. The student who could draw out a correct family-tree of any of the houses above-named would give evidence of a memory and an accuracy far beyond the average.

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of Miss Yonge's literary work other than fiction. Yet this was in bulk hardly less considerable than that by which she is best known. She was an indefatigable student of history; and though her extraordinary productiveness was sometimes a cause of overhaste and insufficient revision, her historical knowledge was by no means contemptible. She was selected by the late Professor Freeman to write the history of France in the 'Historical Course' which he edited; and her 'Cameos' have done as much as most books to interest young people in history. But her chief service to historical study is to be found in her many stories, large and small, dealing with historical events and personages. She had a wonderful power of

calling up bygone times and people, and throwing a human interest over them. Edward I, in 'The Prince and the Page,' is a really subtle study of character; and so, in his way, is Maximilian, in 'The Dove in the Eagle's Nest.' No doubt she put a little too much rose-colour into her portraits both of these and of other heroes of past time, though she does not altogether blink their less estimable sides. But she makes her readers feel that these were real live men, to be loved or hated, not merely names in a lesson-book; and we can fancy nothing more stimulating to a fairly intelligent child. 'Hated,' we said; but here, too, her kindly and charitable nature comes out. There are few people in whom she will not see some good points. She has in one of her stories a genial picture of Franklin, who, in religion and politics, represents all that was most opposed to her 'Church and King' predilections; and her Roundhead colonel, in the 'Pigeon Pie,' is as good a specimen of a courteous gentleman as one need wish to see. At times her intimate knowledge of historical details is used with telling effect. There is a striking instance in 'A Reputed Changeling,' of which the scene is laid somewhere in the reign of William III. The hero is charged, on his own confession, with homicide. Bail is allowed, and he is leaving the court with his father through a knot of country gentlemen, his neighbours, when

'the gentle old face of Mr Cromwell, of Hursley, was raised to poor old Sir Philip's with the words, spoken with a remnant of the authority of the Protector, "Your son has spoken like a brave man, sir. God bless you, and bring you well through it."'

Does not a touch like this tell more of Richard Cromwell than a page of formal history?

Philology was another favourite subject of Miss Yonge's. She did not, of course, go very deep into it, but she took abundant pains to make her knowledge accurate so far as it went. Her 'History of Christian Names' is no doubt capable of much improvement in detail, but it contains a great deal of interesting information, much of which will always stand. For a writer who thought in such prolific families a copious supply of Christian names was indispensable, and no doubt this need had something to do with her interest in the subject. Natural history

was a passion with her. Many allusions in her stories testify to her knowledge of, and delight in flowers, both garden and wild, but more especially the latter, of which she was an indefatigable hunter. A letter of hers is before us, written in her seventieth year, in which she speaks, as quite a feasible plan, of a trip to the New Forest in search of a rare gentian. She studied the ways of the birds and other living things that haunted her garden, with a perseverance and accuracy of observation worthy of Gilbert White, and gave the results in that charming book, 'An Old Woman's Outlook,' which is worth a score of such books as the success of Richard Jefferies has of late years made popular. One of her latest books, 'John Keble's Parishes,' is not far from being a model parochial history.

Still, it is as a novelist, in the wider sense of the term, that Charlotte Yonge's name will endure. Whether her works will live and be read by future generations is perhaps part of the wider question, which the present century may solve, whether the novel is destined to be a permanent form of literature. As we know it, it has hardly been in existence long enough for us to say how this will be. At present the indications are rather unfavourable. The novelists of the eighteenth century are, we suspect, a good deal more talked about than read. Scott still holds his own with young people of the educated classes, and publishers seem to find it worth while to bring out new editions of him; yet somehow, if one finds anyone reading one of the Waverley novels, it is usually in one of the older editions. The romance may stay; but the manners of one generation so soon become obsolete to its successors that the novel of manners quickly becomes difficult reading. Those will probably last longest which are based on the broadest and healthiest views of human nature, rather than on studies of its more morbid conditions or strained points of casuistry.

We hear in these days a good deal about the 'problem' novel. In most compositions of this class the problem, when stated in its simplest terms, comes to this—how to act when passion or self-indulgence urges in one direction, and the accepted laws of good behaviour point in the other. Semiramis, an *Uebermensch* of the earlier world, solved it in one way, 'Libito fe' licito in sua legge.' Another

way is that once indicated by a worthy French dragoon officer, when discussing some point of conduct with a relative of the present writer: 'Je trouve ça tout simple; c'était son devoir.' Somehow this latter solution does not, as a rule, commend itself to the heroes and heroines of much, and that perhaps the most popular, modern fiction. Goethe's 'Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren' is wholly out of date.

Miss Yonge belonged to an earlier school. The generation which was in its prime during the first quarter of the nineteenth century regarded life—and it is no wonder—both seriously and strenuously, and brought up its children to do the same. It had, no doubt, the faults natural to a military age, but it had the virtues also; and not least among these was a strong and operative conception of the idea of duty. Nelson's last signal was no new invention, it was merely a reminder of what was always present to the thought of his contemporaries. It would be interesting, if this were the place, to consider how far this habit of mind contributed to shape the special form of piety, austere yet practical, which distinguished the early Tractarians. Miss Yonge, at any rate, as the daughter of an old Peninsula and Waterloo officer, grew up under its full influence. Duty and discipline were ever before her eyes, and the stamp of them is upon every line that she wrote.

Art. XI.—THE PLAGUE.

1. *The Plague in India, 1896, 1897.* Compiled by R. Nathan. Four vols. Simla: Government Printing Office, 1898.
2. *Report on Sanitary Measures in India.* Vols. XXX, XXXI, XXXII. For 1896-7, 1897-8, 1898-9.
3. *Minutes of Evidence taken by the Indian Plague Commission.* Three volumes. London: H.M. Stationery Office, 1900.
4. *Report of Indian Plague Commission.* Chapters IV and VI (all published).
5. *Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Reports of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board for 1898-99, and 1899-1900.* Published 1899 and 1901.
6. *Report of the Outbreak of Plague at Sydney, 1900.* By the Chief Medical Officer of the Government (Dr J. Ashburton Thompson). Sydney, 1900.
7. *La Peste d'Alexandrie en 1899.* Par le Dr A. Valassopoulos. Paris: Maloine, 1901.

With various Reports from India and elsewhere, and other works.

1. *Earlier History of the Disease.*

It was said by an eccentric historian that geography and chronology are the two keys of history, and that without a knowledge of these all other historical knowledge is vain. If a medical professor should assert that geography and chronology are the keys to a knowledge of epidemic diseases he might be regarded as still more paradoxical. Nevertheless it is reasonable to say, with respect to certain diseases, that anyone regarding them with the broad view of the geographer or the historian, and noting their distribution over the world and their successive appearances in a prominent form, might learn much respecting their nature, even without entering into the minute details which are studied by the physician and the pathologist; provided only that he knew enough of these details to discriminate the objects under discussion, and to avoid the mistake of speaking of one thing when he meant another. Granted then that the disease called 'Plague' or 'Bubonic Plague' is a definite thing, recognisable by certain characters, we may first, before enquiring what

these characters are, consider its general distribution in time and space, and by this means exhibit certain laws which govern its occurrence, its growth and its decline.

In speaking of plague we do not refer to pestilences in general, but to the definite disease now called 'Bubonic Plague,' a disease with such clearly marked characters as to be discernible even in the descriptions of lay writers, and in the obscure annals of antiquity. The history of plague is, like other histories, dim in its commencement; but the first actual records show that a fatal disease, producing pestilential buboes, prevailed about the third century B.C. in Egypt, Libya, and Syria, countries which, centuries later, were regarded as the native home of the plague. There are no distinct references to it in the writings of Hippocrates and the older Greek physicians; and as the medical history of the Far East, India, and China in those days is, for our purposes, a blank, it is impossible to say whether plague was or was not known in those countries. Of succeeding records, the next important one is that of the great plague in the reign of Justinian, described by Gibbon (cap. xliii) with much picturesque, but with little understanding of medical terms. This great pestilence spread from the East into Europe, Italy and Gaul being specially affected; and from Egypt it traversed the northern coast of Africa, involving in fact the whole Roman world. It lasted about fifty years, and caused an enormous mortality. In the early Middle Ages we meet with records of great pestilences, such as those recorded by Bede in the seventh century, which may or may not have been true plague.

In the fourteenth century the terrible malady appeared again in Europe, this time in an unmistakeable shape, as the epidemic, or rather series of epidemics, known as the 'Great Sickness' or 'the Death,' but now generally called 'the Black Death.*' This most destructive of all recorded epidemics did not invade Europe from the old seats of plague in Egypt and the Levant, but from the East—from India, Tartary, or perhaps China. Its destructive march into Europe can be clearly traced, following as

* The title 'Der Schwarze Tod' may have been used in Germany in the fourteenth century, but the term does not seem to have been current in England before Hecker's work on the subject was translated into English in 1833.

it did the course of the great trade routes which existed between Europe and the East.

Italian merchants encountered the pestilence on the shores of the Black Sea, where the commerce of the East, passing through Tartary, was brought into connexion with the Mediterranean. Thence it was but one stage to Genoa, whither the pestilence was carried by Italian ships, and where it caused enormous mortality in 1347. Sicily seems to have been invaded still earlier. Once landed on the shores of Europe, the plague spread, though not rapidly, over the continent. The south of France was infected in the same year as Italy, and in the next year northern France, Germany, and Spain, and northern Europe generally, including England. The pestilence seems to have reached our shores early in 1348, and by the end of the year was in London. Somewhat later, Scotland, Ireland, and the Scandinavian countries were infected, apparently from England. It cannot be said that any part of Europe escaped the scourge.

Although it is convenient to speak of the Black Death as one invasion of pestilence, there were in reality three successive epidemics, of which the first was the most destructive, the intervals being, however, by no means free from the plague. In England the three epidemics, known as the first, second, and third pestilences, occurred in 1348-9, 1361 and 1368. Some writers have doubted whether this, the most fatal of all known epidemics, was really the true plague; but more careful research has shown that it was the same, though marked, especially in the first epidemic, by unexampled virulence, and by some peculiar features, in which modern experience enables us to recognise a very fatal and highly contagious form of the disease, known as the pneumonic type of plague.

The destruction caused by this terrible visitation, and its important social and political consequences, are well known to all students of medieval history. In some European countries, England among them, it has been calculated that as much as two-thirds or three-fourths of the whole population perished.* What, however, is of

* See especially Mr F. Seebohm's and Prof. Thorold Rogers' articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, vol. II, pp. 149, 268; vol. III, p. 191; vol. IV, p. 87; Gasquet's 'The Great Pestilence'; and Cunningham's 'English Industry and Commerce,' vol. I, pp. 303 seq.

special interest in connexion with modern experience is that the great epidemic originated in the Far East, whether in India or China we do not know, and that Europe thence derived the infection.

In the three centuries following the Great Pestilence, Europe, speaking broadly, was never quite free from plague. Terrible epidemics recurred during the fifteenth century, though none were so destructive as those of the fourteenth. In the sixteenth century plague was on the whole less widely spread; but, when epidemics occurred, they were not less formidable. The plagues of London in Elizabeth's reign, though eclipsed by the Great Plague of 1665, were sometimes hardly less destructive in proportion to the smaller population. For instance, in the epidemic of 1563-4, a thousand persons died weekly in London.* During the seventeenth century it gradually declined.

The distribution of plague in Europe in the seventeenth century has given occasion to a controversy, hardly yet settled, between two schools of writers on the plague, one of which, commonly called the 'Localists,' attributed the epidemics to local conditions, atmospheric changes, uncleanness, and so forth; while the other, or 'Contagionist,' school believed that the successive outbreaks were due to the spread of contagion from one country to another, and that the contagion originated in the old centres of plague in the East, i.e. Egypt and the Levant. The general trend of the epidemic wave from south to north and from east to west gave the contagionist views much force; and modern science, enquiring into these matters by more accurate methods, and with the advantage of knowing the definite cause of the disease, is distinctly on the same side. Nevertheless, in the seventeenth century there were so many *foci* of plague still remaining even in northern Europe as to make it hazardous to assert that all plague came from the East.

* All the English pestilences are minutely recorded in Dr Charles Creighton's 'History of Epidemics in Britain,' a work unique in its kind, unrivalled for fulness of material, and for the minute research displayed in its investigation. It should be referred to by all who wish to know the history of these diseases in our country, though it may be observed in passing that Dr Creighton's views of the origin and causes of plague differ from those of most modern epidemiologists.

There were several epidemics in England in the seventeenth century—in 1603, 1625 and 1647—besides minor outbreaks; but it is remarkable that, from 1647 to 1664, London seems to have been virtually free from plague. In 1663-4 there broke out a great epidemic of plague in Amsterdam. It is now known that a good many cases of a mild form of plague occurred in London towards the end of the year 1664, and even earlier; but, as there were few deaths, they made no mark in the bills of mortality. The cold of winter, as usual in northern climes, stayed or suppressed the disease for the time; but in the spring of 1665 the old pestilence lifted up its head again and gave rise to the ever memorable 'Great Plague of London.'

So much has been written about the Great Plague of 1665 that it need not be minutely described. The mortality was enormous. More than 68,000 deaths were recorded in a population estimated at 460,000; but this number is doubtless much too low, and instead of one seventh it is probable that a sixth, or even possibly a fifth, of the population died. It spread to various parts of the country, especially towards the north and the midlands, the west of England being notably free. The eastern coast, as in previous epidemics, was severely visited, but did not necessarily receive its infection from London. As is well known, the plague passed away from London finally within a few years, and even earlier from other parts of England. The causes of its disappearance cannot here be discussed.

Plague prevailed in many parts of the Continent about the same time as the Great Plague of London; and it disappeared from Holland, Spain, and France about 1680, recurring in France, however, at one special focus in 1720. In Italy it was virtually extinct by the end of the seventeenth century. But in eastern Germany and along the eastern frontier of the Austrian dominions the plague was still not infrequent in the first quarter or first half of the eighteenth century. We see that it was still receding towards the east, though the cause of this eastward recession is not perfectly clear. Probably the conditions of European cities were becoming unfavourable to its continued existence.

But while plague died out generally in Europe, it remained for some time longer in places favourable to it

and immediately connected with the East. In the first half of the nineteenth century it was still extremely prevalent in Turkey and Egypt, and from time to time invaded the Danubian countries and the eastern frontier of the Austrian dominions. At this time the disease was so manifestly connected with importation from the eastern Mediterranean that it received the name, long preserved, of the 'Levantine Plague.' An elaborate system of quarantine was kept up in European harbours on the Mediterranean, which has only quite recently been abolished. It finally disappeared, however, from Constantinople in 1841, and four years later from Egypt.

Taking a broad view of the rise, decline and extinction of the plague, we see that it is very difficult to account for it by merely local causes. From the time of the first great visitation known as the Black Death, the plague had colonised Europe. After being established there for three hundred years, it began to recede, leaving Western Europe first. Its persistence for another century in Eastern Europe was attributed, with great probability, to fresh importations from the East; and its further history in the eighteenth century lends much support to this view. Its whole history indicates that it was not a European disease.

By the middle of the nineteenth century it was generally believed that this old enemy of the human race had ceased to be a source of danger, at all events to Europe. But some authorities entertained grave doubts on the subject; and these doubts were confirmed by subsequent events. In the latter half of the nineteenth century a wide extension of the plague occurred, mostly in places where its existence was not suspected, at least by European authorities, and, to some extent, in its old haunts.

In the year 1853 the Sanitary Board in Constantinople was informed of the occurrence of the disease among the scattered Arab tribes who live on a high plateau in Western Arabia, the Asir country. It had occurred in the same district before, and has been heard of occasionally since, but has not spread widely. A few years later came news of the plague in a distant and quite separate part of the Turkish empire, on the northern coast of Africa, at Benghazi in the province of Tripoli, where it

had probably existed before. These local outbreaks have had apparently no connexion with the further extension of the disease, and are only important as showing that the plague-virus still existed in an endemic form in widely separated localities.

The next occurrences of plague were reported in Persia (which had formerly boasted of its exemption, when the disease was prevalent in Asia Minor and the Levant) and in Mesopotamia or Turkish Arabia, including the populous city of Baghdad. There were many epidemics in Persia, Kurdistan, and Mesopotamia during the years 1850 to 1880, which clearly show the existence of an important endemic centre of plague in the highlands of Persia and Kurdistan, as well as in the valleys of the Tigris and the Euphrates, which lie further east than its old Levantine home. The most important feature of these epidemics was the extension of plague to the northern shores of the Caspian—especially to the town of Resht, where it was well known in former years—and thus to the basin of the Caspian Sea. In some way the plague travelled across the Caspian to Astrakhan, and, though of the mild form, and not fatal in that city itself, it extended up the river Volga to some of its riparian villages, notably to the little village of Vetlianka, where an epidemic broke out in the autumn of 1879, which, as touching European soil, caused a panic through Europe.*

The general conclusion derived from the whole history of plague is that there are certain places where the disease is at home or *endemic*, and that it may be thence transmitted to other parts where it maintains its vitality for a longer or shorter period. Further, that in its endemic centres the smouldering *foci* of disease may from time to time burst forth into the acute outbreaks called *epidemics*.

* This little epidemic was extremely fatal in the villages which it visited, and led to commissions being sent out by most European governments to study the plague on the spot. These commissions arrived too late to see the actual epidemic, which died out in January 1880. Its extinction must be ascribed, not so much to the measures of quarantine and exclusion, as to the extremely thorough methods of disinfection and destruction carried out on the spot under the vigorous administration of General Loris Melikoff. Nothing was heard of the plague again in these parts till 1899 and 1900, when outbreaks were reported in Vladimirovka and other villages on the Volga in the Government of Astrakhan. The subsequent history of this epidemic is not yet written.

2. Nature, Symptoms, and Dissemination.

Before further pursuing the chronology and distribution of the disease, it may be well to give some account of the plague itself, its cause, and the means by which it is transmitted. There is no doubt that the disease is caused by the growth and multiplication in the human body of the '*Bacillus pestis*,' discovered by Kitasato at Hong Kong in 1894, and shortly afterwards by Yersin. It would be difficult to describe it accurately without entering into technical details. Briefly we may say that it is a short rod, about $\frac{1}{20,000}$ to $\frac{1}{15,000}$ of an inch long, and two or three times as long as broad. It is easily coloured with certain aniline dyes, and its reaction to these colours, though not sufficient absolutely to identify the species, will sometimes serve to distinguish it from other species. Bacteriologists do not, however, rely on these characters alone to identify the plague bacillus. It has further to be 'cultivated,' that is to say, artificially grown in certain prepared media, such as broth, gelatine, etc., in which it produces appearances which are, speaking broadly, characteristic, so that any bacillus derived from a sick person with suspicious symptoms, which should present all the characters described by Yersin, Haffkine, Hankin, Leumann, and others, might with very great probability, or even certainty, be identified as the plague bacillus. Among these characters are not only the forms assumed by the growths of bacilli, but the range of temperature through which growth takes place. The bacillus is not killed even by the severest cold of a Russian winter, several degrees below zero, Fahr. On the other hand, its growth is checked by heat; it is killed in ten to thirty minutes by exposure to a temperature of 140° Fahr., and in one to four hours by a temperature of 122° Fahr. These results are of great importance in relation to the production and duration of plague epidemics.

Sometimes cultivation experiments alone do not give satisfactory results; and in such cases, or indeed in all where the decision is of fundamental importance, recourse is had to the inoculation of animals. A very small portion of any secretion or animal fluid containing the bacillus, if inoculated beneath the skin of a small rodent,

or, in the case of rats, merely applied to the surface of the eye or the nostril, will produce a severe illness with all the characters of plague, generally causing death in from one to four days. The body of the animal thus affected is found to contain an enormous number of plague bacilli. Considering the enormous human interests which may be at stake in the decision whether a particular case is one of plague or not, we cannot condemn, though we may regret, the sacrifice of these humble martyrs of science.

That this minute organism is actually the cause of plague has been proved with the utmost certainty. It has been found in, and cultivated from, the bodies of plague patients in every part of the world, not only where the disease is constantly prevalent or endemic, but in distant countries to which it has been accidentally or purposely carried. It has never been found in the human body, or in the lower animals, otherwise than in cases of plague. If any doubt should still remain, final proof has been afforded by lamentable accidents which have resulted from infection due to lack of caution. In 1897 Dr Müller, of the University of Vienna, who was sent by the Austrian Government to study plague in Bombay, brought home with him cultures of the bacillus, that is, small quantities of the living organism in glass vessels. Experiments were made with these in the laboratory at Vienna to study the modes by which infection is produced, and to discover some method of procuring immunity. A year later, in October 1898, a servant in the laboratory was attacked by an illness which was at first taken for pneumonia, but turned out to be the most virulent form of the disease—pneumonic plague. He was isolated in a hospital, but a nurse who attended him caught the disease; and finally, Dr Müller himself, who had medical charge of the patient, and who, at first, notwithstanding his experience in Bombay, did not recognise the disease, was infected. All three patients died; and, had it not been for rigorous precautions to avert the spread of contagion, an epidemic might have resulted. Again, in January 1900, an assistant in the bacteriological institute at Cracow lost his life in the same way through infection acquired in studying cultures of the plague bacillus. Whence these cultures were derived is not stated.

The changes and reactions set up in the body by the entrance of the bacillus constitute the disease called plague. Of these, in a non-medical publication, only a short account can be given. The virus enters the body, generally speaking, through the skin, and in doing so may produce only a very slight, or no appreciable, injury at the point of entrance. This fact has been verified experimentally in transmitting the disease to monkeys, in whom the symptoms are more precisely like those of the human subject than in other animals. From the point of entrance the microbes make their way to the nearest group of lymphatic glands, which become swollen, producing the lumps or buboes which are the most characteristic feature in the ordinary form of plague. The lymphatic glands act to a certain extent as filters, and delay the penetration of the bacilli into other organs and into the blood. But this barrier is soon overcome, and the disease becomes generalised, the bacilli entering the blood and becoming thus widely disseminated through the body. It is generally, though not always, possible to recognise the bacillus in the blood at some period of the disease, especially towards its termination.

Although infection through the external surface is the most usual mode of entrance, it has been shown that the infection may be received by the respiratory channels, and also, according to some observers, by the organs of digestion. This last mode of entrance, though its possibility has been demonstrated experimentally in animals, is not generally recognised as a means by which human beings acquire plague. It is also possible to convey the infection to animals through the mucous membrane of the nostrils, and by the *conjunctiva* or external surface of the eye. These modes of infection are very rare in the human disease; but one case occurred in Bombay, where a nurse became fatally infected by receiving in her eye a particle of expectoration coughed up by a patient affected with pneumonic plague.

In whatever way received, the infection is soon made manifest by the production of the symptoms of plague; but, as in other similar diseases, there is a period of latency or incubation before the attack supervenes. This period may be as short as two days, or even thirty-six hours, or as long as eight or possibly ten days; but is

generally less than five days. The actual attack begins like an acute fever with shiverings followed by heat, thirst, severe headache, pains in internal organs and muscles, sometimes vomiting. The temperature rises rapidly, reaching 104° or more the first day, and its maximum, two or three degrees higher, on the second day, with remission in the mornings. The face is usually pale and void of expression, or with a frightened look, and the eyes often red and injected. The patient may be giddy and stagger like a drunken man.

Concurrently with these symptoms, or immediately after, occur the well-known buboes. These swellings are found in about three-fourths of the cases, most frequently in the inguinal and femoral regions, next in the armpits, more rarely in the neck or under the jaw. The swollen glands are not usually larger than an almond or a walnut, but may equal an egg or small orange in size. Often they are the seat of acute and sudden pain, so that sufferers in the great plague of Constantinople in the fifth century imagined they were smitten by an arrow from the bow of an invisible demon; but they are sometimes painless. If a small quantity of serum be extracted from the swelling by a hypodermic syringe, it will be found to contain the plague bacillus, at least in the early stages.

Another classical sign of plague, much spoken of in old times, though apparently rarer in recent epidemics, may be mentioned here—the so-called ‘carbuncles.’ This word was not used in the strict sense in which it is now employed, but meant a boil or patch of gangrene on the skin. Such patches are observed, but not very commonly, and have no special importance unless they indicate, as some observers think, points where the plague virus has penetrated the skin.

Lastly, an ominous appearance, much dwelt upon in old books, is that of ‘tokens,’ i.e. tokens of death; purple or livid patches on the skin, due, as we should now say, to ecchymoses or petechiæ. Since Mr Colvill, from his experience in Baghdad, says they appear generally only a few hours before death, the old name is appropriate enough. Dr Cabiadis states that the skin is sometimes so much covered with these spots as to become of a dark livid hue after death, recalling the name ‘Black Death.’ Indeed the older and more recent accounts of the malady

show a remarkable agreement. Hardly anything has been added, though some symptoms are now more clearly explained.*

It should be said that, while the above account refers to the ordinary or classical type of plague, there are varieties of the disease which depart considerably from this type. First there is the so-called 'pneumonic plague,' in which the symptoms are chiefly those of inflammation of the lungs with high fever and great weakness, buboes being mostly inconspicuous. This is a particularly deadly form and highly contagious. Not having the obvious characters of ordinary plague, it has frequently been mistaken for ordinary pneumonia, even by those who had seen true plague, and sometimes with disastrous consequences, as was the case at Vetlianka in 1879. This form was not seen in the first epidemic at Hong Kong, but was recognised in Bombay by Dr Childe, who found that many deaths thus occasioned were registered as pneumonia, not as plague.

Another form of plague called 'Pestis minor,' as being less fatal than the ordinary form, is characterised by the occurrence of buboes containing bacilli, with slight fever but no severe symptoms, and is rarely fatal. A disease of this kind has often been found to prevail in countries where severe plague also prevails, usually preceding an epidemic of the latter, for instance in Baghdad and its neighbourhood, and in Persia; and it was observed in the city of Astrakhan the year before the epidemic which in 1879 attacked the villages on the Volga. Cases recognised as such were observed by Dr Simpson and Dr Cobb in Calcutta in 1896, though the diagnosis was not accepted officially. Considering the subsequent occurrence of severe plague in Calcutta, and the numerous instances in which a similar sequence of diseases has been observed, one cannot help suspecting that the original diagnosis was right. The importance of this form of disease is that

* A convenient popular summary of the characters of plague is given in a paper issued by the Local Government Board for the use of ship-captains and others, entitled 'How to Know Plague.' See Report of Medical Officer of Local Government Board; Twenty-ninth Annual Report, 1899-1900, p. 354. A good general account of the signs of plague, written by Dr Cantile, has also been issued by the London County Council, and is published by King and Son, Great Smith Street, price 3d.

It forms a link between successive epidemics of severe plague, and explains, perhaps, the continued vitality of the virus in the interval.

Plague is the most fatal of all diseases which attack large numbers of people. The mortality among those attacked has varied from thirty or forty per cent. to ninety-five, or nearly a hundred. The lowest figures (taking trustworthy records only) were noted in Egypt, in the years 1830-40, just before the final extinction of plague in that country; the highest have been recorded in the recent epidemics. It is a lamentable fact that the case-mortality in Hong Kong has been higher than has ever been recorded in large epidemics, viz. over ninety-five per cent.* In Bombay the case-mortality was over eighty per cent., while in former epidemics in Baghdad, according to Colvill and Cabiadis, it was only fifty-five per cent. The difference is partly a matter of race, for the Chinese have been shown to be more susceptible to plague and to have less power of resistance than other Asiatics, and far less than Europeans. The latter are not only less liable to take plague but have a much better chance of recovery; the rate of mortality among them being apparently thirty per cent. or less. Plague is also very rapidly fatal, more so than almost any disease except cholera. Some cases are fatal within twenty-four hours; more than half the fatal cases die on the third day; five-sixths on the fifth day; while those who live longer usually recover. These facts are sufficient to explain the terror which this fearful malady inspires in those who have watched its effects.

No question is more certain to be asked than this—whether plague is contagious; and none has been more keenly debated. In old times contagion was greatly dreaded, and the whole system of quarantine was founded on this belief. But in the early part of the nineteenth century the French physicians who studied the plague in Egypt boldly denied the reality of contagion and exposed themselves freely to its risks. Bulard wore clothes fresh from the body of one who had died of plague, and Clot

* When cases of plague are concealed, the number of *deaths* in proportion to cases may convey an exaggerated impression, since those cases in which recovery takes place are likely never to be recorded at all. Hence, perhaps, the recorded case-mortality is too high.

Bey inoculated himself with matter from a bubo. Both escaped; but on the other hand an English physician, Dr Whyte, died in 1802 from an inoculation performed by himself.

As regards contagion in the ordinary sense, apart from inoculation, recent experience shows that in hospitals or healthy houses the disease seldom passes from the sick person to those around him. On the other hand in dirty and ill-ventilated houses, the disease generally passes through most part of the household, if not interfered with; and in such places doctors and attendants have sometimes caught the disease. The house itself, without its inhabitants, may convey the infection, as was shown in the case of the British soldiers in Hong Kong who caught plague while cleaning out the filthy houses recently occupied by plague patients. But the contagiousity of the disease varies much in different epidemics.

There is also evidence that infection may be conveyed by the clothing, bedding, etc., of affected persons. However, generally speaking, the infectivity of such objects is soon lost, as the bacillus is killed by rapid drying, especially at a high temperature such as 80° - 90° , when it does not survive more than four to six days. At a lower temperature, e.g. 60° , it may survive longer. Direct sunlight kills the bacillus in an hour or less. On the other hand, infected clothing, packed up while damp and secluded from light and air, may retain the infection for a much longer time, as has been more than once noted in the history of the plague. There is, moreover, great reason to believe that vermin from the body or clothes may convey infection.

It is also certain that the infection of plague may be conveyed by the dead body; and there are well-attested instances of those concerned in burial or in post-mortem examinations having contracted the disease. But this very rarely occurs, and there is nothing to support the theory that cadaveric infection is an important means of transmitting or keeping alive the disease. The bacilli in dead bodies lose their vitality after fourteen days or less.

The general conclusion is that while plague is not a highly contagious disease in the ordinary sense, it is sometimes capable of passing directly from person to person;

hence it would be very dangerous to treat it as if it were non-contagious.

The ways and means already mentioned by which plague is spread must be regarded as personal contagion, direct or indirect. But there is reason to believe that the disease may be spread, and possibly kept alive in an endemic form, without affecting human beings at all. It has long been felt by some pathologists that personal contagion is inadequate to explain the transmission of plague in certain circumstances, or its continued existence in certain places, between the epidemics of human disease. Hence several writers (e.g. Liebermeister in 'Ziemssen's Cyclopædia,' Payne in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' Creighton in his 'History of Epidemics in Britain') suggested that the infection or miasma of plague must reside in the soil, like that of malaria, as well as in the bodies of infected persons. If we take the expression 'soil' in a wide sense, meaning external nature, outside the human body, this belief has been confirmed since the discovery of the bacillus, for it is certain that it has a mode of existence quite independent of man, in animals living underground, especially in rats. Just as ague, which used to be regarded as a soil-disease, has turned out to be conveyed by insects which have their habitat in water, so it may turn out that plague is a soil-disease only in so far as it affects certain animals living in the soil. There is no positive proof that the bacillus actually lives in the earth like that of tetanus; but on the other hand there is no proof that this is not the case, and there are many circumstances which make it probable.

That rats and some other animals of similar habits die in considerable numbers during an epidemic of plague, was observed long ago and distinctly stated by Arabian writers. In the later European and Egyptian epidemics, as also in Mesopotamia and Persia, where the plague has been carefully studied, these things do not seem to be mentioned. But it has been known for nearly half a century that in the endemic centres of plague in northern India and—as more lately observed—in Yunnan, the death of rats is a constant phenomenon in plague epidemics, usually, if not always, preceding the outbreak among human beings. The late Dr C. R. Francis, who, with Dr Pearson examined an epidemic in Kumaun in 1853,

clearly recognised the mortality among rats, and inferred that the poison of plague resided in the soil.* Rats would come out of their holes, looking dazed and ill, and die above ground. Dr Francis examined a dead rat and found it had suffered from a sort of pneumonia. Snakes also died, probably from eating the rats. The villagers regarded these occurrences as signs of an impending plague. In Yunnan similar observations regarding rats have been made. A similar striking mortality among rats, and also among mice, has been observed in every plague epidemic in China and India, as well as in almost all the recent epidemics in other countries presumably derived thence, even so far off as Australia and South Africa. Koch made similar observations in Central Africa.

The connection of rats with plague is so general as to be evidently not accidental. It is found on examination that the disease they die of is actually plague, and that their bodies are swarming with plague bacilli. They have been found dead in warehouses, especially granaries; in the rooms of houses where people have died of plague; and, what is very important, in the holds of ships among cargo of various kinds. There is no doubt that human beings may acquire plague from rats. Men have caught it from handling dead rats, or from going to live in houses where rats had died, as in certain Indian villages; and occasionally, it is thought, through the intermediate link of cats. But there is still another way, which some think the commonest, by which the rat plague may pass to men, namely, by fleas. These pests abound on the bodies of rats, which, as is the custom of parasites, they desert after the death of their hosts. It has been shown by Dr Simond that fleas can carry the infection from rat to rat. The infection of man by this means is therefore clearly possible, and has, in some instances, been distinctly traced. At all events, though the method of transmission may be uncertain, it is perfectly clear that the rat disease does somehow spread to man. There is also evidence that rats carry the infection from one part to another of the same town. When there has been a great mortality of rats in one district, the survivors desert that

* Francis and Pearson, 'Indian Annals of Medical Science,' vol. 1 (1854). The statements were repeated by Dr Francis in the 'Transactions of the Epidemiological Society,' London, vol. iv, p. 401. See also evidence given before the Indian Plague Commission.

part entirely and appear in another part, where a similar mortality among them occurs, as was clearly proved in Bombay. This explains the seemingly capricious manner in which the infection of plague spreads through a city, not following the lines of human intercourse, or being determined by purely physical conditions. The rate of diffusion of plague has always been noticed to be very slow, unlike that of a disease conveyed by direct contagion among men.

Outside cities, on land, diffusion by means of rats is evidently only possible within narrow limits; but the question has naturally been raised whether infected rats may not, as well as infected persons, carry the infection from one country to another by means of ships. All ships contain rats, which have many opportunities of passing from the ship to land, in harbours and docks, just as they pass from land to the ship. The Indian Plague Commission came to the conclusion that 'although, theoretically, it is possible that plague-infected rats might carry the disease from one country to another, there is absolutely no evidence that infection has ever been carried in this manner.' But, since the Commission left India in 1899, much fresh evidence on this point has come to light. Perhaps the most striking is that of the outbreak of plague in Sydney, New South Wales, in 1900, on which an admirable report has been published by Dr Ashburton Thompson. This epidemic began in certain wharves on Darley Harbour, where the death of rats was observed a week or two before the first case of plague—that of a wharf carman, taken ill on January 19th, 1900—occurred. Ships from Hong Kong and from Numea, New Caledonia (where plague was then epidemic), had been lying at the wharves for some weeks; but the precise source whence infected rats might have come was not discovered. Dr Thompson came to the conclusion that the disease was not directly communicated from the sick to the healthy, but was spread about the city by the epidemic plague affecting rats, which came to an end about the same time as the human epidemic ceased.*

* In the present year a ship came to the port of Bristol with plague-infected rats; the event is thus reported by Dr D. S. Davies, the energetic medical officer of health for Bristol:—

'In January 1901 a grain-boat, fifteen days out from Smyrna, arrived in

There is therefore abundant evidence that rats suffer from a disease identical with human plague; that their epidemics for the most part immediately precede human epidemics; that they can transmit the disease to mankind; and that they can carry the infection about, within certain limits, on land, and also by ships from one country to another. There is no proof that rats do actually receive the disease from men, though this is shown by experiment to be perfectly possible. In China rats as well as pigs have been found devouring the corpses of men dead of plague; and the infection of the soil by human beings is an obvious means of transmission. All these facts lead to a hypothesis which must have been crystallising in many minds during the last few years, namely, that the plague is primarily a disease of rats, and only secondarily a human disease.

This striking hypothesis was publicly stated by Dr Koch at the recent Congress on Tuberculosis, but had been previously enunciated by Dr Manson, and probably by others. We have similar instances in the diseases anthrax, glanders, and rabies, belonging to cattle, horses, and dogs respectively, which affect man only as derived by infection from those animals; and in some other so-called 'epizootics,' which, though occasionally infecting man, are not primarily human diseases. It seems clear that an epidemic of plague in one of its endemic centres,

the central harbour of the city, within a stone's throw of the Public Health Offices, with a history of no illness on the voyage, and therefore not "infected" under the regulations, and not legally liable to any detention or supervision. For some months however special precautions as to off-mooring of vessels from the quay-side, disc-guards of ropes, uplifting of gangways, and day-and-night watchmen, had been enforced as stringently as the absence of special powers would permit; and as infected rats had been carried to the port of Hamburg in the previous week, a careful watch was kept.

'Thirteen rats were found dead in the forehold, and Professor Klein confirmed the death of certain of these from plague, but not until the cargo of grain had been partly discharged and distributed. Thereupon the ship was dealt with as an "infected" ship, and as no plague resulted, the measures of precaution and disinfection may be taken to have been in this instance successful.' (*British Medical Journal*, August 10th, 1901.)

Owing to the precautions (far in advance of official regulations, but afterwards approved by the Local Government Board) and energetic measures taken by the Bristol health authorities, no infection of the port followed; but the danger was evidently very great. As Dr Davies remarks, the risk is for the quay-labourers who unload the cargo, not for the ship's crew; and it would not have been surprising had some of the former become infected.

and often in its secondary foci, is at first as much an epizootic as the cattle-plague; but when once transmitted to man, the disease may be kept up, at least for a time, by human intercourse alone, and may be carried from one country to another without the intermediation of rats.

It might be thought that the infection carried by ships was connected with the cargo and not with rats; but this is clearly not the case. It has been shown that merchandise in the ordinary sense, such as corn, cotton, wool, etc., does not carry infection; but rags, that is, portions of cast-off clothing, come under another category, and are a very dangerous article of merchandise when coming from an infected country.

Much has still to be discovered about the plague in rats. We do not know whether they derive the bacillus from the soil or only from each other. The causes of the virulent outbreaks or epidemics among them are unknown; and it has yet to be made out whether any particular species of rats are, especially or exclusively, liable to the disease.

3. *Recent Outbreaks in the East.*

We have now to speak of the more recent history of plague, and more especially of its occurrence in British possessions. During the greater part of the British occupation of India, plague had a very partial and limited distribution, so that it had become a saying that there was no plague east of the Indus. But early in the nineteenth century, from 1815 to 1821, severe epidemics occurred in the western provinces north of Bombay, Gujarat, Kattywar, and Cutch, and in 1836 at Pali in Rajputana. The origin of these outbreaks was not clearly traced, but it was suspected that the disease had been introduced from Persia or Mesopotamia. It was thought till lately that these were the earliest records of plague in India, but recent researches have brought to light accounts of epidemics in the seventeenth century, for instance, at Agra, Lahore, and Delhi in 1616-17, and at other places, including Bombay, from 1689 to 1702. The malady seems, however, to have died out in India gener-

ally about the same time as it became extinct in England and Western Europe, since there are no distinct records of its existence in the eighteenth century.

On the slopes of the Himalayas there has been known for something like a century, and has existed probably for several centuries, a disease called *mahamari*. This has now been clearly shown to be nothing else than plague in a very virulent form. The districts of Kumaun and Gurhwal are the special seat of this disease, which has recurred frequently in groups of mountain villages at an altitude of 7000 feet or more, the same places and even the same houses being affected year after year. Here it was first clearly established in modern times that animals living underground, especially rats, are subject to the disease, and usually take it before the human inhabitants—a fact of vast importance in relation to the causation and continuance of plague. This region is undoubtedly one of the original homes of plague, and probably one of the oldest now known. There is much plausibility in the belief that it was the starting-point of the 'Black Death' of the fourteenth century.

Following the Himalayan range eastward, we find no known seats of plague, putting aside some vague and unconfirmed reports of its occurrence in Kashmir and Nepaul. But an elevated region in Southern China, in the province of Yunnan, south-east from the Himalayas, is also an original seat of plague, not at present connected with any other endemic centre. The Yunnan country is mountainous, and plague is said to occur only at elevated situations from 1200 to 7200 feet above the sea. Underground animals are affected, especially rats, which leave their holes and are found dead above ground. Though the records of epidemics in this part of the world do not go farther back than 1850, it is probable that Yunnan is an original and an ancient seat of plague. The disease is said to spread from this district to the neighbouring parts; but till lately the only other place in southern China definitely known to be subject to epidemics of plague was the seaport of Pakhoi on the Tonkin Gulf. Here the epidemics have recurred apparently with less frequency than in Yunnan; but there is known to have been one in 1893, and a neighbouring district was affected in 1891.

This Chinese centre of plague has become of the gravest importance, since in 1894 it became the starting-point of the enormous extension of plague in the last seven years, during which time the pestilence has visited many parts of the world which never knew it before, and has revisited some of its ancient haunts in Asia, Africa, and Europe.

The seats of plague existing before the year 1894 were (a) Benghazi in the province of Tripoli, and the Asir country in Arabia, both of only local importance; (b) an important endemic seat in eastern Asia, having its centre in the mountains of Turkish and Persian Kurdistan, with extension southward to Baghdad and the plains of the Tigris and Euphrates, eastward to Persia and northward to the Caspian Sea, to Astrakhan and the lower Volga; (c) the mountain districts Gurhwal and Kumaun in the Himalayas, from which no extension has been traced; (d) the districts in southern China mentioned above. These localities are shown in the first map.

These centres were apparently independent, no connexion being traceable between them; and, before 1894, plague was not known to exist in any other part of the world, though recent investigations make it probable that some other parts of northern Africa, and also some parts of Central Asia, harboured the pestilence.

It was the focus in southern China which communicated the disease to what has turned out to be the most important centre for its distribution in modern times, namely, that of Hong Kong. It seems clear that the outbreak in Canton preceded that of Hong Kong; and the constant communication between the two places easily explains how the island became infected. It is not so clear how the plague got to Canton; but communication by land in 1803 from Yunnan to the town of Liao Tchou and other places in the province of Kwang Si appears to have been clearly established. Thence it seems to have gone down the Canton river to Canton, where the disease was recognised in an epidemic form in February 1894. Probably there was a much wider diffusion of plague in southern China than has ever been officially admitted. In the populous and insanitary city of Canton an enormous mortality resulted, but the actual numbers cannot be

accurately known.* The epidemic in Hong Kong, officially recognised in May 1894, was also exceedingly destructive. Full accounts appeared in the papers at the time, but it is now hardly necessary to do more than call attention to certain aspects of the visitation.

In the first place the disease raged especially among the Chinese—who form of course the great majority of the population—and in a degree out of proportion to their numerical preponderance. Foreigners other than Chinese were less frequently attacked, and Europeans (English) hardly at all, except that some deaths occurred among English soldiers engaged in works of disinfection. Moreover, among Chinese attacked, the case-mortality (i.e. the proportion of deaths to cases) was higher than among other races, being over 90 per cent., a rate of mortality very rarely known, even in plague.†

The insanitary habits and the prejudices of the Chinese population contributed to the spread of the disease. In the Chinese quarter (a part having constant relations with Canton), where the greatest mortality occurred, the houses are mostly small and ill-built; and, even when they are sufficiently roomy, the advantage is destroyed by enor-

* One remarkable feature may here be mentioned. There is in Canton a large population, estimated at 250,000, who live habitually on the water, in boats and barges. This aquatic population is said to have been entirely exempt from plague. A tradition that a similar immunity from plague was enjoyed by the inhabitants of barges and vessels on the Thames in the Great Plague of London in 1665 has been preserved by Defoe; and the same limitation was afterwards observed in Bombay.

† In the latest epidemics at Hong Kong the same proportions are maintained. The following table shows the mortality of different years:—

Years . . .	1894	1896	1898	1899	1900	1901 (incomplete)
Cases . . .	2,679	1,204	1,320	1,486	1,082	1,606
Deaths . . .	2,552	1,078	1,175	1,428	1,034	1,533
Percentage of deaths	92·7	89·5	89·0	96·1	95·5	95·5

In the year 1900 the case-mortality among the Chinese was 96·6 per cent., but among the non-Chinese population only 53·6 per cent., of those attacked. The population of Hong Kong in 1898 was 254,500, of whom 240,000 were Chinese, the white residents, including the garrison, numbering about 14,000.

mous over-crowding. It is the practice to convert one storey into two by horizontal partitions or false floors, the low dwellings thus formed being sometimes without windows. Into these narrow spaces are crowded whole families, with their appurtenances, clean or unclean, sanitary or insanitary. Again, the customs of the Chinese lead them to deny the fact of illness, and to conceal their sick; while dead bodies are often exposed in the streets.* Against these hostile influences it is no wonder that sanitary measures, in the European sense, were not very successful. The plague was almost absent in 1895, but recurred in 1896 and subsequent years, in spite of the most energetic measures of disinfection and attempts at isolation. It should be stated that a great mortality among rats was observed in Hong Kong, as elsewhere; and those animals were found to be dying of the plague. They have been vigorously destroyed. In 1900 no less than 43,000 dead rats were burnt in Hong Kong.

The most important result, in a scientific sense, of the Hong Kong epidemic was the discovery of the plague bacillus. This important discovery was made on June 14th, 1894, by Dr Kitasato, a Japanese *savant*, one of a Commission sent over by the enlightened zeal of the Japanese Government. Shortly afterwards the result was confirmed by the independent investigations of M. Yersin, of the Pasteur Institute, Saigon. The existence of such a bacillus was indeed foreseen, and, in a sense, inferred; but the credit of this momentous discovery belongs to Dr Kitasato and almost equally to M. Yersin, who was a close second in the race. We may regret that, in a British possession, the laurel was not won by a British investigator; but it should be remembered that the time of the local medical staff is in such epidemics necessarily occupied with official duties, while foreign investigators can give their whole time to research.

The further consequences of the firm footing obtained by plague in Canton and Hong Kong have been very disastrous. The infection, which before had lurked in mountain villages, inland towns, or minor seaports, with

* No less than 412 out of the 1082 dead in 1900 were cases of persons found dead in the streets. (Hong Kong Official Report for 1900.)

a limited means of dissemination, was now raging in great centres of trade, having communication by sea with many parts of the world. That plague can be carried about by ships is, as we have seen, a well ascertained fact, though the precise mode of transmission may not be in every case clear. From Canton and Hong Kong it was natural that the nearest Chinese ports should be first infected. Accordingly the plague passed to Amoy, later to Macao, and probably other places on the coast of China.* It spread also to the neighbouring island of Formosa, where it produced a considerable epidemic; it even reached the shores of Japan, but there it was rapidly stamped out by the energetic action of the Japanese Government. In later epidemics, however, the disease obtained a footing in that country.

The most important outbreak of the epidemic which is probably—though not certainly—traceable to communication with Hong Kong, is that of Bombay. Ancient records show that the plague had prevailed in Bombay at the end of the seventeenth century; but down to the present time the disease was not known to exist in India, except in the few localities already referred to; and five years ago it was not epidemic even in the mountain districts on the slopes of the Himalayas, where it still lingered. Therefore when, in the summer of 1896, the plague appeared in Bombay, it was virtually a new disease.

On the 23rd of September the first case was officially reported. But, as generally happens, it was soon found that previous cases had occurred which had not been recognised or not reported, and that one death had actually been registered as from plague on August 31st. It appeared on enquiry that in July and August several cases of fever with glandular swellings, and also cases of fever with pneumonia had occurred, which must, in the light of subsequent events, be regarded as cases of plague.

* The plague did not pass to Macao immediately. Not a single case of plague occurred in Macao in May 1894, when it was raging in Hong Kong, notwithstanding the frequent communication between the ports, and the immigration into Macao of thousands from Hong Kong. This singular exemption of a place in communication with a plague centre has often been noticed. Formerly, when the plague prevailed in Egypt, Cairo might be affected and not Alexandria, or vice versa, though communication was perfectly open.

Afterwards native doctors, who were the chief medical attendants of the poorer class of natives, stated that since May they had seen many cases of 'fever,' attended by a very high mortality. The registered death-rate from 'fever,' and also from 'lung diseases,' had during this period been much above the average. Now these two classes of disease are precisely those with which plague is most often confounded, so that the reference of the first cases of plague to a date as early as May is not improbable, more especially as in Indian climates the extreme heat of the summer months always checks, without actually stopping the plague. Thus an epidemic which began in May might not have become prominent till September. But all this is obscure; and, to quote the words of Mr Nathan, 'no certain information has been gathered as to when the outbreak in the city of Bombay commenced, what was the immediate cause of the outbreak, or even in what part of the city the first cases occurred.'

When once observed, however, the Mandvi quarter—a crowded and insanitary district lying along the harbour, full of large granaries where ships discharge their grain—was the first part affected; and until the end of September the epidemic was almost confined to this quarter. This is a business part of the city, much frequented during the day by people who sleep elsewhere. After the beginning of October, however, cases were reported from many quarters, and the disease spread over the city in a manner for which no distinct law could be discovered. The first onset in any district was rarely rapid. Isolated cases occurred at first, from which an endemic centre was formed, and the spread was then more rapid. These are features which have been observed in the spread of plague epidemics through many cities. Boghurst, writing in his *Λοιμογραφία* (1666) of the Great Plague of London, says—

'The disease spread not altogether by contagion at first, nor began only at one place and spread further and further as an eating sore doth all over the body, but fell upon several places of city and suburbs like rain';

which may be taken to mean that many apparently independent centres appeared, the connexion of which with

others could not be traced. Simultaneously with the deaths from plague in Mandvi, or even before, a number of dead rats were observed in the district. The same phenomenon was observed in the quarters of the city successively affected; and most careful observers in Bombay have recognised that the migration of rats was the chief instrument in the dissemination of the disease.*

The rapid progress of the epidemic may be judged from the fact that, in October 1896, 406 deaths from plague were recorded; in December, 1600; in January 1897, 2300; in February, 3000; after which the numbers gradually declined, till in June and July they were 186 and 62 respectively, after which there was a slight recrudescence. The above numbers cannot be taken as absolutely correct, owing to the difficulty of obtaining information, and to many deaths having been uncertificated. Doubtless, also, there would have been a higher mortality had the whole population remained in the city. An immense number left in a panic, and sought refuge in other places, to which they in many instances communicated the contagion. In October it is estimated that only about 20,000 people went away; but in November, December, and January the number of fugitives was enormous; in February comparatively small. Altogether it is calculated that 400,000 persons acted on the old rule that the best way to meet the plague is to run away from it. Many are said to have returned in March and April; but according to statistics the population did not reach its usual numbers till May 1897. The population of Bombay was estimated in 1896 as 846,000, having been 821,764 at the latest census in 1891; so that nearly one half the inhabitants must have fled, and the great mortality of the winter months occurred in little more than half the normal population.

* The *Times of India*, September 30th, 1896, contains the following:—
 'It was known more than a month ago to all the people of Mandvi, and to all the municipal sweepers in the district, that the rats were dying in thousands all over the district. They were found dead and dying almost everywhere, and in places where dead rats were never found before. The children amused themselves every morning by throwing them from the staircases into the streets and gulleys. The great rat mortality only became known recently; and yet what a volume of information was it capable of conveying if it had only been rightly used.'

The latest available statistics are as follows* :—

CASES OF, AND DEATHS FROM PLAGUE IN THE CITY OF BOMBAY.

Year.	Plague Cases Reported.	Plague Deaths Certified.	Case-mortality per cent.
1896 . . .	2,530	1,801	71·1
1897 . . .	11,963	10,232	85·7
1898 . . .	19,863	18,160	91·2
1899 . . .	19,484	15,830	81·3
Totals . . .	53,840	46,023	85·4

Thus the plague in Bombay made 46,000 victims in three years and a quarter, and it increased the general death-rate by nearly 50 per cent. Terribly high as these figures are, they are much lower than those recorded in several other epidemics. In the whole Presidency (including the city) the plague-mortality, during the same period, is reported as amounting to 252,000 persons.

With regard to the parts of the city affected, the disease prevailed most in the poorer and more insanitary quarters; but the densely populated central districts suffered less than some outer suburbs where the sanitary conditions were bad, such as Middle and Lower Colaba—districts inhabited by labourers who worked in the cotton godowns of Mandvi—and some distant suburbs, e.g. Mahim and Sion; while the quarters where most of the Europeans live (Esplanade and Fort Southern) were but slightly affected, and least of all the 'Water Division,' that is, the floating population, amounting to 22,000 persons, living in ships and boats, of whom only a small fraction died.

The many races and castes found among the population of Bombay showed very different degrees of susceptibility. The highest mortality was among the small body of 'Jains'; next came Hindoos of low or high caste; Mussulmans and Eurasians suffered much less; while among Europeans the mortality was very small, only 22 deaths from plague being recorded in the first epidemic.

We have next to consider what special circumstances, if any, affected the city of Bombay in 1896. First of all, it

* Report of the Medical Officer of the Local Government Board, 1899-1900, p. 327.

was an exceedingly hot year, the second hottest for 51 years. Then, the rainfall was abnormal in its distribution, being so heavy in June, July, and August as to cause great floods in the lower part of the city, which choked the drains and stopped the outfall of sewage. These conditions were no doubt bad; and great plague epidemics have often been observed in very hot years, as in London in 1665; but such conditions could at most aggravate, not produce the epidemic. Bombay had previously been regarded as the healthiest of Indian, and probably of all Oriental cities. The one unfavourable feature is over-crowding.

This over-crowding occurs especially in the so-called 'chawls,' in which a large part of the native population lives. These are large buildings, from five to seven storeys high, arranged in flats, each flat containing a long corridor with rooms, measuring some eight feet by twelve, opening into it on either side. Each room is usually let to a family, and may be occupied by six or eight persons, or even more. Light and air are most inadequately admitted, sanitary arrangements are defective, and the breaches of sanitary laws indescribable. Such buildings are erected back to back, or with only a narrow space between, which becomes a receptacle for filth. A single 'chawl' may contain 500 or 1000 inhabitants. The over-crowding must be terrible; and we can understand that there is a greater density of population in these quarters of Bombay than in any other city in the world. It is said that 70 per cent. of the native population live in such dwellings. These conditions have a constant tendency to grow worse; they are not the result of poverty so much as of prosperity, being closely connected with the growth of manufactures, and the increased value of land, which leads to the building of taller houses.

Doubtless no conditions could be more favourable to plague, or more antagonistic to measures intended to extirpate it. The late Sir R. Thorne-Thorne, who represented the British Government at the Sanitary Conference at Venice, declared that no statement made a deeper impression on the Conference than an account of the insanitary quarters of Bombay given by Dr Cleghorn. The authorities, municipal and other, have been severely blamed—whether justly or not, we need not decide. But Mr Acworth (late Municipal Commissioner of Bombay)

has publicly declared * 'it was utterly untrue to say that Bombay was a grossly insanitary town. Judged by any standard hitherto found attainable in the East, it was a very sanitary one, the best, he was sure, in India.'†

The authorities, municipal and other, did not spare their efforts to control the epidemic. On September 29th, 1896, the Government of Bombay, on receiving a report from their Surgeon-General, Dr Cooke, appointed a Committee of Enquiry, of which the Municipal Commissioner was President, and the Executive Engineer of Bombay, the Sanitary Commissioner, and some leading physicians, were members. At the same time a scientific Committee was appointed, composed of Dr Manser (who died of the plague), Professor Childe, M. Haffkine, Mr Hankin and Dr Surveyor. On October 6th the Municipal Commission assumed legal powers to enable them 'to enter and disinfect buildings, to remove goods therefrom, to remove to hospitals persons suffering from plague, and to isolate houses in which cases of plague had occurred.' The attempt, however, to enforce these regulations met with such violent opposition from the native inhabitants, and produced such an excited state of popular feeling that they could not be carried out. The people concealed cases of plague as much as possible, resented passionately

* Discussion at the Society of Arts. 'Journal,' February 25th, 1898.

† In corroboration of Mr Acworth's view, we may quote part of a letter, dated February 17th, 1898, addressed to the *Times* by the Rev. Arthur H. Bowman, a parish incumbent and Government chaplain in Bombay:—

'We were told of the large amount of sympathy a certain Surgeon-General from India had awakened at the Venice Conference by stating that in Bombay the poor lived in "chawls"—i.e. large lodging-houses—to the number of one thousand and upwards in each chawl, and that the light of day could not enter. Surely the Surgeon-General could never have made such a statement. Such an idea is monstrous. I have known the streets and lanes of Bombay intimately for the last five years, and I state, without any fear of contradiction, that such places do not exist. Last November I visited, as one of the plague-searching party to find out concealed cases, a number of these chawls, and in only one did I find a single room where the sun could not enter, as there was no window, and that was on the ground floor; and no one need have lived there. No doubt there is room for improvement in many of the chawls, but some are very well built for light and air. It must be remembered that in Bombay the difficulties are very great. We have to face there the largest population per square mile of any city in the world. As regards one's personal comfort, having visited for seven years the lowest poor in the cities of Bombay and Calcutta, I prefer doing so to visiting the same class in the large cities of England.' ('Journal of Society of Arts,' February 25th, 1898.)

the searching of their houses, and objected to compulsory removal to hospital, seeing (as no doubt was the case) that most of those who entered the hospitals died. Wild rumours were circulated to the effect that the doctors in hospitals killed or ill-treated their patients. The municipal hospital at Arthur Road was in October attacked by a mob of one thousand men, and had to be carefully guarded. Many thousands of those who fled from Bombay were impelled by fear of the hospitals as much as by fear of the plague itself. The measures adopted by the municipal authorities were therefore restricted to the following:—

‘Infected houses were, from the beginning, treated practically as if they were on fire, and were flushed from flushing-pumps and fire-engines with water charged with disinfectants. Sulphur was burnt inside houses, particular parts of which were also limewashed. Drainage pipes were specially disinfected, and when in bad order were removed or cleaned. Disinfectants were freely used, not only in infected houses, but in the adjoining houses, and were freely distributed. All obstructions to the entrance of light and air were removed as far as possible. In every part of the city tiles were taken off the roofs of houses [to admit sunlight]; thousands of persons were removed from infected buildings; and all domestic refuse and articles likely to be infected were burnt, exposed to the sun, or disinfected. . . . General measures were also taken to destroy and burn dead rats.’ *

Admirable as these measures were in themselves, they could not be expected to stop a great epidemic of plague, and did not do so, though it may fairly be claimed that much good was effected, and the epidemic perhaps kept within bounds. Various measures were tried; but at length, the epidemic still continuing, the Government took the matter into its own hands. It appointed a committee, with General Gatacre as chairman, the objects of which were: the discovery of all plague cases, the treatment of all cases in hospital, and the segregation of persons who had lived with plague patients, generally known as ‘contacts.’

Had it been possible to carry out these measures com-

* H. M. Birdwood, in the ‘Journal of the Society of Arts,’ February 1898, p. 323,

pletely, much might have been effected ; but the difficulties were enormous, and could not be entirely overcome even by the tact, resource, and never-failing energy with which General Gatacre and his committee conducted the operations. Hospitals, which were at first deficient, were rapidly erected, chiefly by private benevolence. In the middle of May 1897 there were as many as forty-one plague-hospitals in working order. At this time the epidemic was rapidly declining, and in June it virtually ceased for a time. Such a cessation might have been expected from seasonal decline, and the habitual exhaustion of an epidemic. What share sanitary measures had in producing this result, it would be hard to say. But unfortunately these measures did nothing towards preventing a return of the disease, which has recurred nearly every year with great virulence, till the authorities have apparently ceased to try to arrest its progress, and have limited their efforts to alleviating the suffering caused by it. In November 1898 a Commission was sent out by the Home Government, composed of Professor T. R. Fraser (chairman), Professor A. E. Wright, Dr M. A. Ruffer, Mr J. P. Hewett, and Mr A. Cumine. The Commission collected a large amount of evidence, and left India in March 1899. Their final report has not yet appeared, but two chapters have been allowed to become public.

It is natural to ask whence and by what means the plague was introduced into Bombay : but the question is not easily answered. It is impossible to believe that it originated on the spot. There were, speaking broadly, only two possible sources ; viz., the indigenous plague of Kumaun and Gurhwal on the one hand, and the over-sea traffic from China on the other. No conclusive evidence for either possibility has been produced ; but, considering the long railway journey from the Himalayan districts and the absence of any intermediate infection, the first hypothesis is very improbable. The possibilities of importation by shipping, either by persons affected with the mild form of plague or by rats, or (though less likely) by contaminated objects from Hong Kong, were almost infinite ; and no special precautions were taken in the year 1896 against Chinese ports. But it cannot be said that the origin is actually known.

As may be imagined, the epidemic of 1896 was not

limited to the city of Bombay. It spread widely in every direction, along the coast northwards to Surat and part of Baroda, inland to the west and centre of the Deccan districts. It was perhaps by sea that it passed to Gujarat and the island of Cutch, and to Kurrachee, which suffered severely, as did other parts of Sind. Southward the epidemic spread to Poona, and further to the Nizam's dominions and Mysore. From Mysore it was imported at ninety-six separate localities into the Presidency of Madras; and at least twelve separate cases were imported into the city of Madras itself, which, however, has not suffered from an actual epidemic. It would be impossible to trace here the further extension of the disease over a large part of Central and Southern India. Reference must, however, be made to the occurrence of plague in Calcutta. Some suspicious cases were observed in 1896, but it was not till April, 1898, that a case of plague was officially recognised, having been preceded by mortality among rats. In that year about 200 people died of the pestilence; in 1899 the reported cases were 3005 and the deaths 2745; and in 1900 there was a great mortality, 7449 deaths having occurred in the first six months of the year. During 1901 the epidemic has continued, so that Calcutta, though apparently less liable to severe epidemics of plague than Bombay, is by no means exempt.

4. *Extension of Plague since 1896.*

Besides spreading through India itself, the plague, since the year 1896, has been conveyed from the new seats in India and China to many parts of the world, so as to constitute what has been called a 'pandemic.' The new foci of plague have almost always arisen in seaports; but fresh activity has also been displayed in some endemic haunts of the disease, like the eruptions of a slumbering volcano. This diffusion will be here traced chronologically, and is shown geographically on map II; but we do not claim perfect accuracy or completeness in either respect.

In the year 1896, a fresh outbreak of plague was reported in the Asir country, Arabia, where for at least fifty years there have been occasional epidemics. Reports of plague came also from Kandahar and Merv, which

could not be connected with Bombay, and probably indicate what has long been suspected, the existence of endemic centres of plague in Central Asia. In 1897 plague was recognised at Jeddah on the Red Sea, the port of debarkation for pilgrims to Mecca, where also some cases occurred. In the same year plague appeared in the German East African Territory. This epidemic was thought to be traceable to Uganda and the neighbourhood of the Victoria Nyanza, where enquiry showed that outbreaks of plague had occurred at intervals for years before. Although Uganda has had of late years much communication with India, this would not explain the epidemics, since they are known to have occurred before the European occupation of that country. Hence Central Africa must be pronounced an endemic centre of plague. These outbreaks were always connected with mortality among rats.

In 1898 another Central Asian epidemic was reported from Samarkand, giving further probability to the belief that it is endemic in those regions. But the most remarkable fact as to plague in that year is that, for the first time in its known history, it crossed the equator and established itself in the southern hemisphere. The first place, apparently, to become affected was the port of Tamatave in Madagascar, where plague was recognised in November 1898, but must have been present some months before. It was natural to suppose that the infection might have come from Bombay, but no distinct evidence was produced; and, at this time, all ships leaving Bombay were carefully inspected. There is, however, a large traffic by coasting vessels, subject to no inspection, from Cutch and other ports of the Indian Ocean. Lorenzo Marques had in the same year some plague cases brought by a French steamer from Madagascar; and though no epidemic was then reported, plague broke out in the following year in the adjacent parts of Mozambique. In the same year, or early in 1899, plague appeared at Port Louis in Mauritius, where it has continued ever since. The authorities in Mauritius thought it was derived from Tamatave.

The year 1899 was memorable for the most remarkable extension of plague throughout the world ever known, of which, however, only a brief outline can here be given. In the far East, two ports, which had previously escaped,

Penang in the Straits of Malacca and Manila in the Philippines, suffered from plague. Singapore, a port strikingly exposed to infection, escaped, owing, it is claimed, to the careful isolation of imported cases, and a rigid system of quarantine. In the southern seas, Numea in New Caledonia, and even the distant Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands, were affected; nor did the pestilence spare our Australian colonies. Sydney had a very distinct, though fortunately limited, epidemic, clearly traceable to infection by rats, presumably from ships. Whether the plague came from Hong Kong, or from the much nearer Numea, appears uncertain; but the latter source was suspected by the Sydney authorities. Queensland had plague in an epidemic form; while at Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, though cases of plague were imported, there was no definite epidemic. The infection brought to Auckland in New Zealand was arrested on the threshold.

Passing over less important extensions in the Persian Gulf and elsewhere, we find the plague, after an interval of nearly two centuries, causing serious epidemics in Western Europe. Portugal was the country, Oporto and Lisbon the cities, thus visited. In Oporto the disease was, as usual, at first not recognised, and perhaps concealed, but was officially declared in the summer of 1899. Some think that cases had occurred in the year before, or even in 1897. The origin was not traced, but the connection between these ports and the Portuguese possessions in India, China, and Africa (Goa, Lower Daman, Macao, Mozambique), where plague was epidemic, suggest a possible means of conveyance.* Some hundreds of people suffered from the disease, but the numbers are not precisely known. Lisbon was affected later in the year, but less severely.

From Portugal, the plague seems to have taken its longest flight in modern times, and landed in the western hemisphere, hitherto virgin soil for the pestilence. Asuncion in Paraguay, six hundred miles up the River Plate, but in direct communication with Europe, was perhaps the first American city to be affected (September 1899), the infection being traced to sailors suffering from

* On the other hand, it is right to state that Oporto has no direct trade with Asia or Africa, the products of the East arriving there, if at all, from other European ports.

plague, who landed from a steamer coming from Oporto. At Santos in Brazil the plague was announced a little later, but possibly it existed there before. At Rosario on the River Plate, and in Buenos Ayres, the pestilence appeared by the end of the year 1899, and in Rio de Janeiro a little later. Whether these places derived the infection direct from Oporto, or from one another, need not be here discussed. But it is singular that the distant port of Rosario transmitted the plague, not only to England, but to South Africa.

Besides certain isolated epidemics on African soil, namely at Grand Bassam on the west coast, and in Algeria (somewhat doubtful), plague again returned to its old home in Egypt, appearing at Alexandria in April (or perhaps earlier) 1899. Its beginning and spread were closely connected with fatal disease among rats, especially those in groceries and similar stores. The source of infection was not clearly made out; but, considering that Egypt is on the highway between Asia and Europe, closely connected with the shores of the Red Sea, and an old seat of plague, its reappearance in that country is not surprising.

The year 1900 was not remarkable for so wide an extension of plague as previous years, but there was an appearance or reappearance of the disease in Asiatic Turkey, at Trebizond on the Black Sea, and at Smyrna. At the end of the year 1900, or the beginning of 1901, Constantinople was infected; in the same year plague appeared in Port Said and other parts of Egypt. That cases occurred in Cairo was first asserted and then denied.

The introduction of plague into Cape Town appears to have been due to the ship 'Kilburn,' which arrived March 5th, 1900, from Rosario, with cases of plague on board. Notwithstanding strict quarantine precautions, cases afterwards occurred in the town, especially among the native population; and the disease spread to Port Elizabeth. At present (September 1901) the epidemic is reported as extinct, at least for the season. In the autumn of last year there occurred in Glasgow the first epidemic of plague that has taken place in Britain for upwards of two centuries; and this was a very small one. It broke out in a family not immediately connected with the port, and was spread by personal communication. Energetic measures taken by the Glasgow Sanitary Authorities limited the

outbreak, which affected only about thirty persons, of whom eight died. There was no traceable affection of rats. The speedy extinction of the epidemic confirms the opinion of those who have held that plague in a clean city ought to be an easy disease to deal with. But had the infection gone underground and attacked the rats in all the sewers of Glasgow, it might have been much more difficult to stamp out.

The single case which occurred at Cardiff should also be mentioned. A ship, the 'South Garth,' left Rosario about August 20th, 1900, and arrived at King's Lynn, where she discharged a cargo of maize on September 12th. When the unloading was finished two men were taken ill. One of them landed at South Shields, crossed England by rail to his home near Cardiff, where he arrived September 27th, and, being found to have plague, was removed to a hospital, where he died. The disease did not spread. This man could not have been infected when he left South America, as the voyage was much too long; but he must have become so while unloading the cargo, in which many dead rats were found. It is instructive to observe that in a long railway journey, and during his illness at home, this patient did not communicate the plague to any one.

In the present year 1901 there is no important extension of plague to record, but the disease still rages in its older seats with undiminished virulence, and has established its footing in some of the newer. In Hong Kong there has been, during this season, the severest epidemic since 1894. In Bombay the plague was very destructive in the early part of the year, and was increasing again in August. It has been prevalent, though less fatal, in Calcutta, and also in other parts of India. In Egypt the disease has obtained a foothold, though it has not caused great mortality. In Cape Colony it has lately declined. The reports of its presence in Constantinople are confirmed. On the whole the prospects of a disappearance of the great pandemic of plague are not favourable.

5. *Treatment and Protective Measures.*

Although the subject is technical, a word may be said about the treatment of plague. This is extremely unsatisfactory. Patients have the best chance of recovery in

large, well-ventilated rooms, with a superabundance of fresh air. Ordinary drugs are of little avail. Recently a method of treatment resembling the 'serum treatment' so useful in diphtheria, has been introduced by M. Yersin. Without entering into details, we may say that it consists in preparing from horses, inoculated with the plague bacillus, a pure serum incapable of communicating the disease, but containing substances which hinder or diminish the deleterious effects of the bacillus. A small quantity of this serum injected into a patient will, in some cases, especially if used at the beginning of the attack, cure or greatly alleviate the disease, giving a much better chance of recovery. The first results obtained by Yersin with this treatment in China were strikingly successful; but in Bombay, though fairly tried by English and foreign physicians, it greatly disappointed expectations. M. Calmette and M. Salimberri claim to have had considerable success at Oporto with a serum prepared in the Pasteur Institute. Dr Lustig, by a somewhat different process, obtained a serum said to give better results; but it was not found strikingly successful at Bombay. One advantage of the injection of serum is that it gives to healthy persons a high degree of immunity against the plague, but this immunity does not appear to last more than fourteen days; and it can be better obtained by another method—that introduced by Haffkine.

Haffkine's method, like his well known preventive treatment for cholera, is not intended for the treatment of those already affected with plague, but is a prophylactic, rendering the individual much less susceptible of plague. It corresponds, in fact, so far as its effects are concerned, with vaccination for small-pox; though the substance itself and its method of preparation are totally dissimilar. Haffkine's treatment does not require the use of any intermediate animal, such as a horse or calf. The bacillus is cultivated in large flasks of *bouillon*. At the end of a month the clear liquid is separated, and, after careful examination, is placed in small tubes and heated to a temperature sufficient to destroy any remaining bacilli. The liquid is then incapable of communicating plague, but, if injected under the skin, it puts the individual thus treated (broadly speaking), in the position of one who has just passed through an attack of the disease. Hence he

acquires a partial immunity, which, though not perpetual, will last, in most cases, through the duration of an epidemic. It does not give absolute protection, but, if the subject should catch the plague, he has it much less severely.

The utility of Haffkine's method was shown on a large scale in some Indian communities. For instance, in the Portuguese town of Lower Damaun, where the operations were carefully watched by members of the German Plague Commission, 2197 persons were inoculated with Haffkine's fluid, while 6033 were not inoculated. Of the latter, 1482 died of plague, giving a death rate of 24.6 per cent.; while, out of the inoculated, only 36 died of plague, giving a death rate of 1.6 per cent. The difference was not in all cases so clearly marked; but in prisons, where there is little room for fallacy, the results were very striking. In the Umarchadi gaol, the numbers of inoculated and uninoculated persons were very nearly equal, but among the latter were nine cases with five deaths, among the former three cases and no death. In another gaol no case of plague was fatal in an inoculated person. In the village of Undhera, where more than half the population was inoculated, the proportion of cases of plague was four times as many, the proportion of deaths ten times as many, among the uninoculated as among the protected population. Taking these numbers as correct, it is fair to infer that had inoculation been universal, there would have been only one-tenth as many deaths as there actually were; which is what M. Haffkine means when he says that the reduction of mortality due to inoculation was nearly ninety per cent. compared with what it would have been. This calculation was criticised by the Indian Plague Commission, though as it appears to us, on inadequate grounds.*

The general rules for dealing with an epidemic of plague are clear enough, though their application is in some cases extremely difficult, and in some impossible. They comprise,

* Though the complete report of the Commissioners has not yet appeared, they have sanctioned the preliminary publication of a portion referring to M. Haffkine's method. This portion contains an elaborate and valuable critical survey of the subject in its bacteriological, statistical and practical aspects. The Commissioners come to the conclusion that, with certain safeguards, inoculation should be encouraged wherever possible, and in particular among the disinfecting staffs and the attendants of plague hospitals.

1. Early notification and recognition of every case.
2. Removal to a hospital, or, in exceptional cases, rigid isolation of the patients.
3. Segregation and observation, for an adequate time, of all 'contacts'; fresh cases among them being at once removed.
4. Evacuation and complete disinfection of the dwellings, clothes and effects of plague patients, before they are allowed to return home. To be efficient, these measures should be extended to a certain area around the infected houses.
5. Destruction, as far as possible, of rats, and, in some circumstances, mice, within the infected area.
6. Inoculation with Haffkine's prophylactic of as many of the population as will consent.

Such measures as the removal of the sick and segregation of the healthy are of course excessively repugnant to the feelings of the people of India and of Orientals generally. It is not surprising that the most energetic efforts of the political and medical officers in Bombay were unable to secure the effective execution of either of these measures. When this objection has not stood in the way, as, for instance, in cities like Sydney and Glasgow, it has been found possible to check an epidemic at the beginning; but when the epidemic has become established, the difficulty is immensely greater.

In villages and small communities the most effectual means is complete evacuation, and the removal of the whole population to temporary camps, while their houses are disinfected. This plan was indeed adopted by the inhabitants of the Himalayan villages of their own accord, and has been successfully carried out in many places, as by Captain James, I.M.S., in the Punjab. He says: 'In evacuation of villages we have a means of quickly and certainly stamping out plague. In not a single village could it be said to have failed.' Numerous other testimonies are to the same effect; and the policy of evacuation is decidedly approved by the Commissioners; but it is evident that it could not be carried out in a great city. The problem of disinfection as applied to houses is a very difficult one, and cannot be here discussed. It seems very doubtful whether it can be efficiently carried out in the conditions presented by Oriental cities, especially

where there are clay or earth floors; and that much of the benefit ascribed to it is due to natural agents, sunlight and fresh air.

In addition to the above-mentioned measures, which have so completely failed to control the plague in Indian cities, there is one equally, or perhaps more, important, namely, the destruction of rats. We have seen that rats often bring the infection and start an epidemic of plague. There is also reason to think that they may maintain the disease between one epidemic and another, while, if it were confined to men, it would either die out spontaneously or be easily controlled. This question has become more urgent in the last two or three years, and must be considered, in a sense, the key to the whole position. Efforts have, of course, been made to reach the rats. Thousands have been killed in Hong Kong, Bombay and elsewhere, but the destruction, being necessarily incomplete, has had little effect on the epidemic. In Sydney a general crusade was set on foot against healthy and sick rats alike, about 100,000 being destroyed. But, as Dr Ashburton Thompson remarks in his report, it is even more important to keep the rats out of houses, by stopping defective drains and rat-holes and preventing the accumulation of rubbish-heaps, by the inspection of granaries or other places where rats abound, and similar measures. It is also important to prevent, if possible, the infection of rats by human dejecta, rubbish, etc., or by access to dead bodies.

In order to guard against the importation of plague from an infected country, systematic precautions have been, and still are, taken. The older system was that of quarantine, of which, without explaining it fully, we may say that it consists essentially in subjecting all persons, sick or well, coming from an infected country, with their belongings, to disinfection, with detention for a fixed period in a special place. The modern system, authorised by the International Sanitary Conferences of Venice (1892) and Dresden (1893), which applies to cholera and yellow fever as well as plague, enjoins 'medical inspection' of all ships and persons coming from an infected port. If the ship is infected or suspected, any persons ill, or with suspicious symptoms, are detained and isolated. The rest of the passengers and crew are kept under observation for five

days. This 'observation,' according to British regulations, may be carried out at the place of destination of the travellers, which they are obliged to communicate.

These regulations have proved sufficient to keep this country free from cholera during several dangerous epidemics, and have, up till now, worked well with regard to plague, though at Glasgow the infection somehow slipped through. The only additional precaution which seems required is greater care in guarding against the introduction of rats, which may be the carriers of plague; but this point has, we understand, not escaped the attention of the Local Government Board. Equally, if not more important, are the precautions taken at an infected port to prevent the embarkation of infected persons or things. In this respect the Bombay authorities deserve the highest praise for the thoroughness with which they carried through a colossal task. Between January 1st, 1897, and March 15th, 1899, more than 100,000 ships and small vessels, outward bound, were inspected, and their crews and passengers, amounting to not far short of two million persons, examined, under the direction of Major Crimmin, I.M.S., Port Medical Officer. As the result, some thousands of suspicious cases were detained, and 243 actual cases of plague prevented from embarking. It must be chiefly due to these precautions that no more serious importation of plague into Europe or any intermediate country has taken place.

Notwithstanding all these precautions and safeguards, the public must not be surprised if a few cases of plague may again force the barrier. It is to be hoped that there will be no outcry for a revival of the antiquated system of quarantine. Our chief reliance should be not on trying to keep out the germs of disease by defences so easily pierced, but on maintaining such conditions of national health that the germ may be extinguished as soon as it enters, like a spark on a wet blanket. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that *great and destructive epidemics of plague do not occur except in the midst of filth, overcrowding, poverty, and all those conditions which we term insanitary*. These conditions may be found as well in small villages as in great cities.

With regard to our own country there is no ground for alarm, though there is great need for unceasing

vigilance and scientific precautions. But with regard to India and the East, where the conditions of life are such as to paralyse all the agencies of sanitation, the prospect is far less favourable. The Indian Plague Commissioners spare no praise for the energy and resource displayed by the local governments, especially that of Bombay, as well as for the devotion and zeal of the civil, medical and military officials, and of many voluntary helpers. But they observe that the staff and funds necessary to carry out a thorough-going policy in a widespread epidemic of plague in India would be enormous, and, indeed, beyond what the power of Government can command.

‘It appears certain’ (they say), ‘that the resources of Government would be insufficient to provide establishments for the area already infected in India, even if the whole army, civil, medical and police establishments were employed solely on plague duties’;

and they come to this disheartening conclusion:—

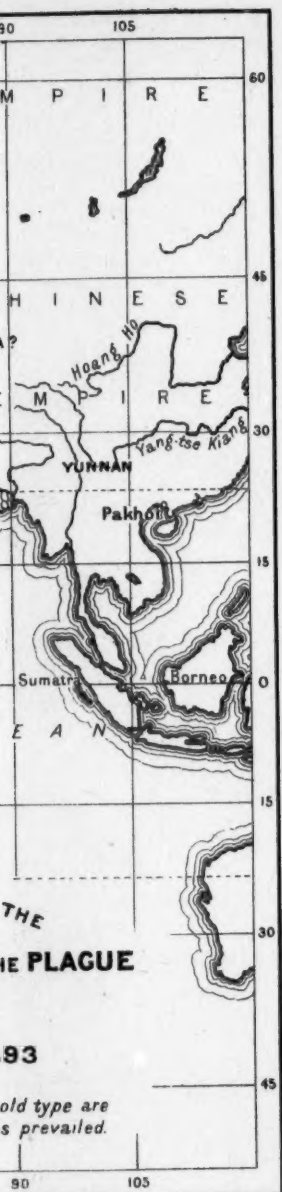
‘The fact must be faced that there are no means of stamping out the present epidemic of plague in India; that even with the best measures most rigidly applied, a certain amount of danger subsists, and all that can be done is to lessen the danger as much as possible.’

The history of plague in India since 1899 has only added force to these grave words.

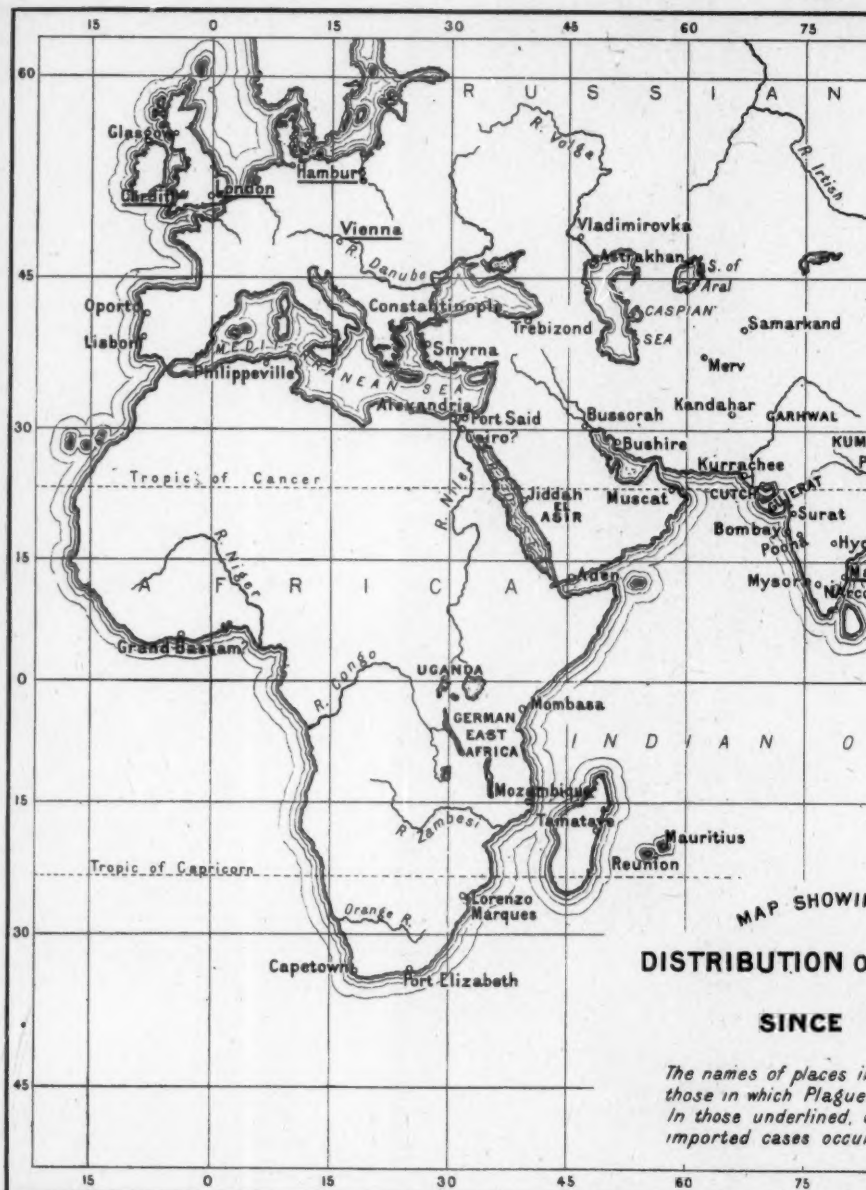


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Art. XII.—THE ORIGINS OF MODERN SCOTLAND.

1. *The Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century.* By H. G. Graham. Two vols. London: Black, 1899. (Third edition, in one volume, 1901.)
2. *A Century of Scottish History.* By Sir Henry Craik. Two vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1901.
3. *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature.* By Hugh Walker. Two vols. Glasgow: Maclehose, 1893.
4. *Memorabilia Domestica.* By Rev. Donald Sage. Second edition. Wick: Rae, 1899.
5. *Life in Scotland a hundred years ago.* By James Murray. Paisley: Gardner, 1900.
6. *Gideon Guthrie.* (Written 1712 to 1730.) Edited by C. E. Guthrie Wright. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1900.
7. *Lord Monboddo and some of his Contemporaries.* By William Knight, LL.D. London: Murray, 1900.
8. *Francis Hutcheson.* By W. R. Scott. Cambridge University Press, 1900.
9. *A History of the Church in Scotland.* By John Macpherson. Paisley: Gardner, 1901.

And other works.

AMONG the many books on our list, which is by no means exhaustive, we may select the works of Sir Henry Craik and Mr Henry Grey Graham as the most valuable of recent additions to the history of Scotland. Mr Graham is a laborious investigator, an accurate chronicler, and a most interesting and vivacious writer. It is not easy to see how he could have made more of his materials, although neither he nor Sir Henry Craik appears to have paid quite enough attention to the Scottish journalism of the eighteenth century. Possessed of a most effective but sometimes perilous power of sarcasm, Mr Graham uses it rather too mercilessly to the prejudice of a country and a time in which 'it was a dangerous thing to be ill, an expensive thing to die, and often a ruinous thing to be buried.' There is a little too much shade and not enough light in his picture. His book would have been improved by a flavour of 'comparative history.' The England of 'Tom Jones' was almost as brutal, as sensual, and as drunken as the Scotland of 'gardyloo' and the 'cutty-stool,' which, all through Mr Graham's volumes, seems to

be swimming on a sea of alcohol from appalling dirt and poverty to comparative dignity and positive wealth.

Sir Henry Craik's work is not without faults and blemishes. His list of authorities cannot be regarded as adequate. He repeats narrative, and still more characterisation, in a way that is always embarrassing, and sometimes inexplicable. He makes certain unaccountable mistakes, as when he misdates the year of the first Secession, and includes Lord Eldon among Scotsmen who have won distinction at the English Bar. But he writes lucidly and with weight; he has a faculty for selecting salient points and broad principles. He has done justice to men like Henry Dundas, and parties like the Moderates in the Church of Scotland, who have of late been too frequently extinguished with a grin or a howl of indignation. In his pages Scottish Jacobitism, Scottish Jacobinism and the Scottish Philosophy, the 'Select Society' of Edinburgh and the 'Tobacco Lords' of Glasgow, the Rebellion of 1745 and the Disruption of 1843, the Porteous Mob and the foundation of the 'Edinburgh Review' and 'Blackwood's Magazine,' Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations' and Thomas Chalmers's attempts to solve the problem of urban poverty, receive for the first time their proper place in historical evolution and consecutive narrative. Nor is Sir Henry's book injured—rather one's pleasure in reading it is heightened—by the old-fashioned and hearty Scottish Conservatism which permeates it, and finds expression in such asides as 'that inherent Toryism which is engrained in the average Englishman,' or the sweeping declaration that in 1874 the Patronage Act of 1712 was repealed 'in one of those strange moods of compliance which sacrifice principle to popularity in a vain attempt to conciliate irreconcilable opponents.'

When Sir Henry Craik, almost at the beginning of his book, says that 'all the strongest forces of the nation—its growing prosperity, its best intelligence, and its essential prudence and moderation'—were on the Hanoverian side, he explains in advance the true causes of the failure of Jacobitism in 1715 and 1745, and strikes the keynote of modern Scottish history. He admits that a General Election in 1706 'would in Scotland have produced a Parliament almost unanimous against the Union'; and

it is not at all improbable that, had the Jacobite party, even after the accomplishment of the Union, possessed a political leader of sagacity, knowledge of his countrymen, and capacity for seizing opportunities—such a man as, on the other side, was Duncan Forbes of Culloden—he might have succeeded in making the '15 a genuine revival of the War of Independence. Sir Henry Craik seems to us, however, to go too far when he says that 'the Lowlanders of Scotland, if remotely akin to the English race, were marked off from that race by the indelible brand of centuries of inveterate hostility and by a difference both in constitutional and civil law.' The kinship of Englishmen with the Scotsmen of the Lothians, if not also of the west, was by no means remote; and it should be remembered that in the struggles between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism, and between Charles I and his subjects, which succeeded the 'centuries of inveterate hostility,' Englishmen and Scotsmen had learned, not only to think alike, but to fight side by side.

No doubt the very class that would most naturally have favoured, even for selfish reasons, co-operation with England, had, during the dismal 'King William's years,' been hard hit in pride and pocket by the Darien Expedition, which cost Scotland 2700 lives, and 300,000*l*. But the Jacobite attempt in 1715, when the name of 'Darien' might still have acted as a rallying cry, was a miserable failure. By 1745 the advantages of the Union were being felt, and 'all the best forces in the nation' declared against the venture of Charles Edward. Edinburgh and Glasgow represented at that time the 'best intellect,' and the 'growing commercial prosperity' of Scotland. It was said at the time that two thirds of the men in Edinburgh were Whigs, and two thirds of the women were Jacobites—a conclusive proof that devotion to the Stuarts was even then fading from a reality of politics into a romantic sentiment. William Robertson and Alexander Carlyle were literally in arms for the House of Hanover. Glasgow gave the Pretender no recruits; and when, on his return from Derby, he demanded a subvention for the support of his troops, she beat him down from 15,000*l*. to 5500*l*., and, as the minute of her Town Council proves, only gave him the smaller sum because 'necessity knows no law.'

The pages of Sir Henry Craik, and even more, those

of Mr Graham, render it perfectly clear that the battle of Culloden, and the atrocities which followed, shattering the hopes of the Jacobites and breaking up the clan system, were to Scotland, even more than to England, a blessing in disguise. They converted the Union from a name into a reality. They at once opened up the Highlands, and they rendered the Lowlands secure against the raids of the Gael. The great problem with the average Scotsman at the beginning of the eighteenth century was, as the most melancholy and the most readable of Mr Graham's chapters too amply demonstrates, not so much how to live well as to how to live at all. Scotland, from peer and laird to cotter and farm-servant, was miserably poor. She had no trade. Her methods of agriculture were hopelessly antiquated. She had but a glimmering of the possibilities involved in banking. She was ignorant of her own mineral wealth. Yet she must eat, and above all, apparently, she must drink. The Union left her very much in the position of Fitzjames at the termination of his combat with Roderick Dhu. 'Unwounded from the dreadful close but breathless all,' she arose to face the problem of making her living with the help of her neighbour, and no longer in spite of him. This task would doubtless have been accomplished even had there been no '45. But the total collapse of Jacobitism permitted Scotland to advance along essentially English lines with ease and rapidity.

Sir Henry Craik gives an admirable epitome of the condition of Scotland at the beginning of the eighteenth century.

'About the time of the Union the population of Scotland may be roughly estimated at about one million souls. That of England at the same period was about five millions and a half; so that in this respect Scotland not only bore a better proportion to her southern neighbour than in any other particular, but a considerably larger proportion than her population at the present day bears to that of England and Wales. But the distribution of that population was far different from that of the present day. The leading towns, which now embrace nearly a half of the population, were then insignificant aggregates—sometimes little more than would nowadays be accounted overgrown villages. Edinburgh—clustered entirely in the long and narrow High Street that ran along the ridge of rising ground

ascending from Holyrood to the Castle, and in a few dingy lanes and alleys that lay beneath its slopes—was hardly changed from what it had been for two centuries. Its lofty tenements, where the aristocracy and the leading professional men were huddled together in obscure and noisome wynds, were still the same that had seen the struggles of the days of Queen Mary, and had sheltered the courtiers of the later Stuart reigns. Her whole population was scarcely twenty thousand. . . . Glasgow was only a petty township of some thirteen thousand souls, gathered in unpretentious streets that straggled into green fields from the feet of her ancient cathedral and university. The little, scarcely-navigable stream that a century later was to begin to carry forth her fleets of merchantmen, and to bring to her argosies from every part of the globe, then gave no presage of her future place amongst the great ports of the realm. . . . Far in the recesses of the Highlands, Inverness claimed the dignity of a northern capital, but that dignity was enhanced by no outward signs; and the town consisted only of a few houses little better than hovels—so wretched indeed that, at the period of the Rebellion of 1745, there was only one house which contained a room without a bed—the house that served as lodging, within a space of a few months, both to the younger Chevalier and to his successful rival and antagonist, the Duke of Cumberland.'

The difference which a century was to make is indicated by Mr Graham in a striking passage.

'On comparing Scotland at the beginning of the century with what it was at the close, the contrast is startling—a change from social stagnation to general energy, from abject poverty to wide-spread wealth. Villages had grown to towns, mean towns had developed to centres of industry, ports from which a few small vessels set sail with meagre cargoes of coarse home-produce, sent forth fleets of heavy burthen, conveying merchandise to every shore. One may realise the transformation by learning that by the end of the century the revenue had increased by fifty-one times since its beginning, while the population had only increased from about 1,100,000 to 1,600,000.'

The advance was all along the line. In nothing did the Scotland of 1700 seem so hopelessly behind England as in agriculture. Yet so rapidly did an energetic people avail itself of the opportunities afforded by the establishment of a lasting peace, that by the end of the century

the tables were turned. In 1790 an eminent Scottish agriculturist commented on 'the languor and indolence which almost everywhere prevail in England;' while in the next century, 'instead of ploughmen coming from Dorset to teach Scots farmers to work, East Lothian stewards and ploughmen were taken to instruct English yokels to farm.' Mr Graham dilates almost too much on the dismal pictures of Scotland and Scottish scenery drawn by English travellers. The 'hideous naked rocks' that offended the æsthetic taste of Burt, and even 'intercepted the prospect' of Goldsmith, helped to make the fortune of Thomson in England, and moved Gray to almost Wordsworthian ecstasy. But the Johnsonian reproach of 'treelessness' was felt by the people of Scotland to be a just one. So tree-planting became a passion—a passion illustrated by the Scottish farmer's remark to his minister: 'When I hear you preach, I am planting trees; but during the whole of Mr Whitefield's sermon I have not time to plant one.'

In some directions the new national energy assumed a perilous form. The Ayrshire lairds, who tried in the second half of the eighteenth century to make fortunes by founding the Douglas and Heron Bank, and conducted its operations with unscrupulous recklessness, involved many more than themselves in ruin. Yet there is a certain grandeur, and an indication of national advance, in the very extent of the concern's liabilities. Amounting to 1,250,000*l.*, they proved, to modify Adam Smith's phrase, that there was four times more 'ruin in the nation' than there was at the time of the Darien Expedition.

The Scottish 'Select Society,' the Scottish School of Philosophy, and the Scottish School of Poetry, have long been familiar to English and European students of history and literature; but in the works of Mr Knight, Mr Scott, and Mr Walker, mentioned at the head of this article, as well as in the lively chapters of Mr Graham and the graver narrative of Sir Henry Craik, they take their proper places in the evolution of Scotland. With the contemporary and rapid progress of the country in trade, agriculture, and wealth, they represent a real, though not deliberately formulated or openly avowed determination on the part of the energetic section of a

poor nation to beat 'the auld enemy' at the weapons of peace. The attempt was wonderfully successful. Mr Graham lingers with something like 'sweet reluctant amorous delay' on the insanitary environment and repellent features of what Sir Henry Craik, with more good nature, describes as 'that homely, dirty, unwholesome, but withal sprightly, vivacious, and intensely social life' of Edinburgh in the eighteenth century. As a democracy compounded of gaiety and poverty, the Edinburgh society of this period has no parallel in history. Countesses and professors, ministers and judges, could not help meeting on a footing of equality.

'The Principal of Edinburgh College,' notes Mr Graham, 'had his income raised in 1703 from 41*l.* to 90*l.*, which was the remuneration given to Principal Carstairs; but the Principal at Glasgow was obliged to be content with 60*l.* and his "board at the common table." His four regents had 500 merks (25*l.*) each, "with their share of the table," while the supernumerary professors of Latin and Greek received only 15*l.*, with a small fee from a few pupils who chose to attend their classes. . . .

'The common rent of a gentleman's dwelling (in Edinburgh) in the first half of the century was 8*l.* or 10*l.* a year. Lord President Dundas used to say that, even when his income was 20,000 merks (1000*l.*), he lived in a house at 100*l.* Scots (8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*) and had only two roasts a week. But living was then plain, for incomes were small. A minister in his city charge, in the middle of the century, and a professor in the university were thought well off with 100*l.* or 130*l.* a year, while a lord of Session had a salary of 500*l.*'

There was certainly nothing in the London of the period to match the *cercle intime* of this social life, the appropriately named 'Select Society,' which was founded in 1754 by Allan Ramsay the painter, son of the better-known poet.

'It numbered,' says Professor Knight, 'fifteen members who then were or became peers; and eighteen who were or became judges in the Court of Session. They included such men as Sir Gilbert Elliot, Alexander Wedderburn (afterwards Lord Loughborough), Andrew Pringle (afterwards Lord Alemoor), Professor Hugh Blair, Professor William Wilkie (author of "The Epigoniad"), Lord Kames, Lord Hailes, Lord Elibank, Charles Townshend, Sir John Dalrymple, Dr Robertson the historian, afterwards Principal of the University of

Edinburgh, David Hume, Adam Smith, and Fergusson the poet. . . . In 1750 there were one hundred and thirty members enrolled.'

But the members of the 'Select Society' were animated by no spirit of provincial patriotism. Some of them might at home, or in their hours of ease in taverns, revel in what, at a later period, was spoken of apologetically and inaccurately as 'the broad Doric.' But they wrote the purest English they could command; they felt no humiliation in hiring Thomas Sheridan to enable them to speak correctly; Monboddo's correspondence, as published by Mr Knight, shows that they were extremely sensitive to charges of having fallen into solecisms and Scotticisms.

The foundation of a 'Scottish School of Philosophy'—comprehensive enough, by the way, to include thinkers so divergent as David Hume and Thomas Reid, Dugald Stewart and Thomas Brown, apparently even Sir William Hamilton and James Mill—was no more and no less a manifestation of national patriotism than the 'Select Society,' with which, indeed, it was closely associated. Sir Henry Craik reminds us that of the three founders of the school, the first was not born in Scotland, the second spent a large part of his life in France, and the third was an alumnus of Oxford. The members of the school were probably far more desirous that their views should prevail in England and on the Continent than that they should dominate in Scotland.

Of late there has been a revival of interest in Francis Hutcheson, who, in 1729, became Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and was declared by Dugald Stewart to have been the pioneer of the Scottish philosophy, although it would be almost as accurate to say that he was the pioneer of English utilitarianism. Hutcheson was a man of much force of character, and of an engaging personality, whose popularity was largely due to his having become, only half consciously, the leader of the revolt against the 'clumsy theocracy'—as Mr Graham styles the dominant party in the Church, which then sought to form the opinions as well as the social habits of Scotsmen. Upon Hutcheson's position in philosophy, Mr Scott has some very sensible remarks to make.

'The importance of the outcome of the "Scottish Enlighten-

ment" movement should not be risked by provincialising the basis on which it rests; and to represent Hutcheson's Enlightenment as exclusively Scottish is to cut off all its results from their continuity with past history. A "kailyard" school of fiction, within reasonable limits, is an addition to contemporary literature; but a "kailyard" philosophy verges perilously near a contradiction in terms. Further, while Hutcheson introduced outside ideas into Scotland, his influence by no means remained there. The British Enlightenment takes chronological precedence of those in Germany and France; and therefore Hutcheson became a powerful force in the German movement, which began about the middle of last century. From this date until the recognition of the importance of Kant's system his influence in Germany was very marked.'

What is true of Hutcheson is at least as true of Adam Smith—who succeeded him in the Glasgow Chair—of David Hume, and, in fact, of all the members of the Scottish School, whose reputation and works have survived to the present day. It has been said that Smith wrote 'The Wealth of Nations' to prove 'how a man, from being a savage, may become a Scotsman.' This is, however, but a piquant rendering of the undoubted fact that the recluse of Kirkcaldy could scarcely have become the prophet and advocate of free trade had he not lived for a time in Glasgow—then a commercial community of moderate size and in the first flush of its vigour. It was not as a Scot but as a cosmopolitan observer of human nature that he wrote his 'Theory of the Moral Sentiments.'

The appearance towards the middle and end of the eighteenth century of a number of poets who deliberately preferred the vernacular to English as their artistic medium seems at first sight a protest against the movement for converting the Union between two Parliaments into a fusion of two peoples. But, as Mr Walker reminds us—

'When they attempted English, the Scottish poets were not only writing a strange language, but trying to think strange thoughts as well. . . . So far as mere command of language goes, Fergusson and Ramsay were capable of writing English verse much superior to anything in that language which they have left. When they write English, however, not the language only, but the sentiments and versification also are foreign to them. The time they devote to the English muse is to these

men a species of poetic Sabbath; for six days of their week they "bask in Nature's smile," on the seventh their features must be twisted to express emotions they never felt, and to ape graces they do not possess. And, as mere occasional imitators who must have a precedent lest they transgress they know not what, they are more frigid than the frigid school they followed.'

There is truth in these remarks, but they must not be taken altogether without reservation. The Scottish poets felt more at home in 'the vernacular,' or, if we would be strictly accurate, in the 'northern Inglis' of Dunbar and Lyndsay, than in the 'southern Inglis' of the English poets and the Hanoverian Court. The use of southern English was inconsistent with the adequate discharge of 'the duty which lay nearest them,' of realistically reproducing that Scottish life with which they were familiar; but they saw nothing unpatriotic in its use.

Burns, who was at once the greatest and the most fervidly Scottish of them all, had no compunction in both studying and writing the 'southern Inglis.' It was a 'Collection of Letters,' written by 'the wits of Queen Anne's reign,' that inspired him, while a boy of eleven, to excel in prose composition. His own letters are written in English, often ambitious, but pure, if occasionally stilted. It was with the help of a 'Select Collection of English Songs,' which he pored over while 'driving his cart or walking to labour, and carefully noting the true, tender or sublime from affectation and fustian,' that he mastered the technique of his art. When in his verse he rose from the local to the world-wide, from the particular to the universal, as in the chorus of 'The Jolly Beggars,' in the highest passages of 'Tam o' Shanter,' 'The Vision' and 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' and in practically the whole of 'A Bard's Epitaph' and 'Macpherson's Farewell,' he glided from the Ayrshire dialect into the English language. Nor should it be forgotten that, in seeking a market for their wares, the Scottish poets had to compete with two sets of rivals. They competed not only with the English poets, who were naturally favoured by a Scottish society bent on thinking as well as speaking in English, but also with the irreconcilably patriotic rhymesters who flooded with the broadest Scots and the crudest naturalism the chap-books that were circulated by the thousand in

the villages and smaller towns by pedlars like Dugald Graham, the famous bellman of Glasgow—that 'Boccaccio of the byre,' as Mr Graham terms him. In these efforts they were not always successful. Like Francis Jeffrey in a later day, they 'lost the broad Scots and only gained the narrow English.' But on the whole the compromise they effected in sentiment and in language alike was found equal to the demands of an age of transition.

A very large portion—probably half—of the literature dealt with in this article is concerned with the religious life and the ecclesiastical struggles of Scotland between 1688 and 1843. The most successful and convincing chapters of Sir Henry Craik's work are those in which he does justice to the latterly much maligned 'Moderate' party in the Church of Scotland, and to the remarkable relations between it and Thomas Chalmers, the founder of the Free Church, and beyond doubt the first of Scottish ecclesiastics and social reformers in the nineteenth century. No portion of Mr Graham's book is marked by more patient and profitable research than that in which he illustrates the grim possibilities of the Calvinistic theology, when interpreted with unflinching resolution and rigid literality, by the attempt to make Scotland a 'clumsy theocracy.'

Both these writers make good their leading contentions. Sir Henry Craik demonstrates that Moderatism—the Moderatism at least of William Robertson and Alexander Carlyle—although it cannot be said to have been 'broad-based upon the people's will,' since its professors were all appointed under the patronage system, did indeed gratify some of the strongest aspirations of Scotland in at least two decades of the eighteenth century, by means of its pronounced latitudinarianism, and still more perhaps in virtue of 'the free and happy atmosphere which it created.' The Church of England during the same period can show no group of ecclesiastics at once so broad-minded and so influential as the Moderates. Burns was a democrat of the democrats, whether he was in a Jacobite or a Jacobin mood; but he was a strenuous partisan of the 'New Light'; he even scouted the notion of the 'sheep' having any right to choose their 'herds.' The Moderates had the upper hand for a time, but they fell, in the sense of

ceasing to be the clerical leaders of the people, because they placed undue emphasis on the worst portions of their creed, polity, and practice. Had they resolutely sought to modify the Confession of Faith in accordance with their own 'New Light' they would probably have carried the whole intelligence of Scotland with them; but they failed at the crucial moment. Moreover, they threw themselves too heartily into the work of enforcing the Patronage Act of 1712 in the interests of lords and lairds, very many, if not the majority, of whom were members of the detested and 'alien' Episcopal Church. Their 'riding committees' were quite defensible from the standpoint of ecclesiastical law, but they were a mistake in tactics. Finally, while all the leading Moderates were, like Burns's 'Da'rymple mild,' pure in life as in heart, too many of the rank and file, especially in the rural districts, were not; the laxness of their life and conversation did infinitely more mischief than the 'cauld morality' of their sermons.

Yet, in spite of their blunders, the Moderates have had a more lasting influence on the history of Scotland and of its Church than any other ecclesiastical party. They were the inheritors of the tradition of William Carstairs—one of the wisest ecclesiastical leaders that Scotland has produced—and of the comparatively tolerant form of Presbytery which he induced William III reluctantly to establish. Thanks to them, their literary friends and their political associates, the English mind learned to know and to respect another 'typical Scot' than the grotesque compound of Lowland Macsycophant and Highland cateran who figured in the ferocious caricatures of Wilkes, Churchill, and Junius. And it is the inheritors of their tradition in turn that have enabled the Church of Scotland to recover from the great schism of 1843, and to confront the 'reunited' Presbyterian Dissent of to-day with a powerful and theologically comprehensive organisation to which a majority of the people of Scotland adhere.

The opponents of the Moderates, who, as 'Highflyers' in ecclesiastical politics, and supporters of the 'Old Light' in theology, endeavoured to establish 'a clumsy theocracy' in every city and village, and made the various Secessions that culminated in 1843, receive ample justice

from Mr Graham. Their power over the national head—never over the national heart—was due to two facts. They perpetuated the patriotic tradition of the martyred Covenanters and ‘Hillmen,’ who undoubtedly upheld the cause of political freedom as well as of religious fanaticism during a stormy period. Thus it was that the country, as a whole, looked on unconcerned if not actively sympathetic, while they ‘rabblled’ the curates and persecuted good men like Gideon Guthrie, who, when the Presbyterian clergy fled from their posts in the rising of 1715, went to the rescue of religion. In the second place, while, as Mr Graham clearly shows, the theology which they preached was quite as appallingly grim and obscurantist as it appears in ‘Holy Willie’s Prayer’ and in ‘The Holy Fair,’ they were perfectly sincere. It is for these reasons that Scottish seriousness, though not Scottish intelligence, stood by them for many years, when, through their vigilance committees, ‘seizers’ and kirk-session censures, they enforced the terrors of their law alike upon prosperous city merchants, easy-living lairds, and peasants who had strayed into the squalid Venusberg sung by the ‘Boccaccios of the byre.’

These considerations support Mr Graham in his contention that ‘a people-ridden clergy’ represents much more truly the strength of the Scottish ‘theocracy’ than ‘a priest-ridden people.’ The gentle Reuben Butlers did not govern the douce Davie Deanses; they followed rather than directed their resolute flock. The paradise of ‘theocracy’ was realised in some Scottish parishes, as in some New England townships, when people and priest were at one in doctrine and practice; when ‘black-bonnet’ in the pew gloated over the fuliginous rhetoric of ‘black Russel’ in the pulpit; when a happier Old Mortality was ‘privileged’ to inscribe the ecstasy of his melancholy creed and ardent hero-worship on a tombstone.

‘A faithful minister here lies hid,
One of a thousand, Mr Peter Kid;
Firm as a stone, but of a heart contrite,
A wrestling, praying, weeping Israelite.’

For a time—until Francis Hutcheson migrated from Belfast to Glasgow, and brought the Scottish Enlightenment with him—the poorly-endowed and miserably-

equipped Scottish Universities were strongholds of traditional orthodoxy, and little better than manufactories of 'wrestling, praying, weeping Israelites.' But the attempt to establish a 'clumsy theocracy' failed, as it was bound to fail. Human nature burst its bonds, and, even in the country districts, converted the 'Holy Fairs,' which were originally communion-meetings of the Calvinistic faithful, into orgies of drink and sensual indulgence. The theological 'Old Light' merged in ecclesiastical 'Highflying,' which has lately pursued such will-o'-the-wisps as spiritual independence and disestablishment. Some of the stronger of its adherents, especially those that hived off with one or other of the Secessions that were caused by Patronage, recovered, to some extent, their lost power over the people by identifying themselves with the cause of political reform; but the influence of the mass decayed. Unfortunately, also, Mr Graham supplies cogent proofs that in many places kirk-sessional justice fell from its high estate by establishing a distinction between rich and poor, and exempting from the painful ordeal of public 'discipline' offenders who could give bribes in the form of gifts for church or parish purposes. Yet the chief force that told against the maintenance of the 'theocracy' was scarcely noticed at the time.

It is extremely doubtful if modern Scotland ever gives a thought to Robert Wodrow, or to the fifty volumes of earnest, prejudiced, and laborious dulness in which he has, according to his lights, told the story of his Church's 'sufferings,' of its 'eminent ministers,' and of its 'remarkable providences.' Yet, when one attempts to realise the contrast between the struggling little town of somethirteen thousand inhabitants, in which Wodrow was born in 1679, and the Glasgow of to-day, with its population of nearly a million, one is tempted to see the prescience of the sociologist rather than the helpless forebodings of a Jeremiah in his charge against the Union, that 'trade is put in the room of religion in the late alteration of our constitution.' It may be said that Scotland, with its lately accomplished Presbyterian union, its dreams of 'greater unions to be,' its abounding 'Christian liberality,' its active missionary agencies, and a church-accommodation so extensive as to give a religious edifice to every five hundred of the population, is as much attached to 'religion' as

ever it was. But the 'religion' which is now so much in evidence is a subjective, pervasive, and persuasive force; the 'religion' whose dethronement in the interests of 'trade' was apprehended by Wodrow was, as we have seen, an objective, dominating, politico-social power.

'The late alteration of our constitution,' as Wodrow, with significant caution, terms the final settlement, brought with it peace between England and Scotland, and, on the whole, peace with honour, though not without discontent. 'The Union,' wrote Defoe, shortly after the consummation of an enterprise, his part in which has not yet had justice done it—

'has indeed answered its end to the citizens of Glasgow more than to any other portion of the kingdom, their trade being now formed by it. For as the Union opened the door to the Scots into our American colonies, the Glasgow merchants presently embraced the opportunity; and though, at its first concerting, the rabble of this city made a formidable attempt to prevent it, yet afterwards they knew better when they found the great increase of their trade by it. . . . Not only is Glasgow from fourteen to twenty days nearer to Virginia than is London, but the Scots ships, being quickly on the high seas, are free from privateers, which throng the Channel in time of war, and force ships to wait to go in fleets for fear of enemies.'

Glasgow was once the headquarters of anti-Catholic zealotry and the shelter of 'wild West Whiggery'; yet, long before it stepped on the stage of British economic history in Pennant's 'Tour' as 'the best built of any modern second-rate city I ever saw,' it possessed in its mercantile community a counterpoise to iconoclastic and persecuting Protestantism. Andrew Fairservice has told in 'Rob Roy' how its burghers prevented its Cathedral from being destroyed in the fury of the Reformation. The same class was, at a later stage in the history of Glasgow, denounced for its willingness to accept the Cromwellian settlement of Scotland because it included free-trade with England. Although, after the Union, the burghers of Glasgow would appear, from Mr Graham's description of its social life, to have submitted to government by kirk-session more tamely than the gayer society of Edinburgh, things were changed when the western city became the centre of an expanding foreign commerce and

of an equally energetic mining industry. A great immigration from the country then took place, the old parochial land-marks disappeared, and 'trade' submerged 'religion'; in other words, the original church organisation proved unequal to the task of regulating the life of a city which advanced by leaps and bounds. Sir Henry Craik has told anew the interesting story—even more interesting from the social-economic than from the religious point of view—of the gallant attempt of Chalmers, when minister of a populous parish in Glasgow, to solve the great social problems of his day by means of church and congregational agencies. This attempt was in reality the last stand of the Scottish 'theocracy.' The genius of Chalmers achieved a wonderful success in his own parish; but, even if he had not left it to be engulfed in ecclesiastical controversy, his attempt must have failed, because it depended too much on individual effort. The State and the municipalities have been compelled reluctantly to take into their own hands the solution of the social problems which confront Glasgow and Edinburgh, as they confront London and Liverpool.

It would be a mistake, however, to imagine that the 'pious reign of terror,' which finally succumbed to the revolution in business and industry resulting from the Union, had no brighter and more humorous side. Mr Graham, with all his plain speaking, insists that 'never did the clergy in Scotland sink in social esteem and position like the common clergy in England in the beginning of the [eighteenth] century.' He tells some amusing anecdotes of Dr Webster, the ablest of the 'Highflyer' leaders during the Moderate ascendancy.

'This gentleman' (he says), 'who was the life of the supper-parties of Edinburgh any time between 1760 and 1780, could join over a magnum of claret on Monday with gentlemen of not too correct lives whom he had consigned to perdition on Sunday; he could pass with alacrity and sincerity from devout prayers by a bedside to a roystering reunion in Fortune's tavern, and return home with his Bible under his arm and five bottles under his girdle.'

The gloomiest chapter in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland during the eighteenth century is the story of Episcopacy 'rabbled' at the Revolution and harried for

its supposed complicity with the Jacobite risings. Yet there was a silver lining even to this cloud. As poor persecuted Gideon Guthrie testifies, he and his friends had their sympathisers in Edinburgh.

'There appearing no cessation of the presbyterian preachers' violence and fury, being still catching all opportunities of hounding out soldiers and others to apprehend us, and the winter coming on, when sculking would have been very uneasy and unsafe, my wife and I resolved to take our hazard and go, with our children and what effects we could get transported, to Edinburgh, which was then and ever since the safest retreat in the kingdom.'*

For another view of the same period we may quote Mr Graham, who shows us that the privations of the Episcopalians, if less severe, were hardly less picturesque than those of the Presbyterians in older days.

'The bishops form an interesting though dim feature in the social and religious life of these days. Little seen, little heard of in the Lowlands, where Presbytery was supreme, in the northern parts they are seen flitting in primitive apostolic fashion and penury from district to district, visiting the diminutive congregations in Ross or Moray, in the wilds of Sutherland or the bleak Orkneys. The worthy bishop, with his deacon, journeys on pony-back wrapped in his check-plaid and attired in quite unepiscopal habiliments, or travels on foot carrying a meagre wardrobe on his shoulders. Hard-working, hard-faring men, strong in the divine right of Prelacy, these simple-souled prelates in homespun maintained with a quaint dignity the honour of their office and the poverty of their lot.†

Presbyterian dislike to Episcopacy embraced Episcopalian England as well as that detested 'establishment of religion' which was associated with the stool of Jenny Geddes and the apostacy of James Sharp. To the south of the Tweed the fury, almost anti-Semitic in its unreason and intensity, which, at the time of the Bute ascendancy, included all Scotsmen in its anathema, may safely be associated with events long antecedent to the invasion of the clans in 1745. Here, too, the 'strong forces of the nation,'

* 'Gideon Guthrie,' pp. 91, 92.

† 'The Social Life of Scotland,' vol. II, p. 125.

by successfully if almost silently asserting themselves, guided the course of history after the failure of the '45 had destroyed Jacobitism as a political danger and demonstrated the indissolubility of the Union. Clever though superficial Englishmen like Horace Walpole, and even bewildered Scotsmen like Secretary Mackenzie, might, when confronted with such a portentous ebullition of popular wrath as 'the Porteous Mob,' wring their hands helplessly and declare that the Scots were a nation of irreconcilable rebels. The strongest heads in both countries knew better. Scotsmen paid little or no attention to the Bute storm, perhaps to some extent because they did not wish to mar the prospect of their adventurous countrymen who flocked to London, as Mr Graham puts it, much as ambitious young Bretons to-day flock to Paris. But they showed themselves resolute in crying 'hands off' when the essentials of the Union settlement seemed to be in peril.

No Scotsmen of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries had a richer endowment of common-sense than Robert Burns and Walter Scott. The patriotism of neither was parochial or even provincial; yet it could blaze into fury on occasion. Burns threatened England with dirk and pistol when it was proposed by 'vexatious' excise regulations to restrict distillation. Scott was scarcely less vehement when, in the 'Malagrowther Letters,' he successfully advocated the rights of Scotland to retain her one-pound notes. 'Old Tory' though he proclaimed himself, he knew and to a certain extent respected the fierce temper of his countrymen. 'If you unscotch us,' he wrote to Croker, 'you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen.' 'When her lost Militia fired her bluid,' in other words, when the Militia Bill of the Rockingham Administration, placing Scotland on a footing of military equality with England, was dropped, her 'chosen five-and-forty' members of Parliament were up in arms; nor did they desist from their patriotic protestations until the grievance was redressed.

For a time the Whiggery of Scotland kept aloof from that of England; as Sir Henry Craik points out, the ferocious factionousness of Wilkes had neither parallel nor support in Scotland. In time, however, as was indeed inevitable, Scottish politics became more closely associated with English, although association has never become

complete absorption. Sir Henry necessarily devotes a large portion of his two volumes to the events which led up to the Reform Bill of 1832—to the trials for sedition of Muir and Palmer, Margarot and Gerald, the brutal but superbly courageous one-sidedness of Braxfield, the dictatorship of Henry Dundas, the constitutional Liberalism of Henry Erskine, the influence exercised by Jeffrey and the other founders of the 'Edinburgh Review.' But Scottish Jacobinism, which narrowed slowly down into Scottish Radicalism, drew its inspiration from England, from Thomas Paine and 'The Rights of Man.' Scottish nationality showed itself mainly in the intensity and 'starkness' both of its Conservatism and of its Liberalism. In the time of Dundas, as Mr Graham notes—

'two thousand six hundred freeholders monopolised the political representation of thirty-three counties. Forty or sixty men, who were wheedled for their vote and rewarded with a hilarious banquet, chose their member for Parliament, while town-councils appointed delegates who elected the fifteen members for burghs, having probably been bribed by promise of custom for their trade and desirable posts for their sons.'

But the anomalies of English representation in the pre-Reform days were quite as amusing and scandalous.

Sir Henry Craik pounces with perhaps unnecessary severity upon the flippant Voltaireanism, the dapper self-assurance, and the 'slovenly omniscience' of Jeffrey and his allies, and seems somewhat surprised that their organ exercised so much influence all over the country. But it should not be forgotten that national tradition and intellectual habit gave Scotsmen a special preparation for such political work as the redress of grievance by agitation and the conduct of government by discussion. The sure-footed shrewdness of Bagehot has pointed out that—

'the particular, compact, exclusive learning of England is inferior, as a preparation for the writing of various articles, to the general, diversified, omnipresent information of the North; and, what is more, the speculative, dubious nature of metaphysical and such-like pursuits tends, in a really strong mind, to cultivate habits of independent thought and original discussion.'

'Deux siècles de vie commune ont produit l'union, non

la fusion,' is the summing up of M. Sarolea in his recent pamphlet on the expansion of Scotland; * he adds, with a suspicion of bathos, 'La tradition nationale a un terrible ennemi—les chemins de fer.' Nothing could be more futile than to seek, by speculation on racial fusion or trade development, to anticipate the process of the suns. In the opening year of the twentieth century Scotland appears, from the census returns and the success of an Exhibition which has an assured 'surplus' as large as her entire revenue at the time of the Union, more energetic, prosperous and hospitable to strangers within her gates than ever before in her history. But the threatened exhaustion of the Scottish coal-fields hangs like a dark shadow over the future; and Mr Andrew Carnegie, the latest and most generous of Scottish millionaires, has prophesied that the 'old country' is destined to become the play-ground of the Anglo-Saxon race. Sufficient for the day must be its good as well as its evil, more especially as it is impossible to decide whether that evil is but an empty terror or the hand-writing on the wall. Scotland and England were never more closely associated than they are at the present moment. Both are confronted by the same socio-political problems—of expansion abroad and of the future of 'misery's sons and daughters and the multitude that are ready to perish' at home. It is surely of good omen for their solution that in the last General Election England should have figured as the big brother rather than the predominant partner in the old firm, which has to conduct on extended lines the old business of 'Imperium et Libertas,' industry and civilisation.

* 'Comment petit et pauvre peuple devint grand et puissant.' Brussels, 1901.

Art. XIII.—THE PARALYSIS OF PARLIAMENT.

The Parliamentary Debates. Authorised Edition. Fourth Series. Volumes 89 seq. 1901.

AMONG the disillusiones of public life few can be more poignant than that of the new member of Parliament who enters upon his duties in a serious spirit. To the men of first-rate abilities and corresponding ambitions, to those who aspire through the law or otherwise to 'clutch the golden keys,' Parliament must ever remain the indispensable avenue to fame, and so can never lose its attraction. Other men enter the House of Commons as an agreeable club, or for the social status it affords, or in the pursuit of commercial and professional opportunities. Honourable members of these types will not be disappointed. In spite of recent disclosures, the letters 'M.P.' are still held to be a valuable adornment for 'the front page of a prospectus; and perhaps more than ever in these democratic days, the House of Commons attracts those who love the uppermost places at public dinners, and desire to be seen of men. It is sometimes said that as a club the House of Commons has deteriorated. The Prime Minister certainly referred to the quality of its dinners as a reason for the bad attendance of his supporters during the recent session. But Lord Salisbury is a satirist, and his reflections on the Kitchen Committee for inadequately sustaining the cohesion of the Unionist Party are not to be taken too seriously. Good or bad, dinners at the House are not less but more popular than heretofore, while 'tea on the terrace' has been added to the milder dissipations of the London season.

To the trifler, then, to the self-seeker, and to the professional politician, the House of Commons preserves its attractions. The case is different with the new member who enters the House with the hope of rendering public service in modest and yet effective fashion. He comes up to Westminster with wide experience, it may be, in local administration, and after long reflection upon public affairs. As he drives for the first time between the sacred gates, he sees in the House he is about to enter a field for real and honourable service to the State.

'New members come here,' as was said in the House the other

day, 'full of valuable suggestions. There is not one of them but has entered the House with some important motion or some important bill in his pocket, and with the firm conviction in his mind that he would be able to bring it before the House and have it discussed.'

If he has studied the Standing Orders of the House, he will have learnt that of the five parliamentary days in each week, three are allotted to private members, and two to Ministers. The actual practice of the House is, he speedily discovers, altogether different. One after the other, the opportunities of private members are taken away; and by the end of the session he finds that ministerial business has absorbed nine tenths of the available time. In the session of 1901 only two matters of any importance were dealt with by Private Members' Bills. Mr Pirie passed an Act dealing with the question of 'half-timers' in Scottish schools; and Mr Crombie passed, in a largely curtailed form, an Act for preventing the sale of liquor to young children. Several other Bills were discussed, but the precedence given to Government business prevented their further consideration.

At the commencement of a session, between three and four hundred private members ballot for places for their Bills. The chances against any one member succeeding even in getting his Bill discussed are at least ninety-nine to one. The private member, therefore, if he aspires to initiate legislation, is doomed to disappointment. His chances of making himself heard in criticism upon supply are hardly much more favourable, for discussion in supply is more and more coming to be closed. He still clings, perhaps, to the fond delusion that he is making the laws of his country in virtue of his right to speak and vote on ministerial proposals and other high matters. He soon finds that what is expected of him is to vote, and not to speak. The real business of debate is confined to the 'great, wise, and eminent men' who sit opposite to each other on the front benches, and who have imposed upon the House the fiction that with them alone rests the indispensable word on every subject. A few unofficial bores insist on making themselves heard—or at any rate on speaking—with futile regularity, and the Irish Nationalists are frankly there to talk the House into impotence. The function of the ordinary private member is to cheer

the games he may not play, to act as 'a string for the myrtle wreaths' of the leading gladiators. This discovery causes some sad disillusionments.

But, at least, the private member has, it may be said, the right to vote. He has; and its exercise is required of him by the whips as a duty. Now the giving of a vote may, under certain conditions, be considered an intellectual exercise. To spend a session in supporting the Government, or in opposing it, after due debate, about clear issues, on the merits of the question, and in accordance with clear conviction, is an occupation not inconsistent with a free man's self-respect. But these conditions are seldom present. The session of this year has been conspicuous by the frequency of their absence. With a few exceptions at each end of the scale, the Liberal opposition has signally failed to make its votes coincide with its speeches on the chief question of the day. On the Government side, there have been at least two occasions—the debates on Mr Brodrick's Army Scheme, and the Laundry Clauses of the Factory Bill—on which members disapproved by speech, and approved by vote. In the case of many of the divisions in supply it is absurd to speak of approval or disapproval at all. When estimates for millions of public money are put to the House *en bloc*, and members are required without discussion to vote *yea* or *nay*, the process is so general as to be meaningless. To include the processes of Parliament, a third kind of assent must be added to those discussed in Newman's 'Grammar.' There is real assent. There is notional assent. There is also the assent that is given *ambulando*. In the session of 1901 a 'record' has been made—the athletic phrase is entirely appropriate to what is only an exercise in pedestrianism. In 1900 there were 288 divisions. In 1901 there have been 482. Allowing a quarter of an hour for each division, we see that the House of Commons has spent some 120 hours—equal to more than three weeks of parliamentary time, in this constitutional exercise.

There are times when divisions are the only things which matter in Parliament. The House of Commons is not only an assembly that makes laws; it is also an assembly that makes and unmakes Ministers. No important Government Bill can fail without bringing the Government down with it. This fact it is, as the late Sir John

Seeley was fond of pointing out, that at times fixes the attention of the whole nation with unflagging eagerness upon the proceedings of Parliament. When parties are closely matched, or when some new departure introduces an element of uncertainty into their relative strength, division-lists are scrutinised to show us whether the Opposition is or is not gaining upon the Government. In the last session of Parliament, no such conditions existed. Nobody pretended to believe that there was any likelihood whatever of the Government being shaken, much less displaced. In nearly two-thirds of the divisions the Government had a majority of over a hundred. Yet the number of divisions this year has been greater by thirty-two than it was in the Home Rule session of 1893, which was interminably prolonged and was critical throughout. The exercises of those walking gentlemen, called legislators, have therefore been as futile as they were frequent.

It is not, however, only for the number of divisions that the session of 1901 is remarkable. Seldom has there been a session in recent years which has produced so little result in the way of legislation. The programme sketched out in the King's Speech at the beginning of the session did not err on the side of grandiosity. It included no measure which by the standard of other Parliaments could be called of first-rate importance. 'Certain changes in the constitution of the Court of Final Appeal' were declared to be 'necessary'; proposals were to be submitted 'for increasing the efficiency of my military forces'; there was to be 'legislation for the amendment of the law relating to education'; and legislation was mentioned as having been prepared

'for the purpose of regulating the voluntary sale by landlords to occupying tenants in Ireland, for amending and consolidating the Factory and Workshops Acts, for the better administration of the law respecting lunatics, for amending the Public Health Acts in regard to water supply, for the prevention of drunkenness in licensed houses or public places, and for amending the law of literary copyright.'

Of the items in this modest programme, only three were in any sort or form carried out. A scheme of army reorganisation was explained and sanctioned. The Factory Acts were amended and consolidated. An Education

Bill was passed. But from these legislative performances deductions have to be made. The question of laundries was excluded from the purview of the Factory Acts amendment. The existing law on this subject, which was amended in the Bill as introduced, was incorporated without amendment in the Bill as passed; and a question, at once important and difficult, was thus left over to be dealt with at some future time. We shall have to return to this subject presently in another connexion. Here it is enough to remark that the **Factory Bill** was passed at the cost of evading one of its chief difficulties.

The case of the Education Bill was even worse. A Bill was passed, but it was not the Bill that was introduced. The Bill as introduced was itself a disappointing and inadequate measure. It was neither courageous nor comprehensive; but, even so, it proved to be beyond the power or the will of Ministers to pass. It was withdrawn, and a Bill of a single clause was substituted. This Education Bill No. 2 was professedly a mere stop-gap, necessitated by the Cockerton judgment. It did, indeed, affirm a general principle; but the principle was hardly more than negative. It was limited to the assertion that the controlling authority in secondary education ought not to be the School Board. The establishment of that negative carries us a very small way on the path of educational reform. The tasks which call for constructive statesmanship—the delimitation of primary education, the creation of efficient machinery for secondary and technical education, the constitution and co-ordination of the various authorities—all these things are once more left over to a more convenient season. An admittedly incomplete amendment and consolidation of the Factory Acts, and a stop-gap Education Act to tide over the next twelve months thus represent the whole contribution of Ministers to the legislative demands of the United Kingdom.

This would be a miserable bag for Ministers to show in any case: as the outcome of the first session of a new Parliament its poverty is without precedent, and of bad augury for the future. The first Parliament of King Edward VII came together fresh from contact with the electorate. Ministers had been returned with a large majority. The Opposition, owing to its internal divisions,

was even weaker than its numbers indicated. The Ministry had been re-constructed and, it was supposed, strengthened by the admission of young and energetic men. The youth of a Parliament, as of a man, is the season for vigour, enthusiasm, hard work. The largest majorities wear out or dissolve: the best of Parliaments become stale. It is said of a session that what is not well begun before Easter will never be well ended; and it is generally the case with Parliaments that, if the first session is not marked by energy and enthusiasm, no subsequent session will be.

No modern Parliament has been more productive of legislation than that which was elected in November 1868. The amount of work which the House of Commons performed in the first session of that Parliament is astonishing. The Irish Church was disestablished. The Endowed Schools Commission was appointed. The University Tests Abolition Bill, though afterwards rejected by the Lords, was passed by the Commons. The shilling duty upon corn was abolished; and the telegraphs were purchased by the State. These were all measures of first-rate importance, and the Irish Church Bill was of great complexity. In addition to all this, Bills were passed dealing with the assessment to rates, with the bankruptcy laws, with habitual criminals, and with some other minor matters.

Mr Gladstone's majority and the energy of his colleagues gradually wore themselves out, and five years later Mr Disraeli saw on the bench opposite to him only a row of 'extinct volcanoes.' Something else was worn out also, and that was the taste of the British public for heroic changes. But the first session of the new Parliament of 1874—although its meeting was delayed by a General Election—showed a creditable record of work. A Factory Act was passed. Lay patronage in the Church of Scotland was transferred. The Endowed Schools Act was amended. The highly contentious Public Worship Regulation Act was passed, and numerous legal measures were carried through.

The first session of the Parliament of 1880-5 was very prolific. 'Notwithstanding the lateness of the period at which you began your labours, your indefatigable zeal and patience have enabled you to add to the Statute Book

some valuable laws.' In the speeches of Sovereigns all laws passed by their Parliaments are valuable. The quality of the legislation does not now concern us. The quantity produced in the session of 1880, which, owing to a General Election, did not begin till the end of April, certainly left no cause of complaint, including, as it did, the Burials Act, the Ground Game Act, and the Employers' Liability Act.

The first working session of Lord Salisbury's second Administration (1887) was almost entirely Irish; but, even with the Crimes Act to be driven through, time was found for four or five other bills of general utility. The first session of his third Administration (1896) dealt with Irish Land, Naval Defence, Agricultural Rates, Cattle Disease, Industrial Arbitration, Explosions in Mines, the Truck Acts, and Light Railways. Even in the short Parliament of 1892-5, though the Ministry led a precarious life, not knowing from day to day what the morrow might bring forth, the House of Commons turned out a great deal of work. Most of it was only ploughing the sands, because what the Commons passed, the House of Lords rejected. But that does not affect the question with which we are now concerned, namely the output of the legislative machine.

It may be said that comparisons between the outputs of Liberal and Conservative Parliaments respectively are misleading. The argument must be qualitative as well as quantitative. The Radical creed is in its essence restless, destructive, prone to change. The Conservative creed is opposed to change for the mere sake of change, and admits the desirability of periods of rest and quiet development. There have been times when this argument could properly be used. The fact that Mr Disraeli's legislative record for 1874 was less extensive than Mr Gladstone's for 1869 did not prove that Parliament had become less efficient, but only that a period of comparative rest had followed upon one of storm and stress in the political temper of the British people. But, as we have seen, Lord Salisbury's legislative record for 1901 is very scanty, even as compared with Mr Disraeli's in 1874. The conditions, moreover, are now very different, and the plea that no great legislative efforts are to be expected from any but a Liberal Government is one which the present Unionist

Party cannot for a moment adopt. The party pendulum is for the time being stationary. The Liberals have been out of office for six years and out of power for sixteen; nor, so far as present indications go, are they likely, if the Unionist Party be true to itself, to return for some time longer. If, therefore, legislative and administrative reforms are not effected by the Unionists, they will hardly—at least for some years to come—be effected at all.

It is quite true that the Unionist Party came into existence to resist a great and far-reaching constitutional change. But in its successful resistance to Home Rule, it has accomplished only half of its mission. On a hundred platforms, leaders of both sections of the Party have explained that the abandonment under their guidance of rash schemes of political change would set Parliament free for the work of administrative and social reform. We have before us 'the Programme of the Unionist Party' as it was set out a few years ago on Mr Balfour's election card (1895). It is worth while to recall it to-day:—

1. An Imperial Foreign Policy.
2. A strong Navy.
3. The Referendum.
4. Poor Law Reform, by (a) the classification of paupers; and (b) old age pensions.
5. Employers' Liability, with universal compensation for all accidents.
6. The improvement of the dwellings of the poor.
7. The extension of small holdings.
8. The exclusion of pauper aliens.
9. Poor Law and School Board rates to be charges on the Imperial Exchequer.
10. Church defence.
11. Registration reform, with a redistribution of seats so as to secure 'one vote one value.'
12. Facilities to enable working men to purchase their own dwellings.
13. Fair wages for Government workmen.
14. Scotland: (a) Public works on the west coast, (b) the local management of private Bill legislation.
15. Ireland: (a) Local Government, (b) public works.

We reproduce this programme, which, it should be understood, was not official, as a striking illustration of the extent to which the desire for social, and even for

political reforms has permeated the Unionist Party. Important portions of the programme were carried out in the last Parliament. Of the remainder, there are some items which perhaps require reconsideration, but other questions, education for instance, and rating reform, have since pushed themselves forward into a prominent position, so that the amount of work awaiting the present Administration is greater than ever. The scanty performances of the first session of the new Parliament cannot, then, be ascribed to any emptiness in the Unionist programme. If nothing has been done, it is not because there was nothing to do. Anybody who mixes at all among the rank and file of the Party finds no cheerful acquiescence in the barrenness of the session, no willingness to rest and be thankful, but rather a bitter sense of disappointment that no satisfactory start has yet been made.

This disappointment at the legislative barrenness of the session is not likely to be diminished by an examination of some of its other features. A new member, however depressed he must have been by the inability of the House of Commons to discharge its legislative functions, might yet feel that its time, and his, were well employed if the House set to work in a business-like way on its other principal duty—the examination of votes in supply. But here the disillusionment is even more complete. There is an interminable flow of talk, and there are constant divisions; but of a business-like apportionment of means to ends, of a proper distribution of time and energy over the field to be covered, of effective check and criticism upon the departments and their estimates, there has been, in the session of 1901, less trace than ever.

The session began with an innovation calculated to deprive the legislature of effective control over the executive; and, as it began, so it ended. The necessity for each fresh innovation was the same—the eternal need of time. At the beginning of the session, supplementary and revised supplementary estimates were exceptionally heavy and numerous—a state of things which in itself is inimical to sound finance. These supplementary estimates have of course to be dealt with before the close of the financial year on March 31. In view of the pressure thus seen to be inevitable, the Government, at an unusually early period of the session, took additional time. They also

amended the Standing Orders (March 4), so as to abolish the right of discussion on going into committee of ways and means. The twelve o'clock rule was suspended; the House indulged in some all-night sittings; and it had the pleasure, on one occasion, of meeting on Saturday as well. But all these expedients did not secure any effective criticism of the supplementary estimates. On the contrary, the Government deemed it necessary to make a further innovation, which, if persisted in, would remove even the allocation of particular sums to particular purposes from the control of Parliament.

In the case of the Civil Service, the supplementary estimates were put in one sum from the chair, a number of classes being consolidated into a single vote. This procedure was a new and serious departure from established usage. Mr Balfour, while seeking to minimise its effect, pleaded overmastering and exceptional necessity. The Speaker was appealed to in the matter. He admitted the plea of necessity, and, in the circumstances, did not see his way to interfere with the prerogative of Ministers. But in a weighty speech (March 25) he called the attention of the House to 'the somewhat sweeping nature' of the change, and trusted that it would not be considered a precedent. Precedents, however, when once made, do not cease to be precedents by a mere agreement not to call them such.

At the end of the session, the precedent was followed—not indeed in form (for in the earlier case the change was made without the prior consent of the House), but in substance. The same overmastering necessity, assumed at the beginning of the session to be exceptional, was found to have recurred at the end. Just as the supplementary estimates for 1900-1 had to be pushed through by exceptional means, so also the estimates for 1901-2 required exceptional treatment. A new rule for closing Supply in blocks was accordingly made on August 7. The reader will remember that by Mr Balfour's new rules of 1896 a fixed number of days in each session is devoted to Supply. On the last allotted day but one the chairman proceeds to put seriatim, and without discussion allowed, all the votes which may not already have been disposed of. In the session of this year the number of votes undiscussed was very large, being ninety-six out of a

hundred-and-fifty. Upon these votes, the 'guillotine' (as the 'outs' call it, until they become the 'ins') would in any case have fallen. But though the House had parted, since 1896, with the right to discuss the remaining estimates, it was still possessed of the right to vote upon them. Members could not give reasons, but at any rate they could show their opinion, on a particular vote, by challenging or supporting it in the division lobbies. This right of the House to deal separately with each vote was, said Sir William Harcourt in 1896, 'a matter of profound importance which went to the very root of the principle of the control by the House of Commons over the expenditure of public money.' It is impossible to deny the force of the contention, but the right has disappeared; and at the end of the last session of Parliament public moneys amounting to 67,706,711*l.* were voted in ten batches, at the rate of over twenty millions an hour.

We do not say that the procedure adopted was not necessary; probably it was so. Nor are we concerned at this stage of the argument to apportion the blame. Assuredly it does not all belong, as members of the Opposition and one candid friend on the Ministerial side alleged, to Ministers. The House itself had so wasted the earlier part of the session as to leave no time for further discussion. There was also reason to suppose that the Irish Nationalists would have insisted on dividing upon every single vote that remained undiscussed. The right to challenge a division on any particular vote becomes an absurdity when it is translated into licence to divide on every vote indiscriminately. All this, which was urged with much force by Mr Balfour, is undeniable; but it is undeniable also that the present conditions under which the estimates are voted make legitimate discussion impossible. When a hundred votes, involving sixty-eight millions of public money, are passed without discussion and without the power of separate challenge by division, Parliamentary control of the estimates disappears.

Here, as in the case of the growing legislative impotence of Parliament, excuses are not wanting. It is said that public economy no longer excites public interest, and that Parliament, in losing all effective control of the departments, is only reflecting the present temper of the nation. It is quite true that economy, in the sense of

retrenchment, is no longer much in favour as an end in itself. The British people have come to recognise that, even as a matter of business, the army and the navy need strengthening. With the growth in the value of national interests, and also in the nature of foreign risks, some corresponding increase in the national insurance is felt to be necessary. Also, the political change in the conception of the sphere of government,—the growing tendency to use the State as a means for making common contribution to common ends, necessarily involves an enlargement of public expenditure. But, if public opinion is prepared for high expenditure, it does not follow that it is indifferent to economical administration. True economy means efficiency; and efficiency is what public opinion seems at this moment to demand.

The country does not, for instance, grudge a large expenditure on the army, and it has accepted the tremendous cost of the South African war with a quiet resignation which has not a little disconcerted its opponents. But it is easy to detect in some of the parliamentary debates a dissatisfied feeling that neither in the administration of the army at large nor in the conduct of the war in South Africa has the country any security for obtaining the best value for its money. The fact is that, as the scale of national expenditure rises, the need for economic vigilance increases; and vigilance depends, as every business man is aware, on careful attention to details. Nothing is more demoralising to good administration than to say 'we spend so much already that a little more or less here or there is no matter.' There was a significant debate during the recent session on the scale of remuneration adopted by the present Government for the law officers of the Crown (April 26). Under the last Liberal Government, the Attorney-General had a fixed salary of 10,000*l.* and the Solicitor-General of 9,000*l.* This included all business, and they were debarred from all private practice. Under the Unionist Administration the system of fixed salary was abolished. The law officers were paid partly by salary and partly by fees; their total receipts in the last year amounted to 18,804*l.* and 11,329*l.* respectively. The sums involved are very trifling in relation to the total national outgoings; but the feeling that the additional expenditure was unnecessary

and extravagant was, as the debate and division showed, by no means confined to the Opposition side of the House.

On the question of economy generally, the responsible Ministers adopt frankly an attitude of *non possumus*. The Prime Minister throws the blame on a general tendency against which he is powerless to contend. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is keenly alive to the need of economical administration, and appeals, more in desperation than in hope, to all and sundry to come and help him. It is in the House of Commons that the appeal should be answered; but the House of Commons, under present conditions, is powerless. It is absurd to suppose that in a social organism, such as ours, of which the complexity and multifariousness are increasing every year, the era of necessary reform by means of the legislature has closed; and no less absurd is it to suggest that, in the ever increasing extension of the sphere of government, the need for economy in administration has disappeared. It is not the popular will that is at fault; it is the parliamentary machine that has become inefficient. The functions of Parliament—legislative and financial—have not become unnecessary; the nerves through which they are discharged have become atrophied. We are not blessed with the advent of the millennium, nor with the discovery of a bottomless purse, which might justify us in spending without thought and closing the statute-book with complacency. The state of things with which we are confronted is very different. It is the paralysis of Parliament.

The paralysis with which the parliamentary body is afflicted belongs, if we may judge from the session recently concluded, to the category known to the text-books as *agitans*. It is shown in convulsive movements, in aimless activities, in halting steps that totter nowhither. No one can say that the House of Commons has been stricken dumb; it has talked as volubly as ever; but it shows an apparently incurable tendency to say the same things over and over again. Furthermore, the House of Commons is a great valetudinarian. It is conscious that something is wrong with it, and is for ever tinkering at its regimen. On no less than eighteen days in the last session there were debates, or divisions, or (more often) both,

on motions of this kind. Of the waste of time and loss of prestige caused by the turbulent scenes for which the Irish members are mainly responsible it is unnecessary to speak. Like all bodies which are conscious of a loss of public respect, the House of Commons is much given to standing on its dignity. On one occasion, a ministerial statement with regard to Chinese affairs was made by the Foreign Secretary in the House of Lords (March 22). For some reason, or by some oversight, a copy of the statement was not given to the Under-Secretary to read out in the House of Commons. To most people it would seem a matter of supreme indifference. The only object of the statement was publicity, and the report of Lord Lansdowne's speech was in all the evening papers. To the House of Commons this 'slight' was intolerable; and time was congenially wasted in protests against members being 'kept in ignorance' of matters which were already in type before them.

This is the kind of futility which the House of Commons loves almost as dearly as a debate on Breach of Privilege. There were two opportunities for this diversion during the past session. The House availed itself of them to the full. The farce was elevated to the plane of true comic irony by the fact that the guardians of the honour and dignity of the House were the Irish Nationalists. From the contests with the Press into which the House enters on these occasions it seldom emerges without loss of dignity, and never with any gain of public advantage. 'It is a maxim with me,' said Bentley, 'that no man was ever written out of reputation but by himself.' The House of Commons would do well to lay that maxim to heart. There is only one body that can lower the dignity and impair the efficiency of the House of Commons; and that is the House of Commons itself.

The failure of the House during the session of 1901 is proclaimed loudly and gleefully by those who have most reason to desire it. It is not seriously denied by those on whom lies the main responsibility of averting it. 'Last session,' says Mr Redmond, 'the House of Commons had absolutely broken down.'* 'I say frankly and boldly,'

* Speech at Westport, Co. Mayo, September 1st.

remarked Mr Brodrick, 'that you cannot expect much legislation from the Government' because, he had previously explained, they had so much else to do in consequence of the war in South Africa.* 'The real truth of the matter is,' said Mr Balfour on March 4th, 'that a great many causes have been at work which make it impossible for the Government to do any work at all'—unless, he added, the rules of the House be modified.

The explanations, it will be seen, differ; the broad fact is not disputed. What, then, are the real reasons? And, in the first place, are they temporary or permanent? In our opinion they are of both kinds. It is true, as Mr Brodrick says, that the pre-occupation of the Government and of the country with South African affairs explains and excuses, to some degree, the failure of Parliament to perform useful labour in other fields; but the extent of this pre-occupation in the parliamentary sphere must not be exaggerated. The Army Re-organisation Scheme occupied only three sittings. Debates on various questions connected with South African policy were frequent; but the number of questions on which it was necessary or desirable for the House of Commons to intervene was not large. The policy of the concentration camps, the peace negotiations between General Botha and Lord Kitchener, the taxation of the mines, the general lines of future settlement—these were all matters which Parliament was called upon to discuss. It should have been able to discuss them without leaving other duties undone. If the time spent on South African questions was excessive, the fact is a symptom, rather than a cause, of the disorder which we are considering.

Mr Brodrick mentioned also in his list of special and accidental hindrances, 'the necessity for settling the Civil List of the new Sovereign.' But the Civil List was passed with remarkably little discussion in the House itself. It occupied only a portion of five sittings. One reason for this was that the subject had been referred to a very strong Select Committee—a fact worth remembering in connexion with suggestions hereafter to be made. Another measure due to the new reign—the Royal Titles Bill—was passed with even less discussion. A much heavier tax

* Speech at the Hotel Métropole, July 10th.

on parliamentary time was imposed by the Budget. In one form or another this occupied not much less than three weeks of the session. To some extent, this may be considered exceptional, and due to the exceptional demands made by the war; but, in these days, when no limit seems to be set to public expenditure, whilst the limits of the old sources of taxation have very nearly been reached, important budgets are likely to be the exception, rather than the rule.

Other causes of the barrenness of the session, which were not inevitable, and which we trust will turn out to be only temporary, are to be found in the management of public business. The more Ministers dwell upon the inevitable pressure of the session, the less intelligible becomes their limitation of its hours. The House met unusually late; it was allowed to rise as early as usual, therein resembling Charles Lamb, who used to say that he made up for coming to his office late by going away early. Having shortened the session at both ends (as compared with some other years) Mr Balfour also doubled the holidays in the middle. An addition to the number of parliamentary days does not, it is true, conduce of itself to any increase in the parliamentary output; and, other things being equal, we agree with Mr Balfour in disapproving of very long sessions. But, as the time allotted to this session was short, Ministers should at least have been careful to avoid, so far as in them lay, any waste of it. They should have arranged their business carefully; they should have shown that they were in earnest and determined to get all the work possible out of the machine. On the contrary, the order of business throughout the session was most erratic.

The way to get things done in ordinary life is to take up each in turn and stick to it till it is finished; but this is not the way of the House of Commons. There was no method in the arrangement of supply. Three, four or five subjects, often widely different from each other, were put down for one night; and the House proceeded to take successive nibbles. If ever it seemed to have settled down to any one subject in a business-like way, something always cropped up—the exigencies of the financial year, the backwardness of Supply, Mr Lowther's gout or Mr Balfour's change of mind—to make a pretext for dropping

one subject and taking up another. The late meeting of Parliament was the initial mistake. Public business inevitably fell into arrears; and Ministers (as Lord Randolph Churchill once remarked of another ill-managed session) were like bad farmers, 'always doing work at the wrong time, sowing when they ought to be ploughing, ploughing when they ought to be sowing.'

The evil was aggravated by the indecision of Ministers on the two most important measures of general legislation which they introduced. The failure of the Unionist Government to carry their Education Bill in the Session of 1896 would, one might have supposed, have stimulated them to avoid a second catastrophe. That far-reaching legislation is wanted has been stated by Mr Chamberlain in an admirable speech.

'The more I study this question of higher education,' he said, 'the more I am persuaded of its enormous importance to this country, the more I am convinced of our own deficiencies, both absolutely and in comparison with those other nations which are our competitors in the struggle.' *

The Government Bill (No. 1) was not introduced till May 7th. It fell far short of what most members of the Unionist party had hoped; but at any rate it was supposed to be meant seriously. This supposition became fainter and fainter as weeks passed by, and no progress was made with the Bill. At the end of June, Mr Balfour announced its withdrawal on the ground of the difficulties in the way. It was impossible to believe that the heart of the Government had ever been in a Bill introduced so late, so quickly set aside, so lightly withdrawn. Mr Brodrick's apologetics, to which we have already referred, fail to convince. It is not very apparent why the maintenance of 'an army of 250,000 men at 6000 miles distance' should incapacitate the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst from thinking out the problems of secondary education, or Mr Ritchie from grappling with the inspection of laundries.

The half-heartedness of Ministers on this latter question was a sore trial to the temper of their supporters. As a matter of principle, Unionists could find no justification for making a special exemption, in a general Factory Bill,

* Speech at Birmingham, July 6th, 1901.

in favour of laundries conducted by a section of one of many religious bodies within the United Kingdom. Neither the Church of England, nor the Nonconformist bodies, nor the Roman Catholic bishops in England had any objection to their institutions being inspected. As a matter of Unionist policy, there was strong resentment at what looked very much like a bargain struck between the Home Secretary and the Irish Nationalists; nor was this feeling mitigated by the fact that the surrender occurred a day or two after the Unionist demonstration at Blenheim, at which Mr Chamberlain had denounced, through all the notes of contempt and indignation, the conduct of those who 'troop into the lobby at the tail' of the Irish Home-rulers. Lastly, as a matter of parliamentary procedure, with which we are here more particularly concerned, Unionists saw with undisguised alarm that Ministers had capitulated to obstruction. There had as yet been no obstruction to the Factory Bill; but Ministers were afraid that there might be, unless they yielded to the demand of a small minority. We know that they are 'not a very courageous ministry.' It was of evil omen that the first session of the King's first Parliament should close with a demonstration that obstruction pays; and that the mere fear of it, before it comes, is enough to frighten Ministers from their purpose. This is not the temper, nor are these the tactics, by which the efficiency and dignity of the House of Commons can be preserved.

It must then be admitted, we think, that for the paralysis of Parliament, as exemplified in the past session, Ministers themselves are largely to blame. Mr Brodrick, who, before his domestic bereavement, was the fighting member in the Conservative wing of the Unionist army, has indeed 'ventured to say that too little credit had been given to Mr Balfour for the manner in which he had carried through the thankless task of greasing the wheels of the House of Commons machinery.* To Mr Balfour's courtesy, dignity and high-mindedness it is impossible to give too much credit; and these are qualities which of themselves do something to redeem from discredit the House which he leads. But the question is not whether Mr Balfour 'greases the wheels.' It is rather whether the Govern-

* Speech at Guildford, May 1st, 1901.

ment, of which he is so distinguished an ornament, supplies in its collective capacity enough driving-power to make the wheels go round.

The defects in the system lie too deep to be reached by any personal equations or temporary expedients. The machinery itself is out of gear. The inefficiency of the parliamentary machine may have been particularly obvious during this last session, but it has been remarked for many years and under many different conditions. Whatever else we may think of Mr Gladstone, nobody can accuse him of being deficient in driving-power. But nearly twenty years ago, Mr Gladstone had noted the symptoms which we are discussing to-day.

'The rate at which legislation is to march ought to be determined,' he said, 'by the deliberate choice of the representatives of the people, and ought not to be determined by a system built upon the basis of ancient rules under which the House of Commons . . . becomes year after year more and more the slave of some of the poorest and most insignificant among its members.'

Four times in the decade 1880-90 the House of Commons revised its rules in the hope of expediting business. Four times also, in the same period, exceptional measures were taken outside the Standing Orders or practice of the House. But the evils which we deplore to-day steadily gained ground all the time. In 1890 an influential committee was appointed to consider the matter. Their report was that things had grown worse rather than better.

'The causes, legitimate and illegitimate, which stimulate discussion have,' they found, 'more than counterbalanced the effect of the rules designed to restrict it.'

This report was drawn up by Viscount (then Mr) Goschen. The opinion of Mr Chamberlain was the same, and was expressed in yet stronger terms. The problem presented by the growth of obstruction in the House of Commons is, he said, continually becoming more urgent and more important.

'We have already arrived at a condition of things in which

* Speech at the Eighty Club, July 11th, 1884.

it is possible for any minority absolutely to prevent the majority from passing any legislation at all. . . . How long are we to wait, passive and inert, before we use our strength to throw off this incubus that threatens to strangle the great and noble institution of Parliamentary Government?'*

If a fresh committee were appointed to consider the situation to-day, it would have to report that the decade 1890-1900 had again seen frequent alterations of the rules, but that they had all been in vain. There must be something radically and permanently wrong with a machine which moves more slowly the more it is greased, which breaks down in the hands alike of Liberal and Conservative Ministers, and which will not respond satisfactorily either to the most gentle or to the most energetic driving.

What, then, is it that is wrong? Mr Balfour, in that charming way of his, which is better calculated perhaps to please for the moment than to probe down to real causes, puts the blame anywhere and everywhere except on the House of Commons itself.

'It is not the fault of the Government,' he says, 'or the fault of the House, but it is due to circumstances over which the House has really no control; for it is due to the increased perplexity of modern Governmental work, to the press and the telegraph; and due, perhaps, to one other cause as much as any other, and that is the fact that a very much larger number of honourable gentlemen desire to take part in our debates than was the case one hundred, or eighty, or even sixty years ago.'†

Of Mr Balfour's reasons, one, at least, may be accepted as a real cause. It is perfectly true that the House of Commons has more work than ever to do. The British Parliament is unique in this respect among the parliaments of the world. It has to act at once as a local legislature for each of the three kingdoms; as a general legislature for the United Kingdom; and as an Imperial Parliament for one of the greatest empires that the world has ever seen. What the people of the United States perform by means of fifty Legislatures, that the people of this country perform by a single Parliament, and that a Parliament

* 'Nineteenth Century,' December 1890.

† Speech in the House of Commons, March 4th, 1901.

which, for effective purposes, consists of a single Chamber. 'Atlantean, the load!' And never more so than now; for, at one and the same time, the local and the imperial burdens are becoming heavier every year. The limits of government and the bounds of the Empire are both expanded. More is asked of the State at home; more is required from it abroad. This year the South African War has absorbed much of the governing faculty of the country. Next year it may be the South African Settlement. This year British interests in China have been somewhat put in the background owing to African pre-occupations. Another year some other foreign or colonial question will call for the close attention of Parliament. Meanwhile the volume of local business grows with the increasing complexity of social conditions, and the widening view of what may be done by state action. Parliament, therefore, must be expected to have more and more to do. Unless it can overtake its additional work, the House of Commons will more and more lose its reputation; and its failure may endanger both the basis of the Unionist position and the constitution of the State.

It is only by the most careful adjustment of means to ends, only by a frank acceptance of the actual conditions of the time, that the House can hope to grapple with the burdens now imposed upon it. There is at present no such adjustment; there is no such acceptance. The work is not properly distributed; the procedure of the House is framed not for work, but for talk. But here we must distinguish. Talk is the medium in which the House of Commons works. The object of reforms in its procedure must be not to abolish discussion, but to make discussion contribute directly and sensibly to the furtherance of public business. The remedies which were applied during the last session, and to which we referred at the beginning of this article, may have been the only remedies immediately available, but they were remedies which created as many evils as they cured. They obtained the passage of the estimates; they did not secure any proper discussion of them. They did not enable the House of Commons to discharge all its functions; they simply abolished, for the time being, one of those functions. This was the lesser of two evils; it was not in itself a good.

It is necessary to emphasise this point, because it appears to be forgotten in some current discussions. Writers and speakers who argue that insistence upon opportunities for discussion is to harp upon obsolete constitutional phrases, are in danger of undermining the very principles of parliamentary government. We agree with Mr Gibson Bowles that

'the business of the House of Commons is to consider and to debate such proposals, whether legislative or financial, as come before it; and not merely to vote upon them without either time for consideration or opportunity for debate. To hold the contrary is to hold that the House of Commons serves no useful purpose.'*

The object of any satisfactory reform must be, then, not to abolish talk in the House of Commons, but to direct the stream of talk into appropriate and fruitful channels. With some deductions, presently to be made, we may accept Mr Chamberlain's statement that

'an ordinary session of Parliament affords ample time for the fair presentation of arguments for and against the leading proposals of the Government. It offers sufficient opportunities for the consideration and decision of every reasonable amendment.'†

The reason why the time is, in fact, found insufficient, is because the talk is not duly apportioned and not directed to the proper ends.

The fact is that the machinery of the House of Commons was devised for other conditions than those which exist to-day, and that it has never yet been thoroughly readjusted to modern requirements. The government of this country, considered with regard to the distribution of political power, has changed from a monarchy to a democracy. The machinery of the House of Commons has not changed with it. The House, as has been acutely remarked, 'has become stereotyped as a machine of protest.' The principle underlying its rules and practice is still the protection of the liberties of the people against the encroaching prerogative of the Crown; its organisa-

* Letter to the 'Times,' August 15th, 1901.

† 'Nineteenth Century,' December 1890.

tion as a machine of governing democracy has yet to be accomplished. Again:

'Apart from violent or palpable changes, visible on the surface of affairs, the body politic is also subject to the continual action of a silent process, which insensibly alters the distribution of forces within the structure.'*

Among the most remarkable effects of this silent process has been the rise of the Platform and the Press as instruments of public discussion. The reflex action of this change upon the proper functions of Parliament has not yet been admitted within its walls. The fiction is still maintained that nothing has been said on any subject until it has been said, and said several times over, within the House of Commons. The question is often asked why the newspapers are ceasing to report the parliamentary debates so fully as was once the case. The answer is to be found, we imagine, in the fact that the debates are seldom news. They are only a repetition of arguments with which the public are already familiar from reports of platform speeches and press discussions. Under modern conditions, the talk in the House of Commons should be less and less devoted to discussion of general principles, and more and more concentrated upon the business-like consideration of particulars.

The House of Commons, then, has more than ever to do, and it continues to do it in an unbusiness-like way. These two propositions will lead us, we believe, to the proper remedies. Such remedies must be large if they are to cope adequately with so great an evil. But there are several minor palliatives which may first be mentioned. Among these we do not include Redistribution with a view to a reduction in the number of Irish members. The case for Redistribution is quite strong enough to stand on its own merits; and the idea that the business of the House of Commons would be appreciably facilitated by a reduction of the Irish Nationalists from eighty to sixty does much less than justice to the industry and ingenuity of those gentlemen.

Another much-canvassed reform—of which, however, we do not think that much will come, refers to Questions.

* Mr Gladstone in the 'Nineteenth Century,' April 1892.

Question-time occupies, on the average, from three-quarters of an hour to an hour a day. The average daily number of questions is forty. The highest we have come across in the last session is one hundred and five. Of this number, forty were asked by Irish members—an unduly large proportion, it must be admitted. The 'intelligent foreigner' making his first acquaintance with the Imperial Parliament would no doubt be struck with some sense of incongruity in hearing the King's Ministers catechised with regard to the closing of a grave-yard in Ballyhooly, or the opening of a post-office in Killaloe. Perhaps the greater number of the questions asked is trivial. They waste a certain amount of time in Parliament; they occupy yet more time in the departments where the answers are prepared. In the Report of Mr Dawkins's Committee on War Office Organisation, it was stated that in the session of 1900 no fewer than 1379 questions were asked about military details. The preparation of answers was complained of as a serious tax upon the staff of the Office.

To abolish questions altogether, or rigorously to restrict them, would, no doubt, save time in the House of Commons and time and trouble in the Government offices; but it would do so at the cost of depriving Parliament of a useful function, and the departments of a wholesome check. For not all questions are trivial or futile; and the control of Parliament over the executive is not so strong that any opportunity for its exercise is lightly to be surrendered. To all reasonable and *bonâ fide* questions, reasonable and *bonâ fide* answers should be, and we think in most cases are, given. The power of eliciting such replies is an important parliamentary function, helping to distinguish popular government from bureaucracy. A new member asked the other day:—

'Whether, to expedite public business, the First Lord of the Treasury will consider the advisability of having all replies to questions addressed to Ministers by honourable members printed and circulated among members at the commencement of business' (March 15). Mr Balfour replied: 'If the honourable gentleman means that any part of the questions answered across the floor of the House and their replies should be published first, I think it would only increase instead of diminishing the congestion of business. If, on the other hand, he means that the House is to be content with printed answers to the

questions, it appears to me that, however desirable that might be from some points of view, it would deprive the House of the indulgence in a practice which it appears to enjoy.'

That is certainly true; and in this case the 'enjoyment' of the House of Commons is appreciated also by the public. The adoption of printed answers would save time in two ways; the minute occupied by the actual answer would be saved, and supplementary questions would be debarred. These questions are often as numerous as the original questions themselves. Many of them are frankly otiose or facetious or provocative; but sometimes they are essential to clearing up the matter at issue. The right to make the questioning of Ministers effective is too valuable to be sacrificed; but we see no objection to the suggestion that has been made that the right to put supplementary questions should be confined to the original questioner. This restriction would rule out the activity of members who merely 'cut in' to continue the fun or deliberately to waste time.

The 'intelligent foreigner,' to whom we have already alluded, will be surprised to find that important public business, on Government nights, is often postponed, sometimes for hours, by the consideration of private bills dealing with some provincial water-works or metropolitan railway-station. For June 11th last the leader of the House had given notice of an important motion with regard to public business. For an hour or two the consideration of this motion was delayed by discussion on Railway Bills. The Parliament which is charged with Imperial affairs has also to interest itself with the deposits of dirt at Ludgate Hill railway-station. Over and over again, important public business is blocked by private bills set down for prior discussion 'by order.' Neither the Government, nor the House itself, has any control over such orders, which are given by the promoters of private bills. These ingenious and powerful gentlemen, when they want a full House, put down their bills for days on which some specially important public affairs are to be discussed. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman referred to this evil as a growing one, and urged that a remedy should be found for it. Private business often involves social and economic principles of general application, to which the

House of Commons rightly pays attention. There have been cases in point during the last session. But the House should at least be master of its own time. It has been suggested by a correspondent of the 'Times' (July 2) that, 'as Tuesdays and Fridays are, on the whole, less valuable days than Mondays and Thursdays, private business might well be confined to Tuesdays and Fridays; and on Mondays and Thursdays the Government would have a clear and certain nine hours at its disposal.'

This is a suggestion which might well be adopted.

The time occupied in divisions is, as we have already pointed out, very considerable. Divisions must of course be taken, and on some questions—the estimates, for instance—we have even argued that there should be more than there were in the last session. But need they occupy so much time as they occupy under the present system of walking through the lobbies? On this point we have no definite suggestion to make; but surely it does not pass the wit of man to invent some method of taking votes by which the time at present spent in that operation might be appreciably shortened.

One other obvious, but minor, reform is suggested by the proceedings of last session. The discussion of Education Bill No. 2 in Committee was broken off for several days owing to the absence (through ill-health) of Mr Lowther, the Chairman of Committees. Discussion of the Bill without the closure was considered undesirable; and only the Chairman himself, not his deputy, can put the closure. Hence the absurdity was witnessed of the progress of an urgent Government measure being at the mercy of Mr Lowther's gout. The closure has come to be regarded as an indispensable adjunct to the conduct of public business; during last session it was applied no fewer than 65 times. We are afraid that this frequent use of the closure is unavoidable, though it is worth noting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer succeeded in passing his very contentious Finance Bill without once closing the debate. But if the closure be indispensable, its application should not be dependent on the health of any one official of the House. The power to put the closure should be attached to the chair, not the chairman; to the office, not to the person.

Private business and questions are not the only matters which detain the House from the discussion of public business. Motions for adjournment in order to call attention to 'a definite matter of urgent public importance' are a frequent and serious cause of delay. Such motions have now to be supported by at least forty members. With the Speaker rests the decision whether the question raised complies with the definition above given. It is not difficult to discover topics which fall within the rule; and the Speaker seldom refuses a motion. Like most other forms of the House, this power to raise what we may call 'emergency' debates is too valuable to be abolished altogether, but so liable to abuse as to require restriction. The question is whether the present rule, which requires the support of forty members, might not be made more stringent. It is well to safeguard the rights of minorities; but, after all, 40 out of 670 is a very small minority. The suggestion has been made (by the correspondent in the 'Times' quoted above) that these motions for adjournment should not be put unless they are supported by 100 members, instead of 40. Even in these days of large Government majorities (which are as a general rule disposed to vote against all motions for adjournment), it is not difficult to find a minority of 100; and there is certainly force in the observation that 'a question cannot be very urgent or very important if one man in every six does not care to call attention to it.'

The better arrangement of private business, some limitation in the licence of 'supplementary' questioning, the removal of the anomaly about the closure in Committee, a restriction of the right to move the adjournment by way of emergency—these reforms would, no doubt, do something to facilitate the conduct of public business. But none of these suggestions, nor all of them together, can be said to go to the root of the matter. The House as such has too much to do. The time that is at its disposal is not properly distributed. These are the root-causes of its present inefficiency. It is only by removing these that any efficient remedy can be found for the paralysis that is creeping over Parliament. The proper remedy for over-work is obvious. It is *devolution*; and devolution may be carried very far without reaching any

of those constitutional changes by which Mr Gladstone would have destroyed the Imperial Parliament as it now exists. For devolution may be either to extraneous bodies or to bodies made up from the members of the devolving body itself. It is to the latter process that Unionists must look for relieving the pressure upon the Imperial Parliament.

After all, the business of Parliament only differs from that of other bodies by the greater range and importance of its affairs. This difference makes it not less but more necessary that the sound business principles which experience has approved in other concerns should be applied to the House of Commons. The first of these principles is the division of labour by means of Committees. It is by a large adoption of this principle that the United States Congress is enabled to despatch a great amount of work. The system of Committees is also largely employed in France; and (to take a signal instance nearer home) it is the secret of the effective despatch of business by the London County Council. To argue the case for the principle as applicable to the House of Commons is superfluous, for it is already admitted. The question is whether the present congestion of business does not suggest the desirability of a great extension of the principle. The objections to legislation by Committee are well stated by Mr Bryce in the first part of his work on 'The American Commonwealth' (Chap. XV). We may admit that it is not an ideal system free from all disadvantages, but our contention is that no better system is available. It should be remarked further that the dissimilarities between the English and the American parliamentary systems (which Mr Bryce brings out) are calculated to remove from a larger use of Committees in the House of Commons some of the principal objections which he makes to Committees of Congress. We shall proceed, therefore, to formulate our suggestions.

In the first place, Parliament, as we have seen, exercises no effective control over the estimates. The ideal course would be, we admit, that such control should be exercised by Committee of the whole House. But, as a matter of fact, it is not exercised; nor has Mr Balfour's scheme of allotting a fixed number of days to Supply sufficed to secure the desired end. Why, then, since the House as a

whole is inefficient for the purpose, should not the estimates be referred to a Committee? This suggestion has high authority behind it.

'The votes should be sent,' wrote Mr Chamberlain in 1890, 'to one or more committees, and the consideration by these committees should be substituted for the committee of the whole.'

The Report stage, we may here remark, should remain; but the consideration of the estimates at this stage by the whole House should be confined to the votes in classes.

'The advantages of such a plan,' continued Mr Chamberlain, 'are obvious. There is no reason why such committees should be partisan any more than the committee on public accounts or the grand committees have been; and they would be able to give a careful and instructive attention to the estimates that would probably lead to many improvements and economies.'

The suggestion thus made by Mr Chamberlain was considered in 1886 by a strong Select Committee on Parliamentary Procedure, presided over by the then Lord Hartington. The suggestion was not included in its recommendations, for its opinion on the point wavered, and in the end the proposal was rejected. The principle of referring the estimates to the Standing Committees was proposed by Sir William Harcourt and was carried by fourteen votes to thirteen. But when a substantive clause embodying the principle was brought up by the chairman, it was lost by thirteen votes to ten. The clause, as proposed by the present Duke of Devonshire, is worth citing:

'A motion may be made in the House that the Army, Navy and Civil Service Estimates, or any portion of them, shall be referred to Standing Committees; and Resolutions of Standing Committees on such Estimates shall have the same effect as Resolutions of the Committee of Supply; provided that the Vote for the number of men for the Army shall always be voted by the Committee of Supply.'

The clause, with its important proviso, was supported, among others, by Sir William Harcourt, Mr Courtney, the late Sir John Mowbray and Mr Whitbread—four men differing in political opinions, but all of great weight in

questions of parliamentary procedure. The continued experience of the present system since 1836 has added cogency to the arguments in favour of the suggested reform. The failure of the House adequately to consider the estimates is obvious; the impossibility of obtaining any better results from the present system was pointed out last session both from the Ministerial and from the Opposition benches.* The reform which is now suggested has already been advocated by leading members of the present Government. It is supported by influential members of the Opposition. Has not the time arrived for embodying it in the rules and practice of the House?

The establishment of Grand Committees for purposes of legislation, as distinct from Supply, has on the whole been justified by results. If, as was alleged (and contradicted) in an interesting debate last session (April 2nd), the Committees have been badly and irregularly attended, it is because they have not had enough, or sufficiently important, work to do. The more interesting any piece of work is made, the more zeal is forthcoming to do it. During last session, there was little useful work in the way of legislation to be done anywhere. The two best Bills of the session—the Factory Bill and the Children's Liquor Bill—were considered in Grand Committees. But for this preliminary discussion, they would not have become law at all. We agree with Sir Francis Powell, who said (April 2nd) that this principle of delegation, first introduced by Mr Gladstone, should now be carried further.

The range of subjects referred to Standing Committees should now be extended. The Committees themselves should be increased in number. There should be a Standing Committee for Education, as well as the Committee or Committees we have already suggested for the Estimates. Nor is there any reason why Unionists should not go further, and support the establishment of Standing Committees for Scottish, Irish and (if it be desired) Welsh business. On the contrary, there is good reason why they should. Gladstonian Home Rule, it is true, may be dead; but it is by no means impossible, if the present paralysis of Parliament be allowed to continue, that the Home Rule

* See, especially, the speeches of Sir Edgar Vincent and Mr E. Robertson, May 20th and August 7th.

movement may gain as much on the side of practical expediency, as it has lost on the side of sentiment. The efficiency of the Imperial House of Commons to do all that is necessary for Ireland as well as for other parts of the United Kingdom lies at the base of the Unionist position. It is essential that at no point should that position be undermined. Ministers would do well to consider the remarks made by an Irish Unionist, Mr T. W. Russell, last session (July 22nd), when he gave it as his opinion that the present position of public business, though it did not prove the necessity for Home Rule, did call for such a devolution of the work of Parliament as would relieve the House of the intolerable load which it was trying in vain to carry.

The direction which such devolution might safely take was pointed out by Mr Bright in the memorable speech in which he sought election at Birmingham, no longer as a supporter of Mr Gladstone, but as an opponent of Home Rule. Mr Bright had been a member of the Select Committee on whose recommendations the institution of Grand Committees was founded. It was in that direction that he looked both for relieving the strain on Parliament and for giving the Irish representatives 'a more direct influence on Irish legislation.' He proposed to form the Irish members into 'a Committee that would be known as the Committee on Ireland or for Ireland.' To this Committee would be referred all Irish Bills. On returning to the House, such Bills would be considered on Report:—

'When a Bill,' continued Mr Bright, 'had passed through the stage of Report, it would go immediately to the third reading; and I should expect that in the great majority of cases a Bill that had gone through the Irish Committee upstairs, and in the stage of Report had gone through the House, in all probability would have a very excellent chance of being read a third time and of going forward. . . . I believe that if the Irish members were loyal and behaved loyally, the whole Parliament would be willing to defer to a very large extent to the opinions of the Irish Committee, and to accept the measures which they had discussed and agreed upon.' *

We need not follow Mr Bright's general argument in favour of his proposal, which, in some respects, goes

* Speech at Birmingham, July 1st, 1886.

perhaps too far. What we desire to recommend is not the setting up of a special machinery to meet the Irish case, but the development of existing machinery to relieve the strain on Parliament as a whole. Committees for Scotch and Irish business should include representatives of the other parts of the United Kingdom, though the great majority should consist of Scotch or Irish members respectively. To these committees bills immediately concerning Scotland or Ireland should be sent for the committee stage, after second reading in the House. This is the simplest method of meeting the congestion of public business. It involves no constitutional change. It is in accordance with usages in other Parliaments and similar bodies. It is only a development of the existing practice of the House of Commons. It is an application to the House of principles which are accepted in every quarter where business is conducted in a business-like way.

A second principle of like nature requires at the same time to be applied. The House of Commons not only has too much to do, but it does not make proper use of its time. To cut the coat according to the cloth is by no means one of its practices. The secret of the economical use of space or time is to map it out beforehand. What would be thought of a builder who let the entrance-hall run over so much ground that none was left for the rooms beyond? or of an editor who took no previous thought in the allotment of space among various topics all equally requiring admission in various measures of length? Yet this is the thriftless, the happy-go-lucky way in which the business of the House of Commons is ordered, or rather allowed to conduct itself to chaos. Some sense of the absurdity of this procedure in present conditions was disclosed in Mr Balfour's rules about Supply.

Here we may remark that, if the foregoing suggestion for a standing committee on the estimates be not adopted, then the present rules should be further amended. The rules allot a definite number of days to Supply. They should go further, as Sir Henry Fowler suggested (February 26th), and allot so many of the days to each division of the estimates. This, indeed, is the principle on which the time of the House generally should be dealt with. Mr Balfour's rules about Supply were suggested by the remarkable article of Mr Chamberlain's to which we

have already alluded. The time has come for reverting to Mr Chamberlain's original suggestion and carrying it out more fully. The essence of it was the fixing of a limit of time at which the discussion of various measures severally should cease :—

‘A Committee of Rules should be appointed, similar in composition to the Committee of Selection, whose fairness and impartiality has never yet been questioned. Any minister or member in charge of a Bill should be permitted, at any stage in its progress, to move that it be referred to the Committee on Rules, with instructions to report recommending a fixed limit of time for its pending and subsequent stages ; and this motion, as well as that for the adoption of the report of the Committee, should be decided without debate. The Committee on Rules would act under general instructions to take into consideration the character of the Bill, the nature of the opposition, and the time of the session ; and it should be competent for them to report in any case that in their opinion it was undesirable to fix any limit.’*

A time-limit was applied to the Home Rule Bill in 1893, and Mr Chamberlain then opposed it. Something must be allowed to the change which so often, in our imperfect human nature, steals over the ‘ins’ when they become ‘outs.’ But the inconsistency of which Mr Chamberlain was accused was more apparent than real. This distinction is worth dwelling upon for a moment in order to draw out the essential points in what is now proposed. The adoption of a time-limit by rule of the House is one thing ; its proposal *ad hoc* by the majority of the day was another thing. For, observe, (1) in the case of the Home Rule Bill, the fact that a time-limit would at some moment be employed was not known when the discussions began. The object of the present suggestion is that discussions should from the first be regulated by the fixing of a time-limit or by the knowledge that it is held in reserve. (2) Mr Gladstone's adoption of the time-limit left the minority at the mercy of the majority, and was a special device for forcing through a special measure. Our suggestion is that the device should be of general applicability, and that each application to a particular case should be decided by an impartial tribunal.

* ‘Nineteenth Century,’ Dec. 1890.

With these safeguards the plan, which should be applicable to debates on the address, would restore to the House of Commons its governing efficiency without robbing the minority of legitimate opportunities for discussion.

In connexion with the establishment of time-limits, a definite apportionment of time might become possible between private members and the Government. The present system, under which private members start with a considerable allowance of time which is then bit by bit filched (as they call it) from them, is unsatisfactory in every respect. A better plan would be to limit private members' time to Wednesdays from the first, and to leave them Wednesdays intact to the end.

We should at the same time gladly see the Speaker placed in a position to deal more stringently with irrelevancies and repetitions in debate; and there would be a deep sense of relief—in all quarters outside the House, and in most quarters within it—if a time-limit were fixed to speeches. The ten-minutes rule, under which non-contentious or unimportant bills may now be introduced, would be too rigorous for universal application; but it is time that a blow should be struck at the superstition which prevails on the front benches that length and weight are synonymous, and that oratorical *longueur* is essential to parliamentary dignity. The only way to maintain the dignity of Parliament is to make it efficient.

For this purpose, there is another alteration which common-sense requires in the procedure of the House of Commons. Suppose a man made it a rule to give up writing at a certain time of the night, and then, when that time arrived, proceeded to tear up any chapters he had not quite finished and threw them into the waste-paper basket. He would certainly be thought a fool for his pains. Yet this is precisely the way in which the House of Commons conducts its affairs. At the end of every session, members of Parliament are compelled to cast away their unfinished work and begin again in the following February (if they have the chance) from the very beginning. This absurd custom, which blind conservatism alone can justify, is simply a survival from the time, centuries ago, when every new session meant a new Parliament.

In the case of the chief Government measure, or

measures, of a session, the rule is not often fatal. By hook or by crook such measures are forced through; and the very fact, that they must be passed then or never, acts as a spur. But, to save the larger measure, other bills—minor Government bills and private members' bills—are sacrificed, and all the time and labour spent upon them are wasted. Many such bills of a secondary order are thus postponed, which nevertheless are quite as much wanted as those which make more stir. The dropping of private members' bills in this way is peculiarly disappointing. The rule should be that bills which have passed their second reading in one session may, if not passed therein, be suspended and resumed in the ensuing session at the same point.

This reform has high authority, wide experience, and some precedent even in the House of Commons to support it. It has some precedent, for, in the case of private bills, the promoters are allowed to suspend them and to resume them in the next session at the stage which they had reached at the end of the last. Why should not this privilege be extended to private members in charge of public bills? The suggestion has often been made by prominent politicians—in our own generation, by Lord Salisbury, who even in 1869 referred to the delays caused by the congestion in Parliament as 'a perfect disgrace and scandal.' More recently the suggestion was made by the Select Committee on the business of the House, which sat in 1890 under the chairmanship of Mr (now Lord) Goschen. It was opposed by Mr Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt—chiefly on the ground that the adoption of the proposed new procedure might encourage the House of Lords to hang up House of Commons bills from one session to another. This fear seems to us chimerical; and the danger, such as it is, could easily be guarded against. Mr Gladstone's amendment against the proposed alteration was rejected in the Committee by eleven votes to nine, the majority including the present Duke of Devonshire, Mr Balfour, Mr Chamberlain and Sir Edward Clarke. The reform was cordially approved by the late Sir Thomas Erskine May (Lord Farnborough), a very high authority on such a question. There is also experience in favour of the reform in many foreign parliaments—in France, for instance, and in the

United States. It has been said that the power to hang up an uncompleted bill from one session to the next might induce apathy and laxity; but can anything be conceived more conducive to apathy, disgust, and despair than the present system, which so often condemns intelligent men to the weary weaving of Penelope's web?

The suggestions we make for relieving the paralysis of Parliament are extensive in scope, even as the evil is deep-seated and far-reaching. They are radical, in the proper sense of that term, in that they go to the root of the matter; but they are not revolutionary. They are founded on precedent; they develop existing institutions and practice; they do not seek to set up new machinery. They are all in accordance with the dictates of common-sense and the methods of ordinary business. They have behind them the previous approval, in most cases of leading members of the Liberal Party, in all cases of leading members of the present Unionist Party. The embodiment of these suggestions in definite rules and the carrying of them through Parliament would cost some effort; but the reward would be high. It is now seventeen years since Mr Gladstone, speaking at the Eighty Club, depicted the paralysis of Parliament in a striking image.

'I liken the House of Commons,' he said, 'to a figure of Herculean strength, having a vast load to carry, and well able to carry it, were it not that the muscles of the figure are so fettered by the regulations intended for a set of men of more generous mind, that, strong as it is, it can only stagger along the streets, and is a subject almost of ridicule and offence to every little urchin that passes.'

The years that have elapsed since 1884 have added to the load and increased the fetters. If the load cannot be diminished, it may be adjusted; if the fetters cannot be removed, they may be fastened on the right place. The Minister will deserve well of his country who shall rescue from paralysis and contempt the noble institution which has for centuries been the bulwark of English liberties, and which now requires to have its own powers liberated for the better discharge of the manifold duties which it owes to the United Kingdom and to the British Empire.

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